TRIBEBOOK:

Bone Gnawers™

USE
ONLY

Falling Down

Once upon a time, I thought I was free.

Behold the high life: One studio apartment, with bed and kitchen table. One thirteen-inch color television, with basic cable. One Tellus Odyssey2 video game system (used). One coffee maker, but never enough money for coffee. Four thin walls.

Add on a next-door neighbor with a loud stereo and bad music. Throw in an upstairs neighbor with a loud girlfriend and louder domestic disputes. Park a rusting junker commuter car across the street. That was the sum total of my world. After dropping out of college, and living in three states, the addresses changed, but the fundamental ingredients remained the same — variations on a theme.

How could I afford such luxury? I had a career. In fact, I had three: Janitor, Retail Clerk, and finally, my latest and lowliest: Burger Czar. As far as the start of my story goes, you can pretty much start it anywhere. Pick a day, any day. They were all the same. For the sake of argument, start out at O'Tolley's, my employer *d'jour*.

Let me set the stage for you. My morning litany went like this. An alarm clock. Three snooze alarms. Beer cans across the floor from the night before. Shower. Underwear. Ramen. Soda. Television. Ironing. Dressing. Leaving. Same. Thing. Every. Morning.

That's what my life was like for five years. Getting dressed was the worst part — that, and having to make ramen in the coffee maker. O'Tolley's had the humiliation in its dress code standardized, refined to a science. Paper hat. Black tennis shoes. Dress shirt and slacks meticulously ironed every day — no doubt an attempt to make us look formal, despite the stench of grease and meat that always stuck to our clothes. And then there was the name tag: "Hello, My Name Is Stooge." On a bad day, I'd wear my name tag upside-down, or change my name with a label maker, making me to be about as rebellious as the ten thousand other fast-food employees who were doing the exact same damn thing.

This ritual was followed by a twenty-minute commute, since walking was out of the question. Ah, and then the morning shift would begin. A glorious time when we'd get to take shit from people who could actually afford to eat fast food every morning. People who were better off than we were. I couldn't afford to do that, and I worked there, which was sick, but carefully planned by someone, somewhere. Employee discounts were the fastest way to burn through your paycheck buying food you didn't even want to serve to other people.

You've been to O'Tolley's, right? You know the place. Bright yellow and green paint, along with happy cartoon characters molded out of plastic. Maybe you even know the job. As a person in a paper hat, an O'Tolley's employee is legitimately qualified to receive attitude, abuse, impatience, and arrogance from anyone who walks in the door. People rushing to and from work know it's the one place they can

treat people worse than they've been treated. It's the sort of place where you take shit on a regular basis, and say to your customers, every single day, "Thank you, sir," "Thank you, sir," "Thank you, sir," while all the time, you're thinking "Fuck you, sir, fuck you, sir, fuck you, sir."

Every day is the same, by design. Break the pattern, and you'll lose your mind. The stench is the same every day, too. The smell of ketchup and pepper lingers, as it doesn't entirely wash out of your work clothes. Grease from the fry vat, grease from the grill, and grease from reconstituted, processed meat patties. No wonder so many O'Tolley's grunts get permanent acne. The constant environment of squalor is enough to help you truly enjoy a steady stream of angst-ridden customers for eight hours — sixteen hours on a double shift.

Every day was the same, and the nights were worse. Eight to sixteen hours, followed by driving home. Shouting at other cars because someone's shouted at you all day, over and over again. Passing out on the single bed because you're too tired to stand. The television turns on with a remote because you're too tired to think. Cheap beer. Bad music next door. A loud neighbor, stomping around above you with his girlfriend upstairs — when they aren't fucking or fighting. Intoxication. Desperation. Unconsciousness.

That was my life – up to a point. Work, purchase, consume; work, purchase, consume. Different jobs, different states, but the same pattern every day. Until someone or something breaks the cycle. Or someone gets broken.

• • •

Two factors break up the monotony of this cycle: dealing with the truly psychotic customers and drinking with my somewhat psychotic friends. While my friends and I were getting fucked-up drunk, we'd bitch about the worst excuses for human filth we'd deal with during the day.

Case in point: For months, I had one regular customer who would come in every day and pay for his food in pennies and nickels. His name was Walter, but we called him Wimpy, as in "I'd gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today." Wimpy, sad fuck that he was, would beg for spare change out on the sidewalk each morning until he had exactly ninety-nine cents, plus tax, to pay for one O'Tolley's double stack (extra ketchup, extra onion, extra pickle) and one small cup of water. Same thing every day, just like me.

Picture this: Wimpy sits in a booth for precisely one hour each day, pretending to be human. Same clothes every day. But less of a life than me, if you can imagine that. He would grab newspapers out of the recycling bin and read them. No one would sit near him because of the smell. No one would speak to him because he was bugfuck. And whenever he said more than a few words, he'd makes this weird sound when he cleared his throat.

Whenever he talks, it's about the shit he's been reading, at least as he understands it. One day, he'll blather something about the CIA and its worldwide conspiracies. The next day, it's about welfare reform. The next, he'll spew some shit about someone's imported cactus that's about to explode from the spiders breeding inside it, or about Chihuahuas crossbreeding with rats, or about vampires living among us. When I mean he just talks shit, I mean it. We would just nod and listen while we got him his burger, waiting for him to shut the fuck up and eat.

No matter how bad my day would get, I had one consolation: I was not Wimpy. There was a vast gulf between me and him, and I kept it that way because of the smell. I'd pass him in the parking lot every morning, but at least I'd drive up in a car. My clothes might have smelled like ketchup and meat, but at least I could change them, and I showered. But with Wimpy, it was always the same clothes, and the same routine. He walks in. He tells me some weird-ass bit of news while I'm counting his change. He says goodbye when he leaves. Lord only knows where he sleeps, or when he showers.

So every night, I'd tell my drunken friends the shit this fuckhead would make up. And every time, it would get worse. My friends learned to hate Wimpy almost as much as I did. That figured. Each time I moved from one state to the next, I had a different group of friends. When I was at O'Tolley's, they were of the black-clad, angsty, Black Dog Games variety. They weren't so bad, as long as you didn't ask them about the shit they did in their games. The important thing was that they had money for beer. And not that Old Wisconsin shit, mind you — I'm talking about the classy King twelve-packs.

So whenever the schedule called for two or three days off in succession, we'd get good and drunk. Wandering the streets drunk. Throwing glass bottles in parking lots drunk. Looking for trouble drunk. Like the time we went bowling in the storm tunnels, or the night we accidentally threw a bottle through someone's windshield from that freeway overpass. You know, the usual. Blowing off steam, feeling like you're free of your shitty life, like you're nine feet tall and invincible.

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One night, my friends and I were out drinking and looking for trouble, when lo and behold, we ran into Wimpy. I don't know if he recognized me without the official O'Tolley's dress code. He was up to his usual routine: approaching the first drunken fool dumb enough to look him in the eye, bumming a smoke, spewing some conspiratorial shit, and begging for change.

Every day, for I don't know how many months, I had been polite to this smelly piece of shit: counting his change, handing him warm burgers when he was too dumb to actually go to a supermarket, and listening to his whacknut ideas. I don't remember exactly how it started, but someone pushed somebody, and I just lost it. Before it was over, Wimpy was down on the sidewalk getting kicked in the ribs. You know, like by accident. Like someone else was doing it.

We were good and drunk, but there was five of us, enough to throw him down the flight of stairs leading into

the storm tunnel, the same one where we chucked Tim's bowling ball into bunch of bottles that one night. The sound of concrete smacking Wimpy's face was far more satisfying. The sound of fists on flesh was even better. When I close my eyes, I can still see the faces he made while he was bleeding. I can remember the sense of joy that someone was actually fucked more than I was, of all that rage finally venting. It all happened naturally, like we didn't have to think much doing it. All I could think at the time was that he'd be better off dead, and no one would care if he were.

But the sad part is, all the way through it, Wimpy didn't complain. It was if he expected it. He accepted it. He didn't fight back. It even seemed like he started laughing for a while. In my drunken state, I felt invincible again, finally free. I heard a few bones break when he hit the cement of the half-pipe again. After a while, he just gave up on moving, and we ran away — just like that time on the freeway overpass. As long as the rush of exhilaration was fresh, I didn't have to think much about what was going on. So we knocked down a stop sign, and pissed on someone's lawn, and I stumbled home and fell asleep watching some old horror film. Something with monsters.

• • •

The next morning, it all started to sink in. Starting to think meant starting to remember. It was as if someone else had done all that shit. My head ached, and my hands shook. *It wasn't me*, I thought. *It was the beer. It was my friends. It's my shitty life*. The shower didn't help, and smashing the mirror in my bathroom destroyed the last chance of getting my security deposit back. Why would I do such a thing?

The next day, I went through the same pattern as usual. You don't want to break the pattern, after all. You'd go crazy. You'd start to get depressed and wind up not showing up for work. Don't break the pattern. Throw the beer cans in the trash. Take another shower. Underwear, coffee maker, ramen, soda, television, ironing, and so on.

For some reason, driving to work got me all anxious. The first hour was a bitch, taking orders for an hour and waiting to see if Wimpy would show up. And lo and behold, at ten o'clock, he walked straight through the door, as though nothing had happened.

No bruises. No cuts. No limping. Instead, he just put seventy-one pennies and seven nickels on the counter, waited for me to count them, and asked for an O'Tolley's double stack, as usual. Except this time, he didn't look up. No dumb-ass remarks about government conspiracies or urban legends. He took his food, he read his paper for about five minutes, and he left. Weird.

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Like I said, one day's pretty much the same as any other, except for the drinking, the random acts of violence, and the rude customers. O'Tolley's likes consistency. We always make the burgers the same way. We fill up cups with gelatinized non-milk product the same way every day. After all, people don't buy our shit because it's good; they buy it because it's consistent every time.

So the next day, we repeated the same mantra at the cash register every day. Hostile woman with a crew cut: "Thank you very much, ma'am." Teenage girl who wants extra onions, and sends the food back: "Thank you very much, ma'am." Fat bitch with two kids: "Fuck you very much, ma'am."

That day was different.

It was a Tuesday, and I remember looking at that fat bitch and thanking her for her order. Then I just stood there for a few seconds, not realizing what had just happened. She had a look on her face like I'd just slapped her. Then she grabbed her children like they'd been violated. It took me a few more seconds to realize what I'd been thinking, and what I'd said. A slip of the tongue: "Fuck you very much, ma'am." That was the last five seconds I was an employee of the O'Tolley's corporation.

Okay, no big shock — I'd been fired before. That scene had been played out different ways in different jobs before. This time, the assistant manager came over to apologize to the customer and offer her some free food. He apologized to the kids and gave them some little plastic toys — you know, that cheap-ass shit they know is a choking hazard, but put in the bags anyway 'cause it's cost-effective. Then he turns to me and tells me to go home.

So I'm on my way out the door, making a scene of it, like I'm all rebellious and defiant. The paper hat goes in the trash. As a disgruntled employee, I pick up speed, ready to kick the door open. I rip my name badge off my shirt, getting all dramatic as I'm storming out the door, getting ready to kick it open. Then I turn to see the looks on everyone's faces. Hostile woman. Picky teenage girl. Fat bitch and her two brats. And Wimpy. I stop in my tracks as he looks at me and smiles. He just stands there, smiling. Then I slowly walk to the car.

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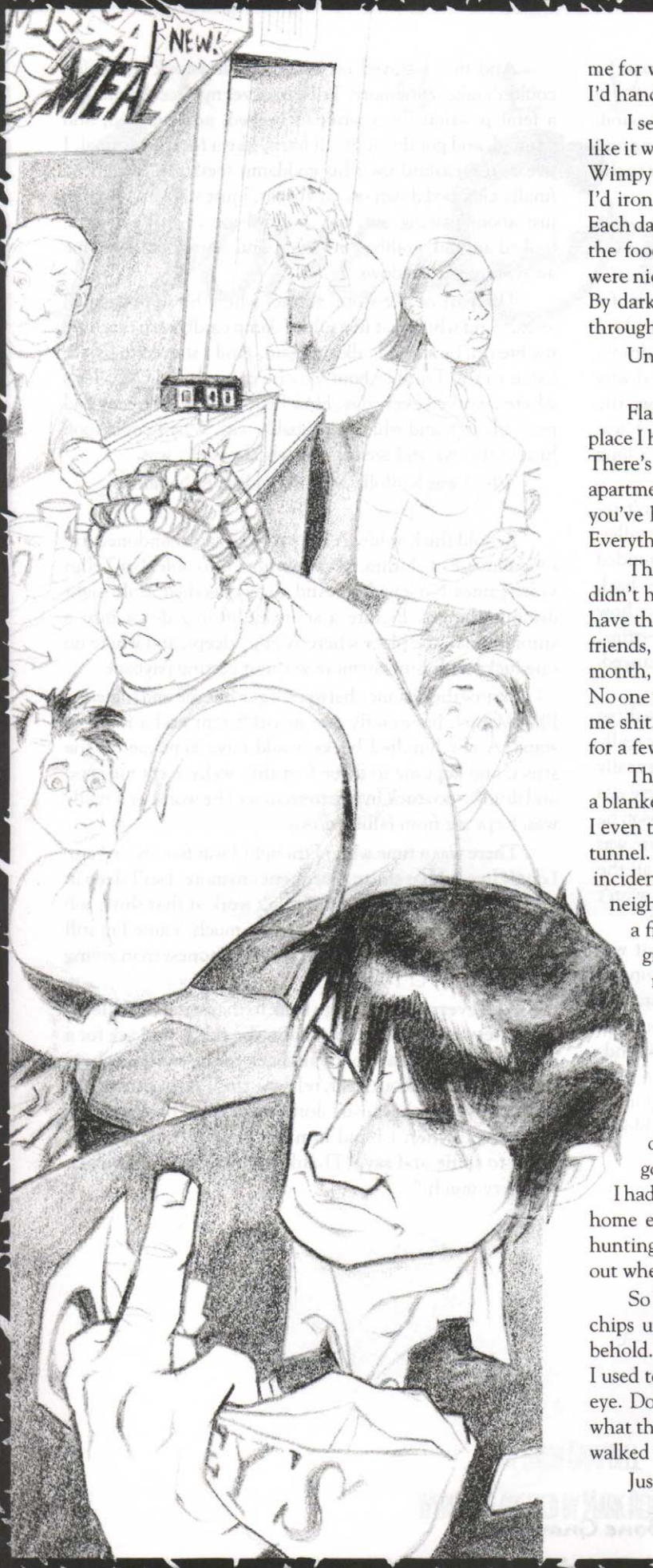
If there's one thing worse than working at a shithole like O'Tolley's, it's hunting for a job. You've got all the time in the world, but the clock's ticking. See, in every apartment complex I've had, they needed a first and last month's rent. And if you don't get that rent check in by the time that last month is up, you're fucked. Sometimes I'd hit Mom up for a loan. Once I borrowed it from a friend. One time I even got a cash advance on my 18% interest credit card. Dumbest mistake I ever made — took over a year to pay that off.

So, I knew I had exactly one month to find another job before my rent ran out. It's not like you can save a lot of money working at a place like O'Tolley's, after all. And it's not like I wanted the humiliation of hitting my parents up for money again. Make that parent — my dad left Mom a while back. No grief for me, since all I remember is someone who was tall, drunk, and violent. My stepdad, on the other hand, was just an asshole who looked down on



me for working so many shit jobs. So this time, I thought, I'd handle it on my own.

I set into the pattern again, going through my routine like it was the only thing separating me from a sad fuck like Wimpy. Alarm clock. Three snooze alarms. Each morning, I'd iron my clothes, getting ready to go out job-hunting. Each day, I'd eat my ration of macaroni and ramen, hoping the food wouldn't run out. And each night, my friends were nice enough to hook me up with a can or two of beer. By dark-thirty, I'd stumble home drunk after wandering through the streets.

Until the food ran out. Until my time ran out.

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Flash forward one month later. There I was, at the same place I had been so many times before: broke and desperate. There's a reason why I don't have a lot of stuff in my apartment. Sometimes you've got to pack up fast. When you've had my luck, you don't stay in one place for long. Everything needs to fit in the trunk of the car.

This time around, though, my luck was a bit worse. I didn't have the gas money to drive to another city. I didn't have the leads to find another job, even a shit job. And my friends, who had so dutifully supplied me with beer for a month, were starting to make jokes about me being a sponge. No one was going to let me sleep on his couch without giving me shit. So that time, I decided to sleep in my car, at least for a few days. At least I could keep the car.

The back seat folded out enough for me to lie down with a blanket. With the windows cranked up, it wasn't too cold. I even thought it would be funny to park over by the storm tunnel. Maybe get in some bowling again. And after that incident that one night, no one wanted to show up in that neighborhood late at night. Besides, it was a short walk to a friend's house, where I could sit in on their gaming group, ask to use their shower, and pretend like nothing had changed.

After that point, everything would change.

• • •

One Wednesday night, I was hanging out with my friends, watching them play their bullshit game. They were pretending they were ghosts, or revenants, or whatever the fuck they called them, and I was going out of my fucking mind with boredom. So, after I had sponged some food off them, I told them I was going home early. They had learned not to ask me about job-hunting, and they hadn't expressed any interest in finding out where I was living at the time.

So I was walking home that night, clutching a bag of chips under my arm, when I saw Wimpy again. Lo and behold. Now, there are enough homeless people near where I used to live that I knew what do. Don't look them in the eye. Don't give them a damn thing. Don't even listen to what they say. So that was exactly what I was doing when I walked by Wimpy, just as he was muttering shit again.

Just as he pushed me.

I could count the heartbeats, 'cause about ten went by real fast. That gave him enough time to push me again. He just cleared his throat, with that weird-ass growling sound, and pushed me again. I dropped the crap I was carrying and got ready to kick some ass. Instead, he kicked me over to the top of the stairs. Bitch was stronger than I thought.

Fighting is different when you're sober. You keep wanting to think, and you don't want to act on instinct. And it's over faster than you think. So without the deadening buffer of shitty beer, when you're lying down at the bottom of a flight of stairs, face down in a storm tunnel, it hurts like a son-of-a-bitch. I thought back to the time I was drunk, watching Wimpy lying down there, and I understood why he didn't move much after my friends pushed him down the stairs. Okay, after I pushed him down. Suddenly, I was thinking real clearly. Clearer than I'd thought in a long time. Thinking I was in deep shit.

Wimpy came tearing down the stairs, but I can't remember exactly what he looked like. Maybe was a bit taller, or maybe he was a bit stronger, or maybe he just reminded me of my dad looked like right before he'd hit me, back before he left. I remember bits and pieces. I remember how close I was to shitting myself. I remember being so terrified I couldn't move. And I remember how everything changed. Him. Me. Everything.

A few more kicks broke a few more ribs. Then I realized what was going on. Wimpy really was taller. Wimpy really was stronger. And I could finally see him for what he really was. Under the dirty clothes, he had some muscle. There was blood, and grime, and hair, and sweat. There was a reason he could fall down the stairs and not get bruised up. There was a reason he could survive on the streets, what with all the violence and assholes like me and my friends. Like he wasn't what he seemed. Like he wasn't human.

No matter how humiliating my job had been, it was nothing compared to kneeling down in the storm tunnel, bruised and bloody. Struggling to get up, I screamed in pain as he kicked me in the ribs again. The sounds of fists on flesh echoed down the tunnel unanswered, now that my friends were far away. The homeless fucker fought like a wild animal, with teeth and claws. That's the part I won't forget. I remember teeth and claws and the color of my own blood. Like a horror film. Something with monsters.

And me? I stayed on my knees and took it, until I couldn't take it anymore. Tried to cover my face. Went into a fetal position for a while. I begged, and pleaded, and whined, and got down on all fours, like a fucking animal. I swear, the bastard used his goddamn teeth, and when he finally clamped down on my throat, I just stopped moving, just about passing out. He dropped me to the concrete, looked around, grabbed my arms, and started dragging me away, into the shadows.

The part of the storm tunnel where he slept smelled awful. And while I sat in a pile of damp cardboard, catching my breath, he started talking again. And I started to listen, listen to the Truth. About why he came to the O'Tolley's where I worked every day. How he found me. Why my dad probably left, and what he probably was. Why I could look him in the eye and see him for who he really was.

Why I was Kinfolk, and pretending to be human.

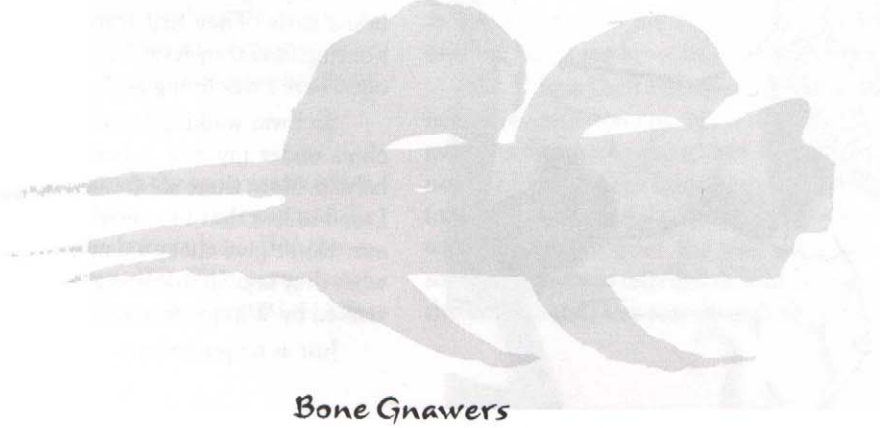
• • •

Behold the low life: A car parked in an abandoned lot. One suitcase of clothes. No television. No cable. No Tellus video games. No schedule. And no more goddamn all-night drinking binges. Picture a stairway leading down into a storm tunnel, the place where Wimpy sleeps, and where no one fucks with him anymore without getting payback.

I know the distance between a guy like me and someone like Wimpy. It's exactly one month's rent and a flight of stairs. A few hundred bucks would have kept me off the street, and kept me in those four thin walls. Kept me good and drunk, too stuck in a pattern to see the world as it really was. Kept me from falling down.

There was a time when I thought I was free. Now I am. I don't live in that shitty apartment anymore. I still sleep in my car, and I actually like it. I don't work at that shitty job anymore. My friends don't talk to me much, 'cause I'm still sponging money off people, but it's more honest than giving their money to O'Tolley's.

And every morning, I go back to that same O'Tolley's, put ninety-nine cents plus tax on the table, and ask for a double burger. It's a short walk back to the tunnel, where Walter tells me about stuff, tells me the Truth. I treat him like family now, because I don't want to go back to what I was. And when I hand him his burger, he makes it a point to smile and say, "Thank you very much, sir. Fuck you very much."



TRIBEBOOK:

BONE GNAWERS™

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Werewolf created by Mark Rein • Hagen

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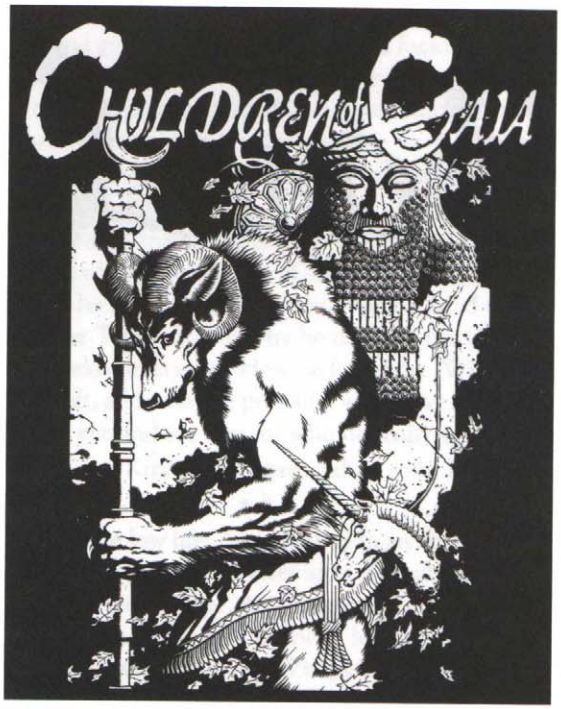
Coming Soon for Werewolf...



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ABBESCOTT

Chapter One: The Bad Old Days.

If I ever get my hands on a dollar again
I'm gonna hold on to it 'til the eagle grins
— Bessie Smith, "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out"

Time to Kill

"DAMN, IT'S COLD.

"Pass me a bottle, and I'll tell you a story. Which one would you like? A saga of great heroes? An epic of tribal history? Or maybe the reason we're freezing our asses off in this damn parking lot, eh? Tell you what — I'll tell 'em all. Give your old granddad a hit of that hooch, and I'll tell ya about the world. We've got some time to kill, so I've got a tale to tell."

An Elder Gets Drunk on History

An old man in a tattered coat stands in front of a steel drum fire. A bottle of brackish fluid sloshes as he gestures with his hands. His face is worn and wrinkled, bearing testimony to a lifetime of pain. Gathered around the fire, a pack of younger men and women warm their hands, stomp their feet, and glare at anyone foolish enough to pass by. It's another night in the life of Rat's brood.

Visitors are few and far between here. Anger and desperation are thick in the winter air, discouraging passers-by from looking too closely. Old Man O'Reilly holds his bottle like a Native American "speaking stick." He clears his throat, hacks up a monstrous cough, and fills the air with his suddenly resonant voice.

First off, let's be honest — no one really knows the ancient stories. None of us were there, so let's not fool ourselves. I am not the man you see. I am of an ancient tribe, the guardian of forgotten stories, and a friend to rats everywhere. I have spoken to the ancient gods, danced on the moon, and fully intend to save the world. In other words, I know all about people fooling themselves.

You're not looking at me like I'm insane, so I can tell you're all my brothers and sisters. Some of you are flaring your nostrils now, trying to pick up my scent. Well, I can smell you, too, and I know who you are. I know what you are. You're mystics and madmen, shapeshifters and warriors. Pass the bottle around. We're all brothers here.

I have spoken to the other mystics of the great tribes. I've enacted sacred rituals with madmen who scream at thunderstorms, wise women who chase after Pegasus, heroes who bleed for Fenris wolf, and rich men who kneel before cockroaches — I'll tell ya, you're better off sleeping with rats. But for all their madness, they've got an advantage we don't: their greatest heroes can channel the memories of their many-times great-grandparents. We can't. They can summon up the strength of the ancestors and relive the greatest moments of their history, but I sure as hell can't. Hell, I don't even know who my ancestors *are*. That means all the other high priests are living in the past,

justifying who there are by their line and lineage. I only know the here and now. For instance, right now, I'm freezing.

Even among us old folks, few of our tribal elders can recite their entire lineage. Most can't remember their history past their parents. And then there are those who don't even know who their real parents are, or won't tell, or don't care. Let me tell you something: It really doesn't matter. Where did we come from? I can tell you where we're going. Brothers and sisters, the world is going STRAIGHT to HELL! Don't count on your cubs getting a damn thing when you're dead and gone. *We* are the last, true generation of warriors.

If you've got sins to repent for, you better starting praying to Gaia now, 'cause there ain't much time left. Look into the skies at night with your true sight, and you'll see the Eye of the Wyrm glaring down from the heavens. Listen to the word on the street, and you'll hear the damnedest things: the signs of the End Times all around us, children. You might as well listen to the tales of the past, 'cause if you don't understand them, you won't have no future. None of us will.

The Disclaimer

We don't really know much, but I'll tell you what I got figured out, children. I got an idea who we are now, but I'm still guessing where we're from. In fact, I don't really think we're "from" anywhere. I've heard Furies blather about Ancient Greece, Fianna regale me with tales of the Celtic north, and Striders moan about the fabled land of Khem, but we've lost touch with our ancestors, so we're just pissing in the dark. My best guess is that we're from all over. We aren't so much a lineage as an idea: If Gaia made you Garou, you're good enough to join our tribe.

Let me spell it out for you: I don't care where you came from, where your ancestors came from, or who your parents were. When you went through your First Change, you left all that behind you. You gave up your name. You left your home. You broke all your ties to the human world. That's the way it should be. It wasn't just your flesh that changed — you changed. When you joined us, you set aside all that crap about tribes and politics. You decided to be a brother, a sister, a part of our family. That's good enough for me.

The fire in this trash can's good and warm, and it's gonna take us a long time to work through this bottle of spirits. You aren't foolish enough to go looking for trouble, so you might as well pass the time with us. Stories work as well as anything else, so before our time on this glorious world runs out, we might as well set the record straight. Mother Rat has seen to our safety; I've seen to your survival. Feel free to take a sip of wine, and a bit of stew — my pot only has macaroni and cardboard, but everyone here's gotta eat.

One more thing: I ain't gonna tell you some load of malarkey about how we saved the world or changed all of history. We're brothers and sisters here, not some secret society that's been putting events in motion since the dawn of time. That's bullshit. We never made history; we just survived it. Maybe there's been a few times when we've had

a few faces in the crowd, inciting people when they booze up and riot, but it's idiotic to take credit for that. People start revolutions; we just give them a push in the right direction.

We have gathered here for a tribal moot, and as the elder Galliard of the tribe, I've chosen a Recitation for this month. You know the rite, and I see enough storytellers here to know we can pull it off. For the rest of you, listen up! You'll learn about who you are. I'm talking about our shared history. Some of you had other ideas for the moot this month — another revel through the spirit world, perhaps, or some damn fool Ragabash scavenger hunt. But we gather here to remember why we're a tribe, and I'm not gonna let you forget it. Let's take it from the top. Or in our case, let's start at the bottom.

The Lowest of the Low

Long before the Impergium, from the moment the Goddess first breathed life into the world, there's been a food chain. Human beings spent thousands of years struggling their way up it. Wolves and other predators have always been near the top of it. And scraping along near the bottom of it, there's been scavengers — jackals, hyenas, crows, buzzards, and, as you'd expect, folks like us.

Garou first found wisdom by watching the natural world. Long before the Silver Fangs started lording their authority over everyone else, their ancestors marveled at the falcon's imperious majesty, so they learned their Gifts from Gaia's falcon-spirits. Before the Shadow Lords started betraying each other, proud Garou on the craggy peaks of the Carpathians reveled in the thunderstorms, worshipping the might of Grandfather Thunder.

And then there were the outcasts, the exiles, the sickly, poor and suffering. They had to scavenge to survive, so they learned by watching the scavengers. Gaia, in her mercy, sent spirits to watch over the least and the lowliest — rat-spirits, carrion-crows, jackal-spirits, and a host of lesser creatures — so that the weakest Garou would have a fighting chance to live. And what did they learn? Same things we know today. The strong learn to strike first. The cunning learn to let them. And even the weakest never give up.

The Earth Mother gave us the power of the Changing Ways so we could walk among men and run with the wolves. We never really belonged in either world, but the Earth Mother created us to watch over her children, both the humans on two legs and the wolves on four. Other tribes will tell you about the time when Garou heroes ruled the human

Recitations and Testimonies

At tribal moots, different auspices host different tribal activities. When the Ahroun lead a tribal moot, Garou usually go hunting: stalking spirits in the Umbra or tracking Wyrm-spawn in the physical world. Theurges lead tribal rites hidden from other werewolves. Ragabash organize everyone into fun and games. And when Galliards aren't staging performances and musical revels at tribal moots, they invite their audiences to listen to stories that relate to current problems, reciting the history of a tribal protectorate or the nearest sept.

A Recitation is an elaborate version of this storytelling tradition. The eldest Galliard kicks it off, but he expects other Garou to jump in as the spirit takes them. Any Garou known for her talent for talespinning or her gift for storytelling (that is, with either Expression or Performance) may be called upon to participate, regardless of auspice. The eldest Galliard sets the tone for the evening by choosing a subject, such as great battles, renowned heroes, or, if many young cliath are present, the history of the tribe.

Traditionally, elders preached history to their cubs in years past — after all, it used to be a sure guarantee that a cub would join the same tribe as his Garou mother or father. Elders would mentor cubs about tribal history before their Rites of Passage, or enough to indoctrinate them in the tribe's agenda, but along the way, a great deal of truth and perspective was lost. As more cubs began to defy their lineages and destinies, petitioning different tribes to adopt them, they grew up without properly learning about their tribal heritage — thus the need for Recitations.

Other tribes have elaborate traditions of etiquette and protocol for conducting a Recitation. Most are carefully planned beforehand. Fenrir typically have to growl and stare down a boring Galliard to get their turn, while Silver Fangs wouldn't dare interrupt a Garou of greater renown. In a Bone Gnawer Recitation, on the other hand, anyone can jump into a Recitation at any time, regardless of rank or renown. Even an elder who's respected for a lifetime of accomplishment can be interrupted by a cliath fresh from his passage rite.

Testimonies are a variant of this cultural tradition, usually based around knowledge or legend. For instance, if the Bone Gnawers are having problems with a local vampire, followers of the tribe are asked to testify what they know about Leeches. This is not only a rapid way for cubs to learn about the supernatural, but also a damn fine source of entertainment on long, cold nights. The eldest Galliard still starts off the evening's Testimony, but Bone Gnawer Theurges have been known to put all the spirit of an old fashioned revival into the event, urging everyone to share what they know. (*"Testify, brother!"*)

A few other supernatural societies with oral histories and urban legends share the same traditions. Nosferatu vampires have similar gatherings, enacted at so-called "Hostings." Followers of the Rat God may be invited to a Ratkin Recitation, a cautious affair where wererats trade stories through carefully balanced rules of barter. No matter who's involved, most Bone Gnawers prefer a raucous recitation to a more traditional gathering. The chance to share what you have with your community is far more fun than listening to an elder say, "Listen, cub!"

race, but our kind had a different view. We didn't scream our fury from the mountaintops. No matter who was in power, we were always down on our bellies, trying not to snarl at the tyrants who forced humanity into servitude.

Every other tribe has a glorious origin, a history of why they're Gaia's chosen. We don't. You won't find us in our tribal homelands when the Apocalypse comes; instead, you'll find us everywhere. Wherever Garou shame their weakest, or cast out their lowliest, or look for someone to kick around, there's a chance that poor fool is fated to become a Bone Gnawer.

The words "bone gnawer" started out as an insult, one that's been used since the dawn of the Impergium. The name of our tribe is actually one of the oldest known words in the Garou language. Not surprisingly, the Garou High Tongue is excellent at describing nuances of shame, dishonor, and taint — the words for "tainted one" (*urrah*) and "Wyrm-tainted" (*ikthya*) are only slightly older.

During the Impergium, proclaiming someone a "bone gnawer" crippled whatever respect or privilege he once had. Even then, the greatest in station gained the first share of any kill; the lowest in station gnawed the carcass that remained. If the wolf wanted to remain with the pack, he had to endure some piss-poor treatment. That's always been in our blood. Because we know the ways of the wolves, acknowledging power and authority is a matter of instinct, one that's hard to shake...until you've been pushed too far.

We knew our place. In the time of the tyrants, we knew when to bow our heads. But in times of war, we also knew the glory of battle. The Bone Gnawers weren't cowards then. Once, we were warriors. Long ago, when werewolves charged into battle, we were heroes. Far from the battle, the most renowned Garou — the Silver Fangs and Shadow Lords of the Impergium — fought tooth and claw among themselves for the chance to lead. While they bickered and fought for their personal glory, we had a far more honorable place: down on the battlefield, at the vanguard of Gaia's army. The elders treated us like we were expendable, as shock troops for Gaia and Garou. We didn't care. The war chiefs fought for their own glory, but we fought for the glorious rush of battle.

If you've lived it, you know it: charging towards the enemy with your pack surrounding you; wading through blood; feasting on the flesh of your foes; overwhelming all opposition with undeniable strength. Before great battles, our war chiefs and glorious leaders would humble themselves before Falcon or Thunder, but before the lowliest charged into battle, we prayed to Rat, our totem of war. He gave us our feral strength, our desperate energy, and the indomitable spirit of the swarm. No one remembered our names — only that we fought and died like Garou. If a cub didn't have the lineage to become a great hero, Rat still valued his teeth and claws.

As a result, there was a time when our Ahroun were legendary. We were renowned, but more than that, we were ruthless. In skirmishes no hero would dare charge into alone, the Bone Gnawers would send in wave after wave of warriors to wear our enemies into submission. That's the way it is today: If Fenrir's wolves can't do it, if a mind-addled Silver Fang can't survive it, then it's time to send in a swarm of rats. When Rat's children fight, we're part of something greater. In dreams, I know that I have lived it before. And when the Apocalypse comes, I know that we will live it again.

The Concord

As you've no doubt heard, the human race didn't react all that well to the Impergium, seeing as how werewolves hunted them, throated them, bred with them and even enslaved them. As amazing as it may seem, humanity was once treated worse than we were. After all the humans had been thoroughly forced into submission, the most renowned werewolves started slaughtering anyone who didn't acknowledge their glory — beginning with the other shapeshifters in the world. When the great wars against the Fera began, the world was awash in blood.

The humans suffered the most during the War of Rage, filled with fear at the open violence they saw, so as the great Garou heroes were obsessed with proving their might, the lowly humans formed their own tribes. Not a bad idea, eh? Guarding themselves against monsters in the night, they rejected the tyranny of the Garou. The same humans we thought we were protecting started to fight back. And a pack of the most renowned werewolf elders skulked off to bitch, whine, moan and plot revenge.

Oh, the Garou were pissed. That's an understatement. Some Garou, mostly the wolves who later become the Get, wanted to throat the humans in war, while the would-be Red Talons just wanted to wipe the fuckers out. The Silver Fangs couldn't understand why the humans wouldn't submit anymore, and the Shadow Lords just nodded while they plotted and schemed with the other tribes. Oh, and those simpering soon-to-be Children of Gaia made some noise about peace, but no one gave a shit about that anymore. The ideas about that one issue — what the hell to do about the human race's rebellion — defined us as tribes as much as anything else.

No matter what our feeding habits might have been beforehand, no one really formally called us a "tribe" of Bone Gnawers until that grand event. For the benefit of our cliath present, that was the Concord: the gathering where we formed the Western Concordiat and recognized sixteen tribes of Garou. That was when the Galliards and Philodox sang the Litany for the first time. You've heard this part, right? Then the tribes fought, struggled, connived, and betrayed each other until they arrived at the final part of the Concord: the agreement to allow mankind to develop its own civilization. We were supposed to create our Concordiat away from humanity, right? You've probably heard that last part wrong.

That one issue was the most important part of the Concord, the real sticking point. Most of the long-bearded elders said that humanity had to have the freedom to rule its own world, instead of being dominated by the Garou. That way, the two races could live in peace. Quite generous of them to say that, seeing as how the human race was warring with us at the time. It seemed like a simple concept, but not all of us saw eye to eye on it. For one thing, some of us were down on our bellies at the time. Nonetheless, the Garou must have

done something right. The Earth Mother eventually showed her approval by gifting us with the Delirium — if you can call it a gift — and we've been hiding behind the Veil ever since.

The Urrah

The idea that humans shouldn't be treated like sheep was rather novel, but we still had a responsibility to Gaia, a duty to watch over mankind. Back then, some of us still felt an obligation to protect the human race, and we knew the only way to really do that was to live among them. Long ago, the human race was worth protecting. Now, I'm not so sure. Anyway, two tribes took to that idea far more than any other. The Glass Walkers, or whatever the hell they called themselves back then before there was any such thing as glass, didn't have much trouble getting recognized as a tribe. They could recite their lineage, took credit for a hell of a lot, and properly approached the high muckety-mucks with their smooth-talking, pure-bred Philodox emissaries. Their carefully crafted gifts weren't too shabby, either.

The way I heard it, there was this other group that didn't care much for the Concord either, largely because it screwed them over. They had discovered how much easier it was to avoid starving to death by living among the humans, or actually working with them, feeding off what they farmed and slaughtered. These skulking, scraping, cowering scavengers pledged to uphold the Litany and preserve the Veil and all that, but they weren't about to leave the cities. They wanted to stay involved, if only to fill their own bellies. Many of them were dependent on the humans for survival, but more importantly, they actually gave a damn about them. You know who I'm talking about: us.

The idea didn't go over that well. Because we lived so close to human cities, we were considered tainted by them — that's how we became "urrah." The greatest in station reviled us. The Silver Fang nobles who had just spent Goddess knows how long proving how superior they were threatened us with exile. The Shadow Lords actually kept them from doing it, but I think it was only because it pissed off the Fangs so much.

By that time, anyone who held with this idea was shamed, or more precisely, "tainted," because of their insistence of siding with the rebellious humans. As the tale goes, there were enough of these dropouts to form their own tribe. The same lowly Garou who swarmed with them in battle stood beside them at the Concord. And these mavericks, the lowest in station, the bastards who actually stood up to the grand high muckety-mucks, were so reviled that they were shamed forever. We became an entire tribe of Bone Gnawers right then and there.

Cool story, huh? Is it true? Who cares? It's ancient history. And it's long enough for us to finish another one of these lovely bottles off. Someone fetch me another one, okay? And recycle the goddamn bottle this time, all right? Don't look at me that way. That's the story as it was told to me — some of us believe it, and some of us don't. When you get to be my age, you can make up your own damn story.

Ancient History

So there we were, stalking through mankind's thriving little villages. Humans got civilized, and we reaped the benefits. They built shelters, and we often slept in them. They farmed and gathered their food in safe places, and we raided them. Most of the time, we were just content to live among them, marveling at their industry.

And while this went on, we saw stranger things around their cities in the spirit world: the spirits of the Weaver in numbers we had never seen before. A certain other tribe got pretty fascinated by them, but Rat got a bit nervous whenever so many of the Weaver's Gafflings got together. Humans started accumulating stuff, setting schedules, making things they needed and collecting trinkets they didn't. And the Weaver's webs started gathering around him.

As far as we can tell, as far back as you can trace cities, you'll find Bone Gnawers. You'll find Glass Walkers too, of course, in one form or another, whether you call them Warders of Men or Iron Riders, or whatever. It never changes. They trust the Weaver enough to benefit from her creations. Rat's children keep fighting to make sure they aren't trapped in them. They live near the top of society, drawn to wealth and power; we live near the bottom. Their kind has always loved human culture, but we never really took to it. Something wild within us could never be tamed. For some reason, other Garou seem to speak of our two tribes in the same sentence, but just as the Walkers have always loved the Weaver, we've hated her with just as much passion.

Ancient Egypt

Our views on the Concord didn't change, so in places where the other tribes were strongest, we still skulked in shame. Take Egypt, for example: the homeland of the Silent Striders. They were awfully protective of their homelands. That was before they started wandering the world, back when they were really tight with their Kinfolk. The way I heard it, they had some strange and powerful allies — mummies or such — and we didn't care much for that kind of alliance. The Striders tend to keep real quiet about the whole thing, probably to cover the fact that they don't really understand their past.

Some folks will tell you our tribe also had Kinfolk nearby, in our glorious lost homeland. Let me tell you, when someone offers to feed you for a good story, you'll say just about anything. The same legends talk about a great curse that forced the Garou to leave that part of the world.

No one passed through Northern Africa without the Striders knowing about it. But if you underwent the First Change there, and your blood wasn't pure enough to become one of Khem's finest, then the protectorate didn't want you. Oddly enough, we recruited a lot of brothers and sisters from the Garou who fled. That leads to the story of how an Egyptian pharaoh forced the first great Exodus....

Ancient Totems, Ancient Ways

"SHUT THE HELL UP! YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT. You're telling it all wrong. We had our own land, and our Kinfolk, too. No wonder we're dying out, with so many of us being damn ignorant. Like you, you old fool. Give me that bottle of rotgut!"

With one fluid motion, the old man's challenger grabs the bottle and tosses it across the parking lot. Glass explodes, spraying intoxicating liquid across a pile of rubble. A few listeners flinch. The young man turns. No one dares to meet his gaze. No one sees the look on his face, the color of his skin, or the anger in his eyes. The pack is of one mind now.

The new alpha raises his arms. The wind is biting cold, but Teeth-of-the-Jackal stands before the fire in a T-shirt and a worn pair of jeans. It's freezing outside, but he's burning with rage. No one dares to stare too closely at his sores—his deformities are the reason he can shake off such brutal cold so quickly. He's metis, and he's not afraid to show it. In Homid form, he heals the pain of the cold again and again, but the pain in his eyes won't fade.

Some of the other Garou say the Bone Gnawer tribe came together out of convenience. That's crap. Some wolves will treat you like shit because it's supposed to be your place in life, or because we don't have their breeding. That's bullshit. The big difference between them and us is that we're more open-minded. What the other wolves cast out, we take in. That's why we're so spread out and the Silver Fangs are so inbred — we believe in widening the gene pool. Never thought of us that way before, did you? We're not cursed. We're blessed.

More importantly, we're Garou. We're supposed to be on the same side, but all of the tribes are bickering over crap: politics and breeding and ancestry, like that shit about the Concord I keep hearing over and over. Who gives a fuck? The world's dying. The other tribes keep the Bone Gnawers shut out because we're homeless, because it seems like our whole tribe never had a home. Screw it. It's a lie.

Our tribe came from all over the world, but before the Concord, our tribe had a home. Since the dawn of time, the largest gathering of Bone Gnawers was in Northern Africa. Maybe those Garou weren't formally a tribe yet, but that part of the world had dozens of Bone Gnawer septs, long before Khem or Carthage, or the fucking Concord. And that was long before anyone could revile us as a tribe of scavenging losers.

We had culture. We had pride. The one thing we didn't have was enough wolves, so were a "homid" tribe. And just as you'd expect, the other Garou hated us for that, too. Since then, our Kinfolk have spread out across the world, spawning bastard children, but if we hadn't lost our heritage, we could trace it right back there, to our tribal homelands. You want to know how we lost them? *That's* a hell of a story.

How do I know? Okay, so maybe I wasn't there, but I know the spirits were. I speak with them the same way my ancestors did. Any good street shaman knows the ancient totems. Outcasts all over the world know about Mother Rat, and even during the Impergium, there were plenty of Garou with an affinity to rats, the Rat Totem, and his feral children, the Ratkin. But we've neglected the true totems. There was a time when we ran with other scavengers — jackals, crows, and hyenas — so we spoke with the scavenger totems for guidance. And mark my words: Now that the End Times are here, the scavenger totems are coming back into the world, bringing the old stories with them. Stories Mr. Galliard here don't know jack about. Now, where were we?

A Jackal's Tale of Ancient Khem

Brothers and sisters, after the Concord, we had some powerful neighbors to the east: the Silent Striders. They may have looked down on us, since we fed on the dead to survive, but we got along well enough. Our cousins to the east had their own pantheon of totems, Incarnae tied to the Egyptian gods.

If you talk to a really religious Strider, he'll confirm it. They'll tell you the old stories about Anubis, Horus, and even crusty old reptilian Sebek. It was an age of gods, and men who walked as gods. I'm talkin' about the two immortals who walked among them. Set and Osiris. Bloodsuckers. Freaks. Leeches. Pale-skinned, night-stalking, blood-draining vampires.

The Striders had an all-out holy war against Set. See, he laid claim to all of Northern Egypt, and as part of it, he sired a whole "bloodline" of undead minions to help him keep it. And then there was his daddy, Apophis, the Corrupter, who stank of the Wyrm, and left the Serpent's stench wherever he helped Set in his unholy crusade. The whole kingdom reeked of the Wyrm's corruption, so the Striders kept hunting Set's children again and again. You might be wondering what this has to do with us, so I'll cut to the chase. Whenever the Striders got their asses kicked, they were desperate enough to come to us for help. They'd send one of their swift messengers with a really polite invitation to help them fight the Wyrm.

Back when we lived in the wild, the Bone Gnawers also followed ancient gods and ancient ways — ways that have been forgotten, and ways that are returning. The scavenger totems led us to carrion, watched over us, and protected us. We left our sacrifices of bone and meat to their guardian spirits. In Africa, Jackal held power. In any tribal caern, you could be fairly sure that the sept leader would follow Jackal, while the elders would bow their heads, giving benedictions to Crow. The Ragabash made their pacts with Hyena, and the rabble that gathered only to feed followed the ways of Rat. After all, Rat is worshipped *everywhere*.

When the Silent Striders were desperate enough to beg other Garou for help — or even worse, the Bone Gnawers — most responded just like you'd expect. Jackal's children were delighted to benefit from a war with the Wyrm, as long as someone else struck the first blow and stood out in front. Crow's children were content to follow the leaders of the tribe, as long as it served their needs. Hyena's children just laughed at the fate of the poor Striders. And Rat's brood? Momma Rat's children stayed out of the whole damn mess.

Even back then, we knew the score. People came to us for help, and when they got it, they'd casually consider fucking us over. That's the story of our people. That's our whole history, right there. We'll squabble among ourselves when times get rough — when you can't trust nobody but yourself — but we've got good reasons to be skeptical of anyone else. Stand by your tribe, and trust your alpha, and you won't have to go through what Jackal's children did.

So anyway, there we were. There's the Striders, bowing effusively in front of our septs and asking for our aid. It was a nice gesture, wanting the Bone Gnawers to sacrifice their

lives for the Striders' little crusade, but it had a few problems. First, the Bone Gnawers weren't as organized as the other tribes — never have been, never will be. The tribe treated everyone as more or less equal, despite the differences over religion. Since we lived as scavengers, our protectorates were big enough where we could wander. The septs kept moving wherever food was up for grabs. So oddly enough, many of the Garou in a sept never stayed close to the heart of the nearest caern. Sound familiar? The tribe's the same way today.

And even if we could have called in all our kin to help right then and there, can you really blame the children of Rat for not answering the call? I mean, fighting the Wyrm is a noble cause, but we're talking about fighting a god. Set was one badass, immortal, tear-your-heart-out-and-sacrifice-it-to-the-lords-of-darkness motherfucker. So add on a second reason Rat's children didn't get involved: they weren't stupid.

Jackal's children saw things differently. Some of the Striders worshipped Jackal, too. They just knew him in a different aspect: jackal-headed Anubis. In our tribe, Jackal's kids were the sort who watched over our caerns, so they at least listened long enough to hear the Strider's point of view. Strider Galliards told stories about Ptah bringing the force of the Wyld into the world, about the Modeler and Maat and their obsesssion with justice, and Apophis, the Corrupter, the tool of the Wyrm. It took a bit of work, but some of the Jackals were sold on the idea of their totem's role in all of this. More importantly, Jackal's ambitious children saw a way to gain respect again, so they fought beside the Striders.

And guess what? They lost. Bigtime.

The Striders weren't doing too well, and when they couldn't get help from enough Bone Gnawers, they lost. Set threw everything he had at the Striders, and the Silent Striders lost Khem forever. He spread his corruption as the kingdom of Egypt descended into darkness, and the Striders ran away with their tails between their legs. Lo and behold if they ain't been running ever since. Set cursed the whole damn tribe, cutting them off from their ancestors, their homelands, everything.

There's a lesson here. The way I see it, we can't afford to turn our backs completely on the other tribes. 'Cause once the forces of darkness consumed Khem, they started rolling across the northern coast of Africa. The Ajaba stayed behind, and looked what happened to them! Ajaba? Ever heard of them? Shapechanging hyenas? Of course not. I'll move on.

As for the Bone Gnawers, Jackal's followers took it the worst. His children suffered from the same curse that hit the Striders. The way *I* heard it, it seems that jackal blood in our veins has plagued us ever since. Crow skulked off behind Jackal, knowing that his brother would need him... and if Jackal suffered too much, Crow would benefit all the same. Hyena's brood laughed at their brothers and sisters for making such foolish choices. And Rat? Rat's brood survived the whole mess, for Rat, above all else, survives.

I'll admit, our tribes get blamed for a lot of shit that isn't our fault. When we lost our own homeland, some cursed Rat's children for their cowardice, and some blamed Jackal's

brood for their foolishness, and all around, the tribe suffered in shame. Even if we don't trace our lineage back to Jackal, those who carry Jackal's blood have had nothing but bad luck ever since. Even Bone Gnawers are wary about any who follow Jackal. You don't hear much about him much anymore. You won't hear about Hyena at all. But I know how many of you have heard of the power and the glory of Rat.

Owl and Rat

By the way, that's not exactly the end of the story. It's pretty damn clear that Rat's children made the right choice, but back then, the Striders didn't think so. They were pissed at Rat's brood for doing fuck all while their world went to hell, and the Striders' tribal totems weren't too pleased either. When Khem fell, the Egyptian totems started to lose their strength. Owl, on the other hand, grew stronger and stronger, and she led her children to safety. The Striders spread across the world, calling to Owl for guidance in the night. Owl's children have run from their home, run from their past, and run from their true totems and the ancient ways.

Owl was none too happy with Rat and his children, the scrappy little Bone Gnawers. Ever since then, Owl and Rat have had a fierce hatred for each other. Owl asked for a little bit of vengeance: From that time on, Owl asked the Garou who followed her to leave a little sacrifice with each passing moon. And since that time, Striders have been capturing rats, and mice, and all sorts of rodents, leaving them helpless for Owl's spiritual servants. Things haven't changed much since then. There's no way a child of Rat should ever help a follower of Owl, and Owl's children know not to ask help from the children of Rat.

Now, some of the Striders who fled from Khem didn't forget the old ways. They didn't care about the rivalry between Owl and Rat, so they traveled with us for a while. The followers of Anubis, and Ibis, and Sebek, they found themselves struggling right beside the children of Jackal, and Crow, and Hyena. And just as you'd expect, they've been struggling with the same curse, and the same highfalutin' elders who want to exploit us exploit them as well.

The Melting Pot

During the Concord, there were a lot of us who didn't agree with what the Western Concordiat wanted. The other Garou who sided with us came from other parts of the world. While my relations were scrounging about in Africa, we had ancestors scavenging wherever they could get by. Our tribe has always accepted outsiders, including those who have been cast out or rejected from the other tribes.

Back in the day, that meant that a cub who wasn't good enough to join another tribe was automatically insulted as a "bone gnawer." The insult means the same as it did in the Impergium: the outcast has to eat after everyone else is finished, picking through the carcasses that remain. Some of us are born Bone Gnawers, and there's nothing we can do about that. We learn to survive with almost nothing, and we learn to be cautious about trusting anyone.

But there's a also a whole swarm of Bone Gnawers who are adopted into the tribe. When a cub is particularly heroic or accomplished — by the standards of other Garou, at least — tribes contest to recruit him into their ranks, possibly luring him away from the tribe that accepted his ancestors. It works both ways. When a Garou is rejected, reviled, defamed or even exiled, the Bone Gnawers may give him another chance. That's one of the reasons why our tribe has always been one of the most populous in the world—because the other tribes have always had such strange standards. And, as one would expect, it was also a prime reason why the other tribes saw us as expendable.

Before the Concord, we thought it was noble to sacrifice yourself for Gaia and Garou, but afterwards, we had a change of heart. We witnessed the worst of the Impergium, usually from the front lines. For us, there was little honor and glory — that went to the greatest in station. We also saw how the Impergium affected the humans. When we became a tribe, we gained a bit of our pride back, and the tribe agreed it would never die for the glory of Gaia again — not without a good cause, at lease. That's the end of the story. Anyone want to pick it up in the middle again?

The Tribe Grows

"I'D BE DELIGHTED, MY FRIEND. YOU'VE TOLD THE STORY WELL."

A Galliard storyteller pauses to look dramatically at the crowd, gathering a cloak around his shoulders. With a flourish, Smell-of-the-Crowd strides away from the fire, stalking across the concrete like a thespian pacing floorboards. He gathers his hands into talons for emphasis, then points suddenly at the only cub present, as if the performance were solely for her. The other Garou chuckle — no ones gets into a good tale like one of the Frankweilers.

FORSOOTH! *THAT'S* how Bone Gnawers have come from all over the world, child! They weren't all *born* into our family. Lost cubs can wander cold and lonely city streets for years without meeting Bone Gnawer Kinfolk. Whether their parents were Get or Uktena, Silver Fangs or Shadow Lords, for some reason, their tribes scorned and abandoned them. Beset by a sea of troubles, these scroungers turned to scavenger totems, learning what Gifts they could from the spirits until they could find their way to our family's warm embrace.

God's wounds! What a tragedy this is, when Garou turns his back on Garou! Fear not, child! We shall shelter you from the night! We shall take you in as our own, clutching you to our very bosom!

The blood of our tribe is stirred in the very cauldron of brotherhood. Verily, our Garou blood has become a great melting pot, a hybrid stew with all the detritus of the other tribes flowing through it. Tasty metaphor, eh? That's why our family has no pure breeds—only mongrels. Our coats are a patchwork of colors and patterns, a tattered family quilt with scraps and patches from across history. Gather your family about you, child, and it will keep you warm against the cold night that surrounds you.

A Swarm of Bone Gnawers

'Tis Gaia's own truth. As our tribe is not overly selective — present company excluded, of course — joining the tribe is an easy choice for some. A wolf without a tribe is a sad and lonely creature. Until he completes his Rite of Passage, he can't learn the secret lore of a tribe, study for its tribal rites, or learn its tribal Gifts. At best, he can receive a heartfelt invitation to a festive gathering like this one. If he forsakes his heritage, the trials and tribulations are severe, but if he accepts the easy alternative — becoming a Bone Gnawer — the road ahead of him becomes smoother. Even Ronin and other rogues find their way back into the Garou Nation by joining Rat's brood.

And what a life it is! No more struggling to live up to your ancestors' expectations — we have none! Every dumpster overflows with a feast! Simple cardboard becomes a castle! No matter how lowly, within our tribe, any man can become a king, and any woman a queen! And here at our glorious moots, everyone feasts... even if the *crap d'jour* is macaroni and cardboard.

Side By Side

Ours has been a long and arduous struggle, yet as we've marched across time, we've picked up a motley assortment of second-hand heroes along the way. Attend our Galliards' moots, and you shall see that the greatest tales have Bone Gnawers. You'll see us as spear carriers in the Viking epics of the Get, peasants in the brooding Transylvanian sagas of the Shadow Lords, or even as humble subjects in Russian Silver Fang caerns. Great Gaia, I've evern heard tell of Australian Bone Gnawers slumming with the scavengers of Tasmania, as distant cousins of the Bunyip.

From an early age, we learned where we figured in the hierarchy of dominance and submission. We were the peasants, the commoners, the rabble, the grunts, and the unwashed masses. And we still are. Wherever you find Garou, you'll find stories of Bone Gnawers doing their dirty work.

Remember these truths as you hear our humble tales. When someone tells you about our exodus from Africa, or our invasion of America, remember that's just part of the story. We've got Kin everywhere, and we look out for our family. We're just a bit more common in some places than others.

Early Cities

The Frankweiler strides over to a pile of discarded machinery. His "stagehands" lurch for ropes, erecting a wall of cardboard with a curious etching in crayon and chalk: a street scene from a Babylonian city... or at least a Ragabash conception of one.

Sound a bit disorganized? Indeed, it was. Until we gathered in the larger cities, we weren't really organized at all. Before we found such glorious places as the one you see here, we cowered and crept in caerns belonging to the other tribes. Woe for the fate of our lost homelands! Woe and misery!

The idea of a whole sept of us working together was ludicrous. The Garou Nation scornfully looked down on us, but they couldn't stop us from gathering together in packs. The strongest werewolves lurked in the wilderness, so it was natural for us to take to the streets, feeding off the refuse of civilization. For in the cities, food spilled out into the streets, and the rats swarmed to feast.

Yet for many, despite the abundance of garbage to eat, these were dark times. In the cities, we had no septs or çaerns, so we ended up as one big family. Without a sept leader, the oldest and wisest Bone Gnawer would become the tribal Mother or Father to us all. You didn't earn an honor like just by living for a long time. You actually had to help the Garou living in the city, even the ones passing through it. By showing compassion to strangers, and generosity to friends — virtues that Mother Rat still asks of us today — you could become a nobleman among the Bone Gnawers, no matter who or what you were in your youth.

In the biggest metropolises, friends, each auspice could have its own tribal Mother and Father — a rather rare practice today, but one that still exists. As part of your investiture, you could even proclaim your own title. A Ragabash Father might become a King of Fools, a Prince of Thieves, or a Lord of Beggars. A Theurge Mother could watch over a coven of cunning men and wise women throughout the city. And think of the costumes! Most Garou had no interest in the cities; thusly, we had the freedom to experiment with strange and powerful ideas.

The history of cities is our history. As far back as you can trace cities, you'll find our tribe. That's where the food is, where most of the human race lives, and for the Frankweilers, where the culture is. Of all the scavenger totems, Rat was the one most suited for surviving the Weaver's webs. If you read about ancient Babylon — if you can read, that is — you'll read of Hammurabi's encounters with rats. That's because we were there in force. The Veil was in full effect.

Although the humans thought we were mendicants begging in the streets, we were really watching out for those who would prey on the human race. The strategy is as ancient as Mesopotamia: our scouts and warriors still spend hours and hours begging in the streets, and they're still watching. We may look like fools, but we strive to be saviors.

In Mesopotamia, the Glass Walkers watched human scholars master early languages, but we were the ones watching the streets. Yes, you'll find Glass Walkers in the ancient cities too, in one form or another, whether you call them Warders of Men, or Iron Riders, or Bronze Peddlers, or Concrete Chewers, or whatever they choose to be called this week.

Yet some things never change. If the cities are cesspools, then they're the scum that floats to the top. We're the scum that sinks to the bottom. They're drawn to wealth and power, yet we see it for the trap it is. And besides, the Wyrm works through greed and gluttony more than outright violence. Oh, did I say that? The Glass Walkers have bound themselves in debt and obligation. They're wrapped up in the trap of civilization, but Rat's brood has been severing her webs ever since.

Ancient Greece and Rome

A stagehand gnaws at the ropes supporting the wall of cardboard, and it comes crashing down. Behind it, a brick wall

is covered with a chalk drawing of a Roman coliseum. Grasping a wooden sword, the Frankweiler shouts his next invective.

Friends and countrymen, attend! The Weaver is everywhere! (Stab! Parry! Thrust!) Every time you have to stand in line, with every form you're dumb enough to fill out, with every bill you're stupid enough to pay, she spins her web of deceit to bind you. Soon you'll be anguishing about how to pay for your car bills, your espresso maker, your Franklin Mint miniatures! Soon you'll be blind to the world around you!

If only it were so simple. Let me catch my breath and explain. Living in the heart of humanity without succumbing to its society, we do what we can to keep the Wyld alive. The Weaver loves conformity, but we've come up with some pretty wild ideas of how to break out of it. When democracy came to Athens, we latched on to a rather revolutionary idea: voting for our elders instead of having them fight, deceive and threaten each other for power.

Democracy was the sort of revolutionary idea the other tribes couldn't tolerate. Everyone has an equal say? The metis can speak as freely as the homids? Or Goddess forbid, we should treat all Garou as equal? Like so many other things, what they rejected, we accepted. Democracy was a way we could actually work together, instead of tearing our moots apart with violence. Besides, we got sick of being throated by the Get. (Heh! Just kidding, there, Teeth-of-the-Jackal!)

By the time of Ancient Rome, we were a strong tribe, with strength in numbers — we truly started helping each other. Once we got organized, we set to work helping humans as well. Not just helping ourselves, like the Glass Walkers did, but working with people who really needed us. The tribe was a force to be reckoned with. That was a time when we actually warred with the Glass Walkers and Shadow Lords — and won from time to time.

The old tales say that Rome was built near the site of an ancient caern — even Romulus and Remus were nursed by wolves there. That made Rome's Sept of the Seventh Hill one of the first great urban caerns, and we learned a lot while we defended it. Preserving the Veil became an art; learning from human politics became a science. Families of Bone Gnawers skulked in the catacombs and dark corridors of the city, feasted off the food the Romans discarded, and fought for epic causes.

Oh, and then there was the long-discarded ideal of actually giving a shit about the human race. Remember that? We fought to defend everyone, before we became so damn cynical and skeptical. Everyone should benefit from society, we said, and everyone should be free. That made our crusades against Roman slavery so wonderfully passionate — they weren't an option for us. They were a mandate, from the People, carried out by the Garou.

Roman Glass Walkers didn't give a damn, though. After all, dominating humans was all find and good for them during the Impergium. And Roman Shadow Lords? Forget about it! They even treated their Kinfolk like slaves! But we still sing sagas of the great liberators of Rome, even long after the Sept of the Seventh Hill fell. I'm not making some outrageous claim that one of us was Spartacus or anything like that — although that would make a nice play, wouldn't it? — but I know that some of our Kinfolk were former slaves... or taken as slaves... or (ahem) the children of slaves who were especially grateful for their rescue, if you know what I mean, and I think you do.

Wandering

Tossing his "Roman sword" away, the Frankweiler climbs a pile of rubble. The wind catches his cloak as he poses, declaiming to the embarrassed crowd of Garou.

We couldn't stay in Rome forever. We were all over, and as the original tribe spread out through the world, we found brothers and sisters wherever we went, in spirit if not in blood. Without a homeland, or even ancestry, the Bone Gnawers wandered wherever fortune — and misfortune — took them. Since we didn't have homes, and we didn't particularly care about getting anywhere in a hurry, some of our kind spread across the world as sailors. After all, wherever you'd find ships, you'd find rats, so the Children of Rat weren't far behind.

Around the turn of the millennium, one of the largest groups of Bone Gnawers drifted all the way up to the frozen north — Northern Europe, that is. Because there were a lot of skilled Bone Gnawer sailors up there, it was only a matter of time before they started working with the Get. We serve the Garou Nation by supporting great heroes. On any Viking ship, you'll need a pack of Fenrir warriors on board chewing their shields, ready to raid, but you also need someone to do the grunt work. That's where we came in. Anyone cast out of their rigorous rites was welcomed by us as a brother or sister.

A lot of the great Fenrir epics have Bone Gnawers in them. Even if we're just spear-carriers, or swabbing the decks, or pulling the oars, we do our part, even if our names and lineages aren't sung as strongly as those of epic heroes. Why do you think those Viking epics recite the ancestors of heroes so much? The way I figure, it's a Garou thing. Bone Gnawers make a lot of partnerships like that. We don't seem to care if someone else gets the lion's share of the credit, as long as we get something out of the deal. Our kind has produced a lot of sidekicks and companions to great heroes. A worthy goal, I assure you. It is our pleasure to serve. And it is a pleasure to entertain you.

The humble narrator walks down from the pile of rubble, mingling with the crowd in now confidential tones. And as he turns, he looks towards the next speaker... gives a dramatic bow with a flourish... and yields the stage.

The Hood Instigates

"WE HAD THE RIGHT IDEA IN ROME. WE NEED TO GET ORGANIZED. This Galliard seems content to play the fool. I'm not. You think that because we're Bone Gnawers, we should bow and scrape to everyone else? Should we really be the laughing stock of the Garou Nation, like him?"

As the last taleteller steps aside, a young man in a hooded sweatshirt walks up to the fire. A few of the faces in the crowd look surprised to see him there. As he lowers the hood, the crowd can see the thin trace of stubble gracing the top of his head, showing that it's been a while since he last shaved it clean. The battle scar

on his left cheek hasn't completely healed, bearing testimony to the last knife he had thrust at his face. Although the Garou around him are brothers and sisters, he stares intently at them for a moment, showing that he's willing to stare down anyone who contradicts him. The Ahroun stands defiantly, like he has a point to prove, and begins to speak.

We shouldn't be fools. We're the strength behind the Garou Nation. If a Silver Fang sits comfortably on his throne, it's because we helped put him there. If a Shadow Lord laughs at us, it's because he's benefited from the information our Rat Finks have given him. But we've lost sight of the reason we're Garou.

Look at this poor sap. Living off garbage. Sleeping in the street in that smelly cloak. What's so great about being homeless? Dropping out of life? Freezing at night? Starving by day? We've seen it up close. People around us dying a little each day. Day by day, they freeze to death. They starve to death. And if that's not enough, they rip each other off along the way. For what? Money? Power? Privilege? For nothing.

We're supposed to protect the world, and protect the people in it — even if the other tribal elders say we shouldn't. The folks in our tribe slum just about everywhere. Because of it, the Garou howl that we're rejects and losers. Don't believe it. They say we're cowards, bastards, lazy, selfish, or worse. Don't buy it. Don't forget the reason we stayed in the cities in the first place: to watch over mankind.

Let me be straight: I'm not dumb enough to try to save everyone. For most folks, it's too late. Most folks aren't worth saving. The world is corrupt, so people are corrupt. Ninety percent of everything is crap, including humanity. You think I'm joshing? Look at the folks around you. It's like a big garbage dump. You can root around all day, but most of what you'll find is crap.

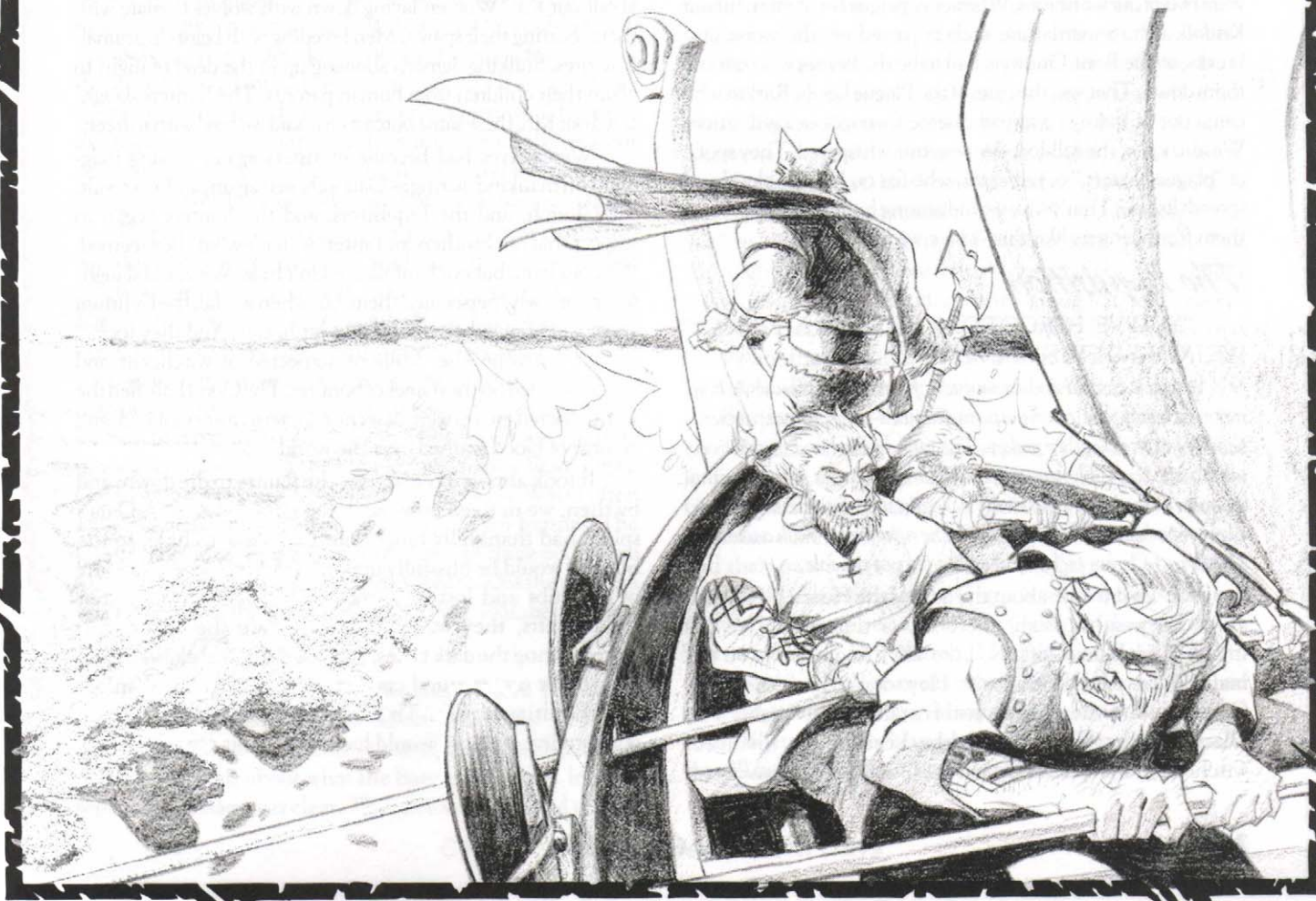
You disagree? I've seen it all. Rich men passing by poor men sleeping on the street. Kids getting shot, getting pregnant, getting hooked on junk. You can make jokes, Mr. Cloak, but I'm not laughing. I can't just laugh off the world. My world is different. In my world, when I walk down the street, no one looks me in the eye. They lock their doors. They keep their distance. People on the sidewalks reach out for help, and all they get is nothing.

I don't want to play the fool. The Garou Nation's failed, and they're treating *us* like pariahs. If we're all equal, we should act that way. It's up to us. It's time we acted up. You're only a bum if you want to be a bum. You want to be a hero? Get to work. That's what our tribe should do.

We need a change. Where'd that elder go? Drinking himself to death? He's sick — should we put up with his sickness? Put up with his weakness? The fact that he doesn't really care anymore about anything but ancient stories? The way I see it, Garou used to actually give a damn. Just because we're called Bone Gnawers doesn't change that. You look at history, that's what we used to do.

The Dark Ages

Back in the Dark Ages, we got involved. We were Everyman, and we were everywhere. Wherever people worked,



we worked along with them. When people starved, we starved along with them. All our tribe fought and died for in Ancient Rome fell apart during the Dark Ages. Even a thousand years later, that feudal system they had kept the poor in place and the rich in power. That's when our ancestors realized that nothing was going to change unless we changed it. We didn't just need to change our tribe. We had to save the world.

The meek were set to inherit the Earth, but they were going to get dirt unless they took what they needed. You know where I'm going with this? You've heard about the legend of Robin Hood? Robin had the right idea. I'm not going to tell you he's a Bone Gnawer. I'm not going to say he's Kinfolk. I'm not even saying he ever existed. I'm saying the legend got started because dozens of Garou like him did what the stories said he did. The way I heard it, when a Bone Gnawer was out for justice, he'd raise his hood over his head to keep his identity a secret. And there's a whole Garou camp based on that tradition — based on that sense of honor and duty.

The Bone Gnawers didn't used to turn their backs on the world. We fought for anyone that had been cast out, kept down, or ripped off. As outcasts and runaways, we adopted our Kin. We fought beside people everyone else turned their backs on. They became part of our family, and their children became our Kinfolk. They became part of us, part of our blood. We lived everywhere no one else wanted, creating Kin and building the biggest tribe in the whole Garou Nation — even if the other tribes didn't know it.

We also fought the same enemies. Disease and starvation were two of our worst foes. Whenever plague hit, it often hit our Kinfolk first. Supernatural fuckers passed on the worst outbreaks, so the Bone Gnawers had to be the heroes who hunted them down. That was the time of the Plague Lords, Ratkin who came out of hiding to spread disease throughout civilization. We also knew the folklore the peasants whispered. They spoke of "plague bearers," or *nosferatu*, who fed on human blood and spread disease. That's why we hid among humans — to protect them from dangers like that. Have we forgotten?

The Inquisition

"YOU'VE FORGOTTEN. THERE'S A REASON WE DON'T GET INVOLVED."

A black-clad Philodox saunters from the shadows. A half-moon is clearly painted on the arm of his well-worn, almost ancient, heavily battered leather jacket. The man in the hood instinctively takes a step back. The two exchange glances, almost growling, until the man in the hood looks away. Clearly the next taleteller has an edge, or perhaps a bit of influence in the right place. With a whisper, Murder-of-Crows picks up the next part of the tale.

You want to talk about the days of the Hood? I'll tell you about the results. Yeah, there was a time when we got involved in human affairs. Like anything else we've demanded, we paid dearly for it. Hey, don't think the Bone Gnawers were the only monsters stalking the night. The Glass Walkers got involved, the Leeches got involved, witches and warlocks and even the Good Folk got involved. So it wasn't that remarkable when people actually started to notice all this going on. They weren't stupid. After a thousand years of civilization, they certainly weren't the sheep we thought they were during the Impergium.

By the dawn of the Renaissance, humanity started to wake up from the nightmare of the Long Night. They were bright enough to realize how much of the supernatural world surrounded them, so they fought back with fire and flame — rather like they did after the War of Rage, huh? Forget silver; fire stings like hell. The geniuses in the Hood conveniently forgot one of the petty little details of the Concord: the need to hide from humanity. So throughout Europe, the inquisition against the night began.

The Burning Times purged Europe. I know, because I talked to Leeches who were *there*. I've even spoken to some of those "nosferatu" who fled into the darkness. Don't look so shocked. Quit your growling! We didn't have much of a choice. And you weren't there to see it. Like the Old Man said, we guess at what happened in our history because we weren't there. Vampires remember the Inquisition better than anyone else because they lived it. They weren't the only ones threatened by it. The Inquisition started out as a crusade against heresy and witchcraft, but within a few decades, the hunts threatened anyone allied with the night.

Okay, so maybe it went a little easier on us. We could hide in the spirit world. We could heal our wounds quickly. In fact, we could kill entire mobs of torch-wielding villagers without breaking a sweat. It was easy on us. But it was murder for our Kinfolk. What evils do you think the humans saw when they found out about our Kin? Women laying down with wolves to mate with them, bearing their spawn. Men breeding with beasts in animalistic rites. Stalking demons showing up in the dead of night to claim their children from human parents. The hunters slaughtered our Kin, these same outcasts you said we bred with so freely.

Werewolves had become monsters again, passing judgment on mankind, acting as Gaia's chosen again, and as a result, the Church, and the Inquisitors, and the hunters began to suspect that our brothers and sisters weren't what they seemed. We could run, but our Kinfolk couldn't hide. We could slaughter anyone who persecuted them, but when we did, the Delirium grew, and human hatred burned a bit hotter. And they took it out on everyone else. Millions suspected of witchcraft and heresy writhed on the flames of bonfires. The Good Folk fled the world. Sacred groves were desecrated, caerns were violated, and an orgy of blood washed over the world.

It took almost a century for the flames to die down, and by then, we noticed how much had been destroyed. Gaia's spirits had thankfully taught our tribe how to hide, so the hunters would be blissfully ignorant of our existence. Many of our cubs and lost ones weren't as fortunate. Without Gaia's Gifts, they were easier prey. We sheltered many Garou during the dark times, and even had to make alliances with other supernatural creatures. In the end, our Kinfolk paid the ultimate price. This was Man's world, and if we were going to live in it, we would have to be a bit more cautious.

The Piping

"Help not Man for his survival unless it threatens ours. Hurt not Man unless he threatens us. Kill not Man for food unless we might perish."

— The Ban of Man, Barcelona, 1540

Our elders called for a series of tribal moots, a Piping to call all the Bone Gnawers together. In Europe, the largest of these gatherings was outside Barcelona. Across the continent, all the most honored and revered of our kind begged, borrowed, and stole to get to that moot. Some followed Umbral tunnels unearthed by Ratkin, some skulked into the gathering with "outside help," many soared through the heavens to join us by moon bridges, and countless packs walked, ran, or shambled across the countryside to join their brothers and sisters. The ones who answered the call were only a fraction of our whole family, but regardless, for the first time, *ever*, we actually seemed like a tribe — at least, as the Galliards tell the tale.

Then the talking started, first in a babble of dozens of European languages, then in a horrible din of muted snarls and howls, and finally in one overwhelming euphonious outbreak of the glorious High Tongue. The elders skulked underground, presumably to get away from the noise. When they returned to the surface, they seemed... changed. The eldest among them then gave a glorious speech we would never forget.

That was the start of the Ban of Man: three sentences that would be repeated at tribal moots until the end of time. The tribal elders didn't have a problem with us living so closely with humans, but it was clear we couldn't risk the survival of the whole tribe to help humans who couldn't help themselves. The elders knew of the Hood's idea that we should act as vigilantes. It was clearly idiocy. If we acted like the monsters of legend, they were certain men would hunt us like them — or more importantly, hunt our Kinfolk, seek out our caerns, destroy our supernatural allies, and kill off everything even faintly tinged with anything resembling magic.

Help not Man for his survival unless it threatens ours. Hurt not Man unless he threatens us. And then there was the last stricture, the one that caught a lot of us by surprise. *Kill not Man for food unless we might perish.* Now, I know just about every Bone Gnawer has heard a tale of a Garou who succumbed to temptation, hunting the very humans Gaia trusted us to protect. During the full moon, raging Ahroun have been known to give in to their most bestial impulses, killing innocents and savoring the taste of fear in their flesh. Lupus Garou who have succumbed to the taint of the Wyrm often attack humans around them in the fury of their frenzies. The legends are old as the Garou themselves, but those poor Bone Gnawers gathered in Barcelona, they had no idea the problem was so common that it would lead to Rule Number Three.

Into the Shadows

Not everyone agreed with the Ban of Man. The elders upheld it, but many of the cliath defied the first two strictures. After the passion of the elder's speeches faded, many set to argue about what the Ban really meant. In most septs, the message was clear. The tribe was supposed to look out for its own, and the humans would have to take care of themselves, as the Concord implied. No more finding food for the hungry to eat. No more protecting places where the homeless could sleep. Oh, and be a bit more cautious at spawning Kinfolk while you're at it. Unfortunately, too many Garou couldn't place the survival of their own race over the needs of their friends and families. Younger Garou learned to be a bit more secret in their associations.

Since that time, there have been rabble among us who live closer to humanity than their own kind. Because of the first rule of the Ban, these lowlifes have shunned their own people, becoming more distant from their septs. To them, their families are the ones they know on the street. I can understand this to some extent. In multitribal caerns, the sept elders haven't done much more than treat them like garbage, so the rabble end up running with their own packs. They hang around the caern a while to learn their Gifts and rites, but if the sept doesn't play fair by them, they'd set out on their own, in little packs of two or three Garou. Once they were living surrounded by humans, that meant that anything that threatened Man's survival threatened their own. To this day, in any city with an urban caern, you'll find a lot of Bone Gnawers who live within a few days journey of the bawn of the sept, but are wary of approaching the heart of it for long.

The second rule of the Ban almost set off a revolution within the tribe. *Hurt not Man unless he threatens us.* From that moment, Garou vigilantes became outlaws from their own tribe. You've heard the arguments against this, no doubt. A hero stands up for what he believes in, the Hoods say, even if the law or the Litany says different. Say, where did that hooded fellow get to, anyway? Cowardly freak.

Whether there's Wyrm-taint present or not, when the strong exploit the weak, they claim its our duty to Gaia to intervene. I can also see some sense in this, up to a point. Anything that hurts the homeless and the defenseless, they say, is going to come around to hurt us next, not to mention our Kin. And I can see from your some of your reactions that you might actually believe that. Although a few elders might secretly support the Hood, no one's going to openly accept what the Hood does. That's why so many heroes joke that there's another rule in the Ban of Man: *And if you do, don't get caught.* The Hood is still alive today, and elders still cite the Ban as a way to track it down — as they should.

Then there's the really sinister part of the Ban: *Kill not Man for food unless we might perish.* As far as we can tell, the Bone Gnawers who defied that part of the law took their own drastic measures. Away from the septs, the packs of Garou set out to find their own hunting grounds, where human life could be taken easily. Hidden from the Garou Nation, this rabble set up their hidden homes, using the Gifts Gaia gave them to protect Man to prey on him instead. Humans found the remains, stripped of flesh and gnawed to the bone. The Man-Eaters had no respect for law or Litany. Many of their cannibal cults turned to the Wyrm. Don't believe what you hear. They still exist, and we still hunt them down and destroy them.

Exploration and Exploitation

On each of the continents, Bone Gnawers gathered for more of the Great Pipings. The practice worked so well that tribal moots became more common. The tribe is still disorganized, but it also knows the value of a tribal moot each month — even if everyone doesn't show up. Packs of fostern Garou took to the idea so well that they started traveling to tribal moots in other cities, across the European continent, and in some cases, around the world. Maybe it seemed like an easy way to gain a name for themselves, or at least learn more about the Garou Nation. Or maybe it meant more chances to hit the Garou Nation up for food and crash space.

The Age of Exploration spread our brothers and sisters farther and farther around Gaia's world. Garou from different parts of the planet finally started talking to each other. Multitribal septs thrived. Ambitious heroes struggled to raise a series of moon bridges that leapt from one continent to the next.

Perhaps the Bone Gnawers benefited the most from this passion for exploration. Rat's children all over the world came out of hiding long enough to meet their distant relations. Don't think we were just in Europe and Africa — when a Bone Gnawer runs, he runs far. We thrived, but a few other tribes suffered. For a start, many of the European Garou had an intense interest in the New World. When the great continental quests began, it hadn't been that long since the Europeans "discovered" it, even though the Pure Ones — the Uktena, Wendigo, and Croatan — had been living there for millennia. For the European tribes, it was a prime opportunity to seize power and control some ancient, mystical, and powerful sacred sites.

The tribal mothers and fathers wanted a piece of the action, too. A few Bone Gnawers, led by one of our most esteemed and generous heroes, Corazon Bitefinder, managed to sneak aboard a ship or two and see what all the ruckus was about. The scouts that came back told stories our Galliards spread throughout Europe. I'm sure the tales became more elaborate the farther they spread — just like that Robin Hood bullshit. The New World was supposed to be a land of plenty, a world of opportunity, a primal wilderness untouched since the dawn of time.

European Garou called another Piping, this time in Lisbon. Cliath said that they were tired of getting kicked around by the elders of other tribes. Away from the elders, they claimed it was a chance for the Bone Gnawers to create some septs of their own. Tribal heroes saw it as a chance to gain renown. The elders of the other tribes promised the moon in exchange for our support, offering acceptance, new hope, and a new home. That stance fostered a lot of resentment later — in the end, the elders found power, and we didn't get much except a change in scenery. Again, the Bone Gnawers were left to pick through what others didn't want.

Nonetheless, when the American colonies started, we bought into the idea, bigtime. Corazon Bitefinder led our tribal exodus to the New World. We didn't have much say who the sept elders would be in Europe's "mulitribal" septs, so we voted with our feet. We left. When the Pure Ones didn't want to let us into the New World by moon bridge, we set out to sneak onto as many ships as we could. For many, getting on board wasn't much of a challenge—we've always had Kin traveling the seas. Of course, the Uktena and Wendigo didn't care for what we were doing. All we can say in our defense is that we didn't try to kill them off like the Europeans did. For us, the original Ban of Man was still in effect... for the time being. It had to change and grow, just as the tribe did.

The storyteller turns to a Ragabash waiting nearby, as if his cue had been carefully planned. A young, fresh-faced Garou with blond hair and blue eyes smiles in response. The poor cliath looks like he's terribly out of place, as if he's been slumming in the wrong part of town. With great fervor, he launches into what's clearly his favorite part of the tribe's history, as though he's been invited to tell it at septs across America... and perhaps in no other country. Welcomed-to-the-Hall-of-Presidents, Ragabash patriot, recites his story.

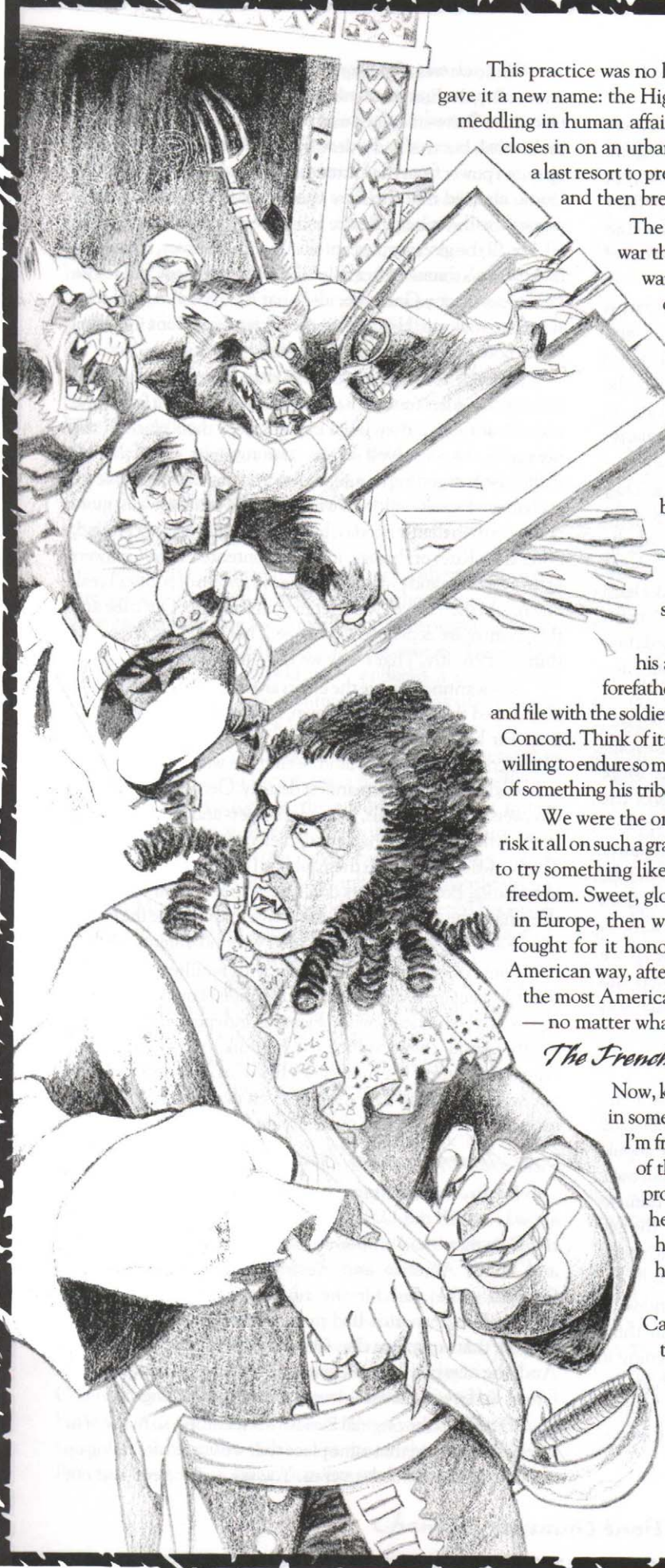
The American Revolution

AMERICA. WE'RE AN AMERICAN TRIBE. No matter where we came from, we came together in America. And in 1776, when the spirit of revolution took hold in the colonies, our tribe proudly answered its call. America was a young country, a land freed from the traditions of the Old World. For the Bone Gnawers, that was a powerful ideal.

We never had much of a stake in the Garou Nation before then, certainly not in Europe. But in America, our homids knew they could build a country of the people, by the people, and for the people, a country where all men were created equal — at least in theory. We've fought for a lot of ideals, as you can tell, and we've certainly suffered when they've failed. But we believed in America's cultural melting pot. We took to the notion of democracy, an idea we've had as part of our culture since way back in Athens.

As the spirit of revolution took hold, young cubs were tempted to defy the Ban of Man by standing on the front lines of the fight for freedom. Enough Bone Gnawers got fired up — and slapped down by their elders — that the tribe had to find a solution to this enthusiasm. The tribe had to find a way for its cliath to work around the pesky Ban without rending the Veil and revealing our existence. So the American elders proposed a revolutionary idea: If Garou were to fight in the War for Independence, they'd have to do it in Homid form. That way, for the homids, anything that threatened Man's survival threatened ours as well. We'd be hurting Man, too, but he could hurt us just as bad. It's a shame the metis and lupus couldn't follow this same option, but gosh, they still knew the homids were fighting for all of us.

Upholding the Ban this way became a matter of honor, a sacred pledge. This time, we wouldn't take the cowardly way out. There'd be no Umbral raids on British supply lines, no shifting into Crinos as a way to scare away troops, and certainly no witnesses to Bone Gnawers shrugging off gunfire. A mortally wounded Garou could still step into the Umbra and shift to keep from dying, but once he did, honor demanded that he drop out of the fray. If he couldn't stand, he'd have to return to his sept and abandon his cause. In a sense, the war almost became a game to us — a deadly, glorious game. This time, we'd be playing by the same rules as the American patriots.



This practice was no longer strictly the original Ban of Man, so the elders gave it a new name: the High Ban. In some septs, it's still seen as a valid way of meddling in human affairs — at least among Bone Gnawers. When danger closes in on an urban sept, when the Veil is threatened, the High Ban is a last resort to preserving the peace. Pledging to uphold the High Ban, and then breaking it, is also a harsh way to lose a great renown.

The tribal elders agreed: the American Revolution was a war the humans would have to win for themselves, but we wanted to stand side by side with them — as equals, not overlords. A few crackpots resisted, but with a bit of convincing, we won them over to our side. To stir up the troops, Galliards sang new ballads to praise the heroes of the war. They learned the simple folk songs that inspired American soldiers, and we still sing them today. Patriotism swept through the American Bone Gnawers like a breath of fresh air. We began to see America as a bright new homeland. Back in the Old Country, the elders got their fur all knotted up over the idea. There's even a tale that some German Get came to America with Hessian mercenaries to even the score — and we sent them packing back over the pond!

So maybe Average Joe Bone Gnawer doesn't know his ancestry. You'll still find him talking about his patriot forefathers. You can take pride in their bravery. We stood rank and file with the soldiers at Valley Forge, Bunker Hill, and (ironically enough) Concord. Think of it: Of all the Garou, no one but a Bone Gnawer would be willing to endure so much cold, starvation, privation, and suffering for the sake of something his tribe wouldn't rule — and he'd do it in Homid form, too!

We were the only tribe innovative enough, and valiant enough, to risk it all on such a grand ideal. Only the Bone Gnawers were crazy enough to try something like the High Ban. There's a reason we felt so strongly: freedom. Sweet, glorious freedom. If we didn't have a place of our own in Europe, then we'd have to make a home in America. Because we fought for it honorably, we felt like we'd earned it. Fair play is the American way, after all! Since that time, the Bone Gnawers have been the most American of all the Thirteen — pardon me, Twelve Tribes — no matter what they may say in other parts of the world.

The French Revolution

Now, kids, remember: Bone Gnawers may be more common in some places than others, but they still come from all over. I'm from Philadelphia, so if you want to ask me the history of the tribe, I'll tell you about my country, and I'm darn proud of it. I know that many of those Garou from Lisbon headed for South America, for instance. If you want to hear about that, you're free to travel down there and hear it from the source. But right now, you're on my turf!

If you want to ask what the tribe was doing in Canada, or Hong Kong, or even Antarctica at that time, you'll have to ask someone else. If you talk to Russian Bone Gnawers and they'll claim credit for the revolution in 1917; talk to cliath down in Mexico, and they'll brag like they're the original cowboys. We all do it. We each tell the story to serve our own ends. Does that

sound biased? Sure it is! Maybe I'm just proud of who I am. You got a problem with that, pal?

So you'll know I'm bragging when I say this: The success of the American Revolution sparked ideas abroad as well. Again, it's not like we're going to take credit for what humanity did, but we did give them a good solid push in the right direction. Back in Europe, there were other forces at work. The Wyrm's coils reached deep into the Old World, especially in the big cities of Europe. Rat's brood was ready to dig deep and rip it out.

Take Paris, for example. The whole place was lousy with Leeches, and had been since the city began. Ancient and powerful undead stalked the corridors of Versailles. Tainted vampires took obscene pleasure in sipping the blue blood of the French nobility. Evil ancients remained content to maintain their facades of power and privilege. Until the unwashed masses surged up to chop the French nobility into bloody chunks.

They didn't do it just to depose the human royalty. They didn't realize it, but they had a bit of help. While the revolutionaries were storming the Bastille, we unleashed our fury on the undead overlords of Paris. And believe it or not, we were led into battle by a metis! A clever young metis Garou named Henri found a way to strike a temporary treaty with a pack of Parisian Ratkin eager to raise some hell. And while they launched their diversions, we lynched some Parisian Leeches! Those shambling cadavers could hide behind make-up, perfume, and powdered wigs, but they couldn't hide the stench of the Wyrm from us!

French Galliards still tell stories of the French Revolution, and tell them with the same pride I have for ours. More than a few cubs claim to be descended from heroes of the revolution. Since then, the ideals of equality and freedom have been an inspiration to us all, especially our Bone Gnawer brethren in France. There, see what I mean? We aren't all American. In fact, I've met tribal brothers and sisters from other countries that are almost as patriotic as we are... almost.

We aren't all revolutionaries, either, of course. If we were, we would have tried to overthrow our tribal elders and the rulers of other tribes long ago. And we don't do that sort of thing, do we? Well, do we? Keep listening, pal!

Run for the Hills

So maybe the other tribes call us cowards because we aren't as obsessed with hunting the Wyrm. They didn't understand what we were fighting for! And then again, maybe we should have paid less attention to human society and more to our own. How can we take credit for human revolutions? The humans revolutionized their governments, but in our septs, the old traditions stood fast. When Bone Gnawer heroes tried to rise up against the tribal elders, they got slapped down. Hard.

Only a handful of caerns defied the old traditions. A precious few septs had Bone Gnawers as sept leaders. I can think of one in Paris, and of course, the Sept of the Awakening in Washinging, D.C., in the U.S. of A., but outside of those few havens, the spirit of revolution faded, replaced by a spirit of discontent. We fought and bled and even died, but the tribe was still shamed as the scavengers of the Garou Nation.

While we were fighting to make America a country based on equality, the European tribes sold us out. With our sweat and blood, the Gnawers helped make some of the American caerns multitribal, but this had a deadly cost. The elders we propped up seized power from the Uktena and Wendigo. The European Garou claimed that the Pure Ones couldn't run their caerns properly without help. Before long, they couldn't run them at all. For all the glorious pageant of America's history, that's part of America's shame. After what the "Wyrmcomers" did to the Pure Ones, many Garou decided that they'd had it, and they started to walk out. Hey, maybe the Uktena and Bone Gnawers have more in common than you think, huh?

Any way you look at it, our forebears were dissatisfied with the way the elders treated them. That takes a hell of a lot, by the way. Most Garou, they just kind of accept their place in the hierarchy, the way a wolf accepts a strong alpha. But if your lot in life involves getting humiliated on a regular basis, it's time for a change. I can't tell you whether that attitude was more common then than it is today, but I'm sure you've seen it around. After their Rites of Passage, many discontented Bone Gnawers learn a few rites and Gifts, watch the old system of politics break down, and then leave. Well, let me tell you, bub: Our tribe and this country are dedicated to change. That's why our tribe does things differently. That's why we have to change things.

Not wanting to serve the elders anymore, rebellious Garou abandoned their need for renown, setting off into the wilderness. Far beyond the protectorates of the American septs, a Garou could find his own land, seeing the world as Gaia made it. It was Gaia's will, our manifest destiny. Generations of Bone Gnawers ran for the hills, living as trappers and mountain men in the wilderness. We had enough elbow room to spread out. Teeth-of-the-Jackal calls them rabble; I call them explorers and innovators. Bone Gnawers don't need to spend all their time sleeping in the caern bawn — they have lives outside the caern, too — and those old mountain men were no different.

Some of our Kin settled down with families; as a result, our tribe became a vast tapestry of extended families reaching across the American wild. Fiercely independent, but fervently Garou, they founded the Hillfolk, one of the largest American camps. If a rural caern has a lot of Bone Gnawers, you won't see them everyday, or even every month. They'll spread out for miles and miles, living life as they please.

The American Civil War

By this time, the biggest concentration of Bone Gnawers was still in the U.S. of A. You knew I had to say that, right? Yeah, we had brothers and sisters in Europe and Africa and South America and Australia and even *China*, for Goddess' sake. But for the huddled masses yearning to breathe free, America had more Bone Gnawers and their Kinfolk than anyplace else. Our tribe had a homeland again. And the scrappy little scavenger totems — Rat, Raven, Crow, and even Jackal — were growing in strength.

Thanks to the original Exodus from Europe, so many of us were side by side in that same place that we started dreaming up another totem to watch over us. You see, we've been cast out

and kicked out and beaten up over and over again, but we never gave up, and we never give in. Some bit of hope or foolishness kept us going, and enough of us believed in it back then that it started to make a difference. That spirit of hope, as corny as it sounds, became part of the American Dream.

If we weren't good enough for the old traditions, we'd make up new ones. Like the idea that if you worked real hard, you should get something back for it. If you could put in an honest day's hard work, you should be able to support yourself and your family. And remember, anyone can be a success if they work hard enough! All of our beliefs about survival and our tough-as-nails work ethic started building a brand-new totem, all wrapped up with our enthusiasm for baseball, apple pie, and American way. I'm not talking about a metaphor, folks, I'm talking about an actual Incarna: the American Dream! Today, it might seem as old-fashioned as a Norman Rockwell painting, but some Bone Gnawers get worked up about that kind of stuff. Like me, brother. Like me.

The Russian Revolution

Even in the twentieth century, our brothers and sisters were spread all over the world. While the largest pack of Gnawers were stalking the American Dream, werewolves on the other side of the planet had other problems. Trapped in the ways of the Old World, they endured a system that consistently kept our tribe dominated by just about everyone else. Just like we were back in the feudal Dark Ages, huh?

Like the Old Man said, we're the commoners, the rabble, the grunts, and the peasants of Garou society. In the Silver Fang's protectorates, their tribe had a lot of noble Kinfolk, while we suffered along with the destitute and disadvantaged. In an act of Silver Fang "generosity," they tried to curry our favor by allowing us one measly urban caern in Moscow where we could get together. This open city square was rather contemptuously named the Sept of the Noble's Will. Awful nice of them. Especially since one family of Silver Fangs passed on the position of sept leader from one generation to the next. We climbed all over each other trying to get into the other sept positions, but it still involved a lot of sucking up to the muckety-mucks.

Then in 1917, the Russian Revolution hit. Now, I've heard a lot of conspiracy theories about who wiped out the Romanovs and so many other Silver Fang Kinfolk. No, sir, we won't take credit for that, or for the revolution. I'll just say *we were there*. History looks for a name or a face to take the credit for great accomplishments, but if you ask the Russian Bone Gnawers, they'll just tell you it was the spirit of the times. The spirit of the People. The spirit of revolution.

Other tribes make a big deal over leaders, but we know it takes a lot of people — or an army of Garou — to really make a difference. When the Romanovs lost power, the people surged up to retake what was rightfully theirs. Hey! I ain't no Commie! But I got a lot of sympathy for anyone who's been beaten down for so long. The tribe had been waiting a long time to seize power from the elders, so at the height of the Russian Revolution, a pack of Bone Gnawers made their move.

No one can prove they killed that sept leader, mind you. No one ever found the body. But oddly enough, almost overnight, the Sept of the Noble's Will became the Sept of the *People's* Will. A rather humble Philodox named Ivan Ivanovich became a hero overnight by becoming the new sept leader. He even changed his name: Ivan Debates-with-Unanswerable-Ideology. When the Silver Fangs tracked him down, they humiliated him by driving him from his own sept. Then, within a month, his body disappeared, too. But I'll tell you what, that sept name hasn't changed back. And you'll never see another Silver Fang as sept leader in that caern again.

The 1920s

While the more conservative Bone Gnawer elders upheld the Ban of Man, ambitious young Glass Walkers kept building their influence in human society. The Roaring Twenties were a golden age for them. While we rejected the evils of the Weaver's world, they embraced them. With ties to organized crime, bootlegging profits, and political power, the Walkers rolled across America like nobody's business... except their own. The Glass Walkers began taking over urban caerns in force — at least, the ones they could find. With the Weaver's newfound strength, they were practically unstoppable.

American Bone Gnawers had two choices. They could withdraw even more from the Garou Nation, or they could team up with the wolves in power. As you can guess, a lot of our grandfather and grandmother Garou took the easy way out. In caerns across America, the GW often worked as the brains, and we worked as the muscle. It's arrangement some Garou still believe in... and some Bone Gnawers are ashamed to admit. For a while, there were even rumblings of the two tribes becoming one. Beggars can't be choosers, I guess. Sometimes you have to survive any way you can.

For a while, the two urban tribes were actually getting along pretty well. The Stock Market Crash of '29 changed all that. And what happened next? If you've been listening this evening, you know the pattern by now. Someone preaches a high ideal, we do the hard work, someone else reaps the rewards. Then the Bone Gnawers get abandoned. But it's not desperation that drives us back, chum! It's pure Bone Gnawer idealism. You keep fighting until you win. Either that, or you drop out completely. But you cubs and cliath ain't never gonna do that, huh? Huh?

Even when the two tribes got along politically, the *urrah* had some strong religious differences. America's a land of religious tolerance, but really! Rat was Rat, and Cockroach was... well, pretty creepy if you ask me. We weren't gonna worship no bug! Bone Gnawer shamans moaned and wailed that this tribal alliance would end in doom for all concerned, and we looked at them like they were insane. 'Cause, like, they were. Only a few prophets and visionaries in the tribe saw it coming, but no one really listened... until it was too late. Since then, we've learned a lot from that particular mistake — we hold our tribe's Theurges in high esteem, even when others think their ideas are out in the ozone.

Our Theurges knew there was a reckoning close at hand, and it was called the Great Depression. It hit the Glass Walkers hard. When the Glass Walkers held power in most of the urban caerns, they were delighted to boss us around, but once they fell from grace, they started forgetting all we'd done for them. Once again, we were tossed aside, like so many times before. For those of us living in the midst of humanity, we were in a world of hurt.

The Great Depression

The Great Depression tested our resolve, both as a tribe and as a nation. That was America's darkest hour, but it was our turn to shine. We took to selling apples in the streets; we defended tent cities; we worked side by side in public work projects. Our status in the Garou Nation slipped even more, but we didn't care. The years that followed helped define us as a tribe — even though we were poor, we were proud.

You ever wonder why we're so strong in New York? Hell, we built it with our own sweat and blood, kids! You know, our Galliards learn to memorize the names of streets, buildings, and subway stations in a lot of cities. In New York, they'll even tell you which ones we helped build, back with the help of the WPA. The Works Progress Administration. Ever heard of it? Way I hear, some Bone Gnawer working in the White House whispered that idea to the President himself. If everyone works, everyone wins.

We go way back in Manhattan — our tribe was tending a caern there back when it was called New Amsterdam. Where'd you think such a wonderful place like Central Park came from? Two of our Kinfolk drew up the plans. And back in the thirties, we helped build a home in the middle of the park where the city's homeless and unemployed could sleep — a city called Hooverville.

That's why I'm proud of who I am, because we could never pull that kind of stunt back in the Old Country. You want to know our tribe's history? We were everywhere. We were with the immigrants who came to Ellis Island; the farmers who struggled to make a living in the Oklahoma dustbowl; the men and women who marched with Martin Luther King; the boys who gave their lives in two World Wars. That's why our tribe doesn't give a damn what your ancestors did or where you came from — we only care about what you're doing now, *today*. And the real pageant of history isn't happening in the Garou Nation, it's in the cities, where real heroes make a difference. Ain't that swell?

World War II

When I preach about us living through two World Wars, I'm not kidding. When we heard about the first Great War, we rushed out there faster than you can say "moon bridge." Some heroes used the wars to try to prove themselves to the European Garou, some wanted to get in touch with their European cousins, and some just wanted to make a profit on the black market. It didn't matter — we kept getting stronger. Glass Walkers get worked up about the 20's, but our Galliards still tell tales about Dubya-Dubya Two.

That was a time when it didn't matter who you were — the whole nation fought that war together. It didn't matter if you were just some grunt hunkered down with a hundred

other men. You were still a hero. Think back to the Impergium, when the elders would send out swarms of Bone Gnawers to die in battle. We weren't expendable anymore. We didn't want to die; we played to win. That ideal caught on real big in the tribe. Our young Ahroun still listen to tales about all the greatest battles of World War II. We remembered that Rat was a totem of war, and we realized that Rat had teeth.

With enough tyrants in the Garou Nation, we didn't want to see a human dictator taking over Europe. Our passion for the war was so great that some Garou stopped caring about the Veil and the Ban altogether. The War didn't treat the other tribes as well, though. When Germany went to war, it tore the Get of Fenris apart. Some of them fought beside us to liberate Europe, but when we found out that some Germanic Get were backing Hitler, all hell broke loose.

In some of the biggest battles, the Delirium magnified the horrors of war. We unleashed our rage against the separatist Fenrir and their Nazi Kin. We lost all restraint when we saw humans slaughtered to fulfill a madman's dreams. And in the darkest hours of the war, there was no Ban. Millions of innocent people were killed, so Rat's children fought like the world was ending. A few of our mad Theurges even started predicting that the End Times were starting right then and there. They spoke of all creation being torn apart, of the Wyrm striking in the world with weapons never seen before. Our Theurges ranted and raved, but only the Bone Gnawer tribe believed them.

Unfortunately, the prophets were right. The signs of the End Times were there. Hiroshima and Nagaski fulfilled our worst nightmares. Mankind finally had the power to destroy the world, and the Wyrm surged with unholy delight. The Great Serpent had its ultimate weapon, one that would liberate it from thousands of years of imprisonment in the Weaver's webs.

That was the first great herald of the Final Days. And now, the end of the world is right around the corner, my friends. But now, we're stronger than ever before. Our time of glory wasn't in the distant Impergium. We were gaining strength because the Apocalypse close at hand. Our children have been waiting, biding their time. Now the rats are swarming out of the woodpile. We're proud to be Garou! We're proud to be Bone Gnawers! And, Goddess bless us, I'm proud to be an American!

The End Times

Welcomed waits for a round of applause. Twenty cold and starving men, women and wolves look back, unsure of what to say next. The spirits have taken hold of their senses, and the spirits in Old Man O'Reilly's booze have overwhelmed them.

Teeth-of-the-Jackal returns with another bottle, and a huge grin on his face. The Ahroun is clearly pleased that the Recitation has gone so well. A few listeners start sniffing intently again, then notice the bag of cheeseburgers he's about to toss to the crowd. Cliath, fostern, and the lone cub in the back start pacing a bit, like they're restless to tear into some meat. The Old Man's stew, on the other hand, has been dumped on the ground, unfit for even the rats. As the crowd gets worked up, Teeth smiles and speaks.

SO HERE WE ARE AT THE END OF THE STORY. It's as though we've been asleep for about three thousand years, but Fat Man and Little Boy woke us up. We were supposed to watch over the human race, but even those of us who lived among them had failed.

So where the hell are we? Standing in an empty lot, talking about the end of the world. Drunk off our asses and freezing cold. If our Galliard elder was here, I'd thank the Old Man for his so-called generosity, but he isn't. We've lived in cardboard, drinking cheap booze and dying for nothing. We've starved long enough. We shouldn't. We should act up. We should get involved. We've been talking all night, and that's what I've been hearing. The time of watching and waiting on street corners is over. Get on your feet! Feast on some meat!

How is the world going to end? You think the Wyrm's going to bust out of the Weaver's webs and destroy all creation? Do you think the Weaver's going to strangle everything in her tight embrace and stagnate all living things into a cold death? Is the madness of the Wyld going to wash over everything when civilization's destroyed? Or is the Apocalypse just the dawn of anew age, where everything's going to be created all over again?

WHO GIVES A SHIT! I ain't gonna live to see it, you ain't gonna live to see it, none of you are gonna live to see it! I live here and now! I'm alive, and I'm going to stay that way, no matter comes my way! We're gonna survive, even if we have to scavenge the bones of the carcass of the world!

For three thousand years, we have waited for the End Times. For three thousand years, we have endured shame and disgrace. Look into the fire, brothers and sisters! Look into the flames! That is what the world will look like, and soon!

You hear that screaming at the back of your mind? That's Rat, calling you to war. You see where we're standing, where the parking lot used to be? That's the spirit world, the true shape of creation! You see your brothers and sisters taking the true form, the war form? That is your call to battle! BROTHERS AND SISTERS, LET THE REVEL BEGIN! THE END OF THE WORLD IS HERE!

Sunrise floods the Umbra at the dawn of a new day. A Garou fated to become the next tribal elder tosses tightly wrapped burgers to the crowd. Teeth-of-the-Jackal's generosity is answered by a howl that resounds throughout the Umbra. His Philodox packmate, still wearing his leather jacket in Crinos form, seeks the scents of spirits, ready to lead a hunt in the Umbra — Murder-of-Crows howls in triumph. Gathered around the Umbral fire, Crinos Garou raise their voices, stomp their feet, and praise their new tribal elder. A Ragabash patriot unfurls his American flag as a Theurge rattles tin cans in celebration. The tribe is of one mind again. Life among Rat's brood continues.

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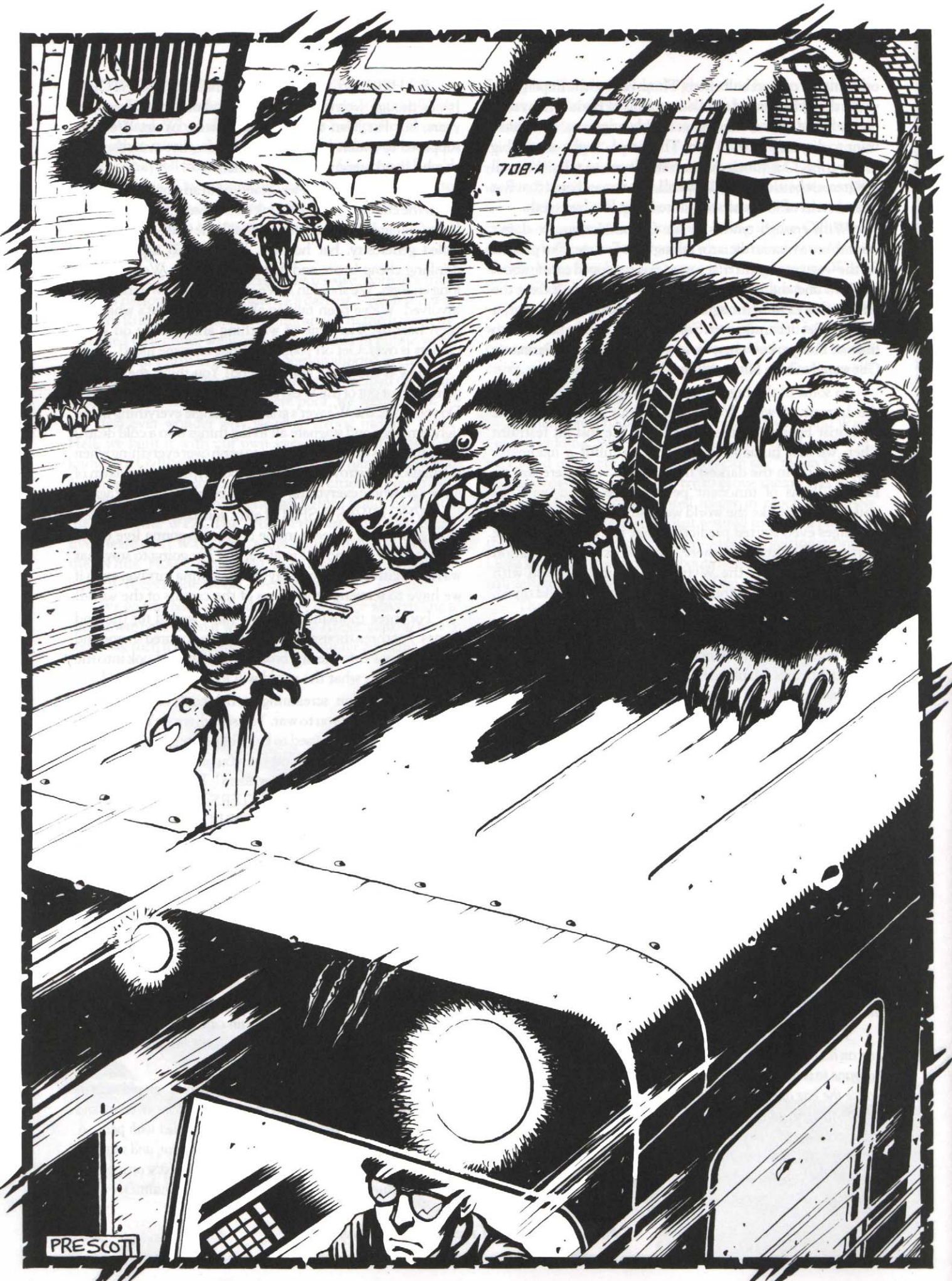
Beneath the empty lot in the physical world, an old man in a tattered coat lies in a sewer tunnel. His face is calm and peaceful, bearing witness to the end of a life filled with pain. A crow-spirit lands on the body, raises a taloned claw, and snatches a shiny fetish dagger from the body. After a brief feast on a gobbet of meat, it flutters away. Life in the shadows continues.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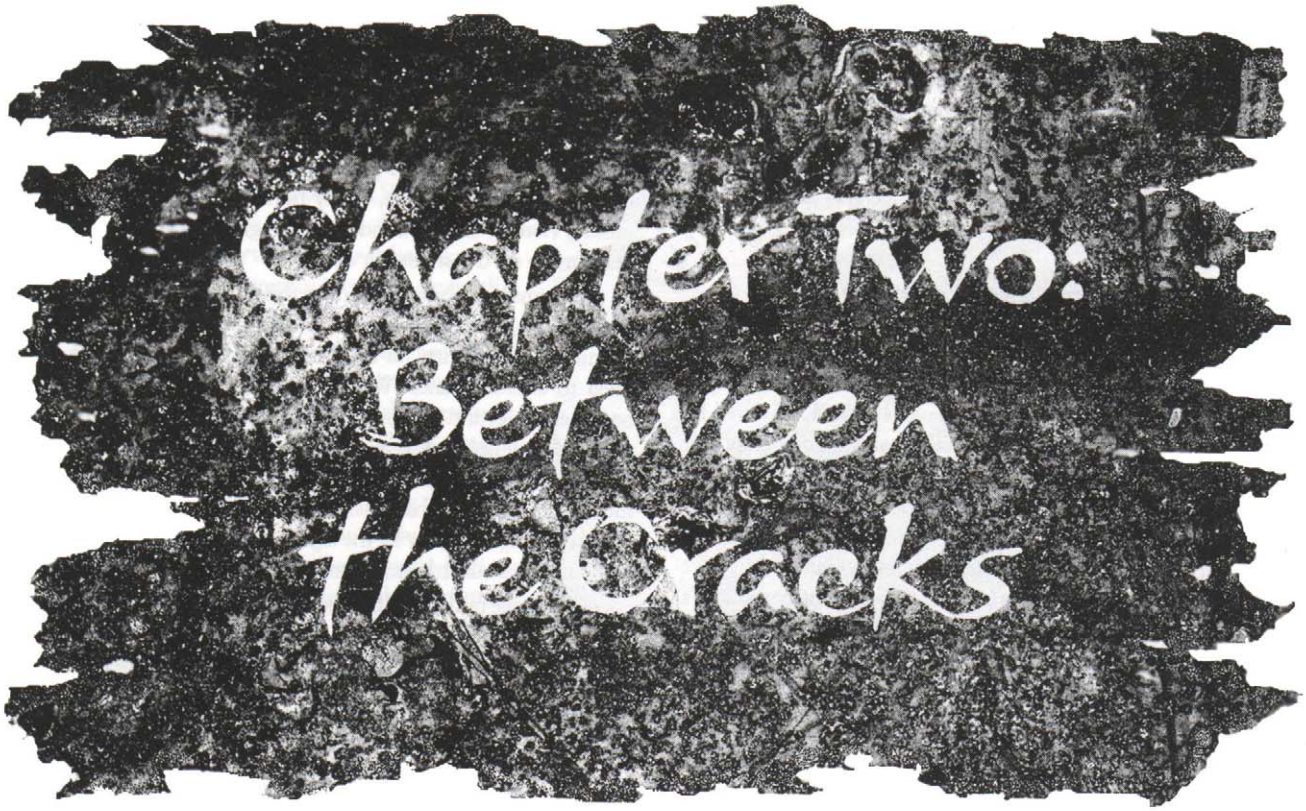


"Only after disaster can we be resurrected. It's only after you've lost everything that you're free to do anything."
— Tyler Durden, *Fight Club*

Waiting for the End

I won't beg. I won't roll over. And I sure as fuck don't intend to play dead.

Listen: These are the final days of the world, and I intend to survive them by any means necessary. You may have seen my brothers and sisters sitting on street corners, wandering the streets, or screaming to the heavens. Did you think they were just bums? You didn't know what they really were, but you stopped long enough to wonder. They've been watching your city, living as the refuse of your society. That's fine — they're the outcasts of our society, too: the extremists, the slackers, the rabble and the rejects. They're the bastard children of my family — my tribe.

You don't understand, but you will. Let me be straight: I'm not human. I don't fit into your world. Only my tribe understands me. Maybe I'm a little too feral, or maybe your authorities shouldn't see what I keep hidden down here. The shotgun. The shovel. My mystic artifacts and my crowbar. I have no job, no home, and no legal identification, but I do have a mission: purifying the world by killing anything that doesn't belong there. See? You've started to understand. At least you haven't started to run. That would be bad.

I ain't nobody's dog. I do have a certain... understanding... with the creatures of the wild, but I'm more than an animal, much more. Think of me as beast in human skin, a natural born killer wrapped in human flesh. A man with the heart of a wolf, so to speak. You feel that, too, don't you? And then there are the rats. My god speaks to me through the rats. You don't understand, but you will. You think I'm insane? What burns in my blood burns in yours. That's why we found you. That's why we've been watching you. The spirits brought us to you. You're just like me. Wait and see.

My brothers and sisters have been watching your world, and even they don't understand it. They're the outcasts and outsiders no one else will accept: homeless men and religious fanatics; mental patients turned urban mystics; white trash and urban anarchists; college dropouts and petty criminals. Some of those fools think that the god of our tribe is a god of peace, a mother who heals, and nurtures, and feeds them. But you and me, we're better than that. We know our god is a god of war. They're the rabble that have been walking the Earth, waiting for the day when heroes like you and me would come out of hiding. We've been biding our time and stockpiling our weapons. Waiting for the end of the world.

How do I know? Our tribe has its own share of mystics and visionaries, madmen and shamans who live in filth and poverty, suffering for the true signs. Our people have been gathering in the heart of humanity for centuries, watching your world decay and waiting for its demise. The other tribes—oh, yes, there are other tribes, too—they've tried to stop the evil, but we know better. You and me, we're going to outlive them all. They'll sacrifice themselves in a glorious orgy of self-destruction, but we intend to be the last ones standing. We've seen the true signs, and we understand.

The other tribes, they don't know the Truth. They've shamed us and reviled us, cast us out and beaten us down. But we've been watching

over them the whole time while living among you. Gathering trash. Sleeping in filth. Gnawing on the carcass of the world. And spawning our bastard children across the planet. People like me. People like you. You think I'm crazy? I know where you really came from. Anytime now, your whole world is going to change. You're about ready for your Change, too, and once that happens, what I'm saying will all make sense. And I'll be here waiting for you, right down here, for when you're ready.

Wait and see.

Welcome to the Edge

Bone Gnawers live on the fringes of society — not just human society, but Garou culture as well. Surrounded by mankind's largest cities, they avoid the snare of the Weaver's webs. Unfettered by jobs, financial debts, or the obligations of mainstream society, the tribe exists outside a system that binds humanity in servitude — at least, from the tribe's point of view. Freedom and democracy are their highest ideals, closely followed by equality for all. As the most egalitarian tribe, the Bone Gnawers accept many Garou who reject the laws and dictates other tribes impose. Anyone who bears Gaia's blessing and can survive adversity is worthy of joining their family.

While Bone Gnawers see themselves as staunch idealists, other tribes view them very differently. Despite the Bone Gnawers' grand ideals, others claim, the tribe has obviously failed to attain them. Sure, they're all equal — equally poor, universally shunned, and openly ridiculed by the other Garou. Their reluctance to meet society's obligations is often interpreted as apathy, cowardice, or laziness.

The most visible tribalists often appear insane, so infused with the spirit of the Wyld that it's driven them to madness. Urban spirituality blurs the line between physical reality and Umbral distractions, to the point where Theurges often cannot tell the difference between the two. Many cliath simply think of the tribe as a pack of "homeless werewolves," scrounging, smelling pitiful curs who live like scavenging animals. The thought of looking past that shabby appearance is repulsive. Because of that revulsion, that's often the only image they see. The truth runs deeper.

The least visible Bone Gnawers are apathetic slackers and dropouts, rabble who refuse to even attend local moots... unless there's something in it for them. The most estranged outsiders live in squalid neighborhoods far from Garou septs, developing their own camps and extended families. Yet because of this, Bone Gnawers aren't just the last line of defense against the Wyrm — they're often the *only* line of defense in places that aren't blessed with sacred ground and a well-guarded urban caern.

Away from the scorn of other tribes, Bone Gnawers have learned to survive with almost nothing, living off trash, handouts, and pity. Two constants unify them — their thin strains of "jackal's blood" and their poverty — yet despite great adversity, the tribe forges great heroes, underdogs who triumph against impossible odds. Hiding their true strength, they intend to survive the worst horrors the Wyrm can muster. After all the other tribes have fallen to the horrors of the Apocalypse, the Bone Gnawers intend to be the last tribe standing... even if they must stand alone.

First Change

Long before the First Change, a true Bone Gnawer stands out from the rest of humanity — usually out in the cold. From an early age, most of the tribe's homids just don't fit in human society. While they may not know of the Weaver's madness, they can still sense that the order and conformity around them is a lie. By the time a homid Bone Gnawer hits adolescence, the world around him seems like a sham. Jobs are thankless, school is pointless, and independence is far more glamorous, at any price. Thus, by the time of the First Change, many homid cubs have already left broken homes, begun wandering the globe, started begging or performing on the streets, or embraced "voluntary simplicity."

Dreams hint that the identity the poor fool knows is not his real one. Rage stirs, driving him to long walks, abandoned jobs, shattered relationships, or even outbreaks of mental illness. The need to conform fades. Wealth becomes meaningless. Success becomes irrelevant. The cub then severs all his ties to the human world. A few lash out at authority in the cities they grow up in, sensing something hidden behind every corporation, legal enforcement agency, and urban institution they encounter. Many are driven to heights of fury by the sights of corruption, suffering, and exploitation around them, horrors others would just as soon ignore.

That rage builds and builds until the outcast's First Change. The experience is painful, but in a heartbeat, it reveals the cub's true self. The cub has no doubt suspected that something was hidden behind the scenes of reality. The first transformation confirms it. With hyperattenuated senses, the Bone Gnawer feels the ozone stench of conformity all around him: the force of the Weaver binding everything in her lifeless webs. Glass Walkers learn to accept and exploit the Weaver, but Bone Gnawers reject it. If they haven't dropped out of human society by the time of their First Change, their first rage against the Weaver webs assures it.

And behind the scenes of reality, a darker force preys upon mankind as well. A cub can smell and sense it everywhere, but cannot name it yet. Lurking behind urban nightmares, a tangible evil wraps its tendrils around those who succumb to greed, addiction, or despair: the tentacles of the Wyrm eroding the fabric of reality. Other Garou may only Change when first confronted with danger or violence, but urban cubs twitch to the pulse of the city. Over time, just about any stimulus can push them over the edge, laying bare the primal nature of the world.

Bone Gnawers, Found and Healed

A werewolf's destiny is often defined by how he reacts to the First Change. A potential Bone Gnawer may run and hide, or he might go mad trying to survive. Some of the tribe's greatest heroes didn't have Bone Gnawer parents — they simply reacted to the First Change as a typical Bone Gnawer would. A homid may sever all his ties to his former life, abandoning his job, his family, or even sanity to wander the world. A lupus might leave the wilderness to investigate the mysteries of the big city. A metis may be so filled with shame and remorse that he flees his sept, convinced that he can survive on his own. Many Bone Gnawers aren't born into the tribe — they turn to it because they don't really belong anywhere else.

Bone Gnawers who have been cut off from their Kin-Fetches — the spirits that identify lost Garou cubs — may not realize that there other werewolves in the world, brothers and sisters who can help them. Obsessed with their bizarre curse, many spiral into poverty, run from the law, or take to the

streets. These survivors are obviously prime candidates for the Bone Gnawer tribe, no matter who their parents may be.

Cubs who are lucky enough to be rescued still may not know which of the twelve tribes their parents followed. Those with an obvious ethnic heritage — including people of Native American, Scandinavian, Irish, Russian or Eastern European descent — are sometimes passed on to a particular tribe. However, while a few tribes have rites for identifying cubs that share their tribal heritage, most do not.

As a result, a few stereotypical cubs are sent to the Bone Gnawer elders first: homids from broken homes, scrawny, scavenging lupus, children from impoverished neighborhoods and slums, "white trash," high-school dropouts, struggling workers, runaways, addicts and transients. After all, if it's somebody else's problem, the Bone Gnawers should know how to handle it. A Silver Fang's glorious ancestry may be obvious in his regal, charismatic bearing, but a "problem cub" usually becomes a problem for the Bone Gnawers.

Bone Gnawers, Born and Bred

While outsiders may consider the Bone Gnawer tribe the detritus and dross of the Garou Nation, a small yet determined contingent of hardworking Gnawers are deeply offended by the notion. Because the tribe has always stood up for the underdog, many of its cliath are attracted to Kinfolk who work hard and struggle regardless of adversity. Cynics claim it's because they're trying to scam food and crash space, but many of these Gnawer's cubs grow up in blue-collar backgrounds, watching a Kinfolk parent leave home everyday for long hours of hard work.

As many of these cubs can tell you, the legendary figure of John Henry was allegedly based on a Bone Gnawer like them. Galliards claim he hammered his way through a wall of rock in Crinos form to prove he was stronger than an Iron Rider's steam engine. Like Strong Henry, these heroes aren't afraid to take on tasks that seem impossible. They're born Bone Gnawers. For their tribe, they'll struggle on like heroes, no matter how badly the odds are stacked against them or what their reputation might be.

A dedicated core of the Bone Gnawer tribe knows its way around construction sites, steel mills, railroad yards, and seedy bars. They may not have much growing up, but despite bad luck, they fight for everything they get. No matter how poor they are, they're proud of their tribe. For them, every outcast adopted into the tribe is a potential ally against its detractors. Rat's brood believes in strength in numbers, and the ranks of these hardcore supporters are growing. In tribal moots, they refer to themselves as "Rat's Teeth."

Lunatics

The First Change reveals a Garou's true identity, granting him Gaia's power in all its glory. Yet for some, the Change is a terrifying experience, one they resist with all their strength. Because they don't want to discard their old identity — or because they're desperately trying to hold on to what little they have — they muster all the strength of will they can to resist the transformation. (Think of it, if you like, as burning Willpower every time the Change is about to occur.) Over time, this can devastate a Garou's psyche, driving him to the very brink of sanity. In a few extreme cases, when the First Change finally does happen, it drives the poor Garou to madness.

Lunatics are Garou who have been driven to insanity because of the trauma of their First Change. The Litany is strict about those stricken with sickness, and every tribe treats these rare cases differently. As one would expect, many of them are adopted either by the Children of Gaia or the Bone Gnawers. Insanity is seen by some as a blessing, particularly among Theurges, but the ranks of the Bone Gnawer tribe have an unusually high percentage of Lunatics and madmen. With so many mentally ill humans wandering the streets, Bone Gnawer Lunatics have found a place in the midst of human society. Some even manage to overcome their mental illness enough to function to some extent in Garou society. The Flaws in Chapter Three offer a few unusual ways to accommodate this idea in your game.

Rites of Passage

When a tribe sends a cub on her Rite of Passage, elders watch for the qualities they value most. Bone Gnawers value survival and self-sufficiency; thus, werewolves who survive against impossible odds attract their attention. Despite this, the Rite of Passage is often little more than a formality for this tribe. Kin who have lived on the street, wandered across continents with next to nothing, endured poverty in rural backwaters, or starved in the wilderness have already proven their ability to survive. Asking these cubs to go out and perform a task on the tribe's behalf merely confirms what the tribal elders already know: the cub is a survivor, a trait all Bone Gnawers value.

Unfortunately, this attitude has led some elders to become very lax when conducting the appropriate rites. For the least ambitious Garou, joining the Bone Gnawer tribe is an easy way out. Their standards are low, and they don't ask much in return. Some of the other tribes claim that the Bone Gnawers accept too many lost cubs too quickly, no doubt in an effort to strengthen their own numbers. This notion has a grain of truth.

Within the tribe exists a vast swarm of *rabble*, werewolves who barely participate in Garou septs and only occasionally show up for tribal activities. As the most loosely defined part of the tribe, they are sometimes summoned in times of war, unrest, revolution, or political strife. Behind its apathetic image, the tribe hides its strength and numbers, like a nest of rats breeding in a forgotten sewer tunnel or condemned building. Garou who are born and bred as Bone Gnawers treat the rabble as allies, comrades, or potential shock troops, depending on their personal beliefs.

As a contrast to the apathetic rabble, Bone Gnawer heroes strive to distinguish themselves, both as cubs on their Rite of Passage and as cliath. They aren't held in much esteem, so they have to work twice as hard for half as much respect. Idealists value the renown of other Garou and fight for their deepest beliefs. Those who see Rat as a totem of war prove themselves by fighting the Wyrm and Weaver, and Rat's children prove themselves by fighting *dirty*. Even when a Bone Gnawer hero is down on his belly, he knows how to strike from below.

Some packs are reluctant to bring a Bone Gnawer cub on their passage rite, or treat her so shabbily that the cub would rather go on her own personal visionquest. Many Ragabash who mock, disdain, or reject the values of Garou society take this route. A Bone Gnawer on a solitary Rite of Passage may be asked to spy on human rivals, break into a corporate office, sabotage a construction site, scout out a threat to the human population of a city, or destroy the Wyrm spirits breeding in a seedy neighborhood single-handedly. A few volunteer for direct action and activism by doing their part in protests, riots, animal liberation movements, ecoterrorism, or simply shocking displays of public art. As one would expect, these extreme measures sometimes serve as acts of rebellion against the ideals of the other tribes.

Leading an urban tribe of war, elders often secretly recruit cubs that have fought the Weaver, human authority, or even the Garou Nation. This underground movement is steadily growing, hidden behind a horde of struggling Bone Gnawers who don't display their political beliefs openly. Outsiders see a tribe of rejects, losers, dropouts, and slackers. Behind this camouflage, a few singular Bone Gnawers hide talents for violence, criminality, urban spirituality, and rebellion. To the Garou Nation, the shabbily dressed Bone Gnawers are a joke, but the tribe's most fanatic supporters intend to get the last laugh. The tribe's totem, Rat, hides his "Teeth" until he needs them; he is willing to use any means necessary to ensure his survival when forced to extremes.

Urrah

Two tribes have a far greater urban population than any other tribe: the Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers. Reviled as *urrah*, or "tainted ones," they are the subject of many lies, conspiracies, and outrageous accusations. Some cliath falsely believe that all Bone Gnawers readily defer to the Glass Walkers, often volunteering to work for them in exchange for money, food, and favors. After all, rumor has it that a Bone Gnawer will lie, cheat, and steal for just about anything if he's desperate enough. "Anything for a cheeseburger" has become the unofficial motto of the tribe — at least according to their critics. Whenever a desperate Garou sells out to help the Walkers, it confirms this reputation.

Despite these stories, there is no real reason for all urban werewolves to work together. For a start, the two tribes aren't the only ones with Kin in the big city. Children of Gaia living close to their Kinfolk, Fianna with close ties to Irish, English, and Scottish relations, and Black Furies drawn to urban activism all live in cities too. The Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers just represent two extremes. These differences can force Garou from these tribes apart as often as they encourage them to work together.

Many cubs think the principal difference between the two urban tribes is wealth. Glass Walkers seem to have a lot of cash,

and nearly all Bone Gnawers are impoverished. This is actually largely due to a fundamental difference in philosophy. The Glass Walkers have found ways to study and co-exist with the Weaver, while Bone Gnawers consider her an enemy. Walkers are fascinated by human culture and eagerly emulate it; Gnawers typically drop out of human society to follow their ideals. While their reputation as "tainted" sometimes encourages them to work together against their common enemies, their philosophies about the Weaver, attitudes toward human culture, and above all else, sense of pride, separate them. One of the rabble might compromise for a warm meal, but a hero upholds her ideals.

Adoption and Acceptance

Some Garou join a tribe because of their lineage, making the same choices their parents and grandparents did. Elders who find young cubs often insist that "blood follows blood," indoctrinating them with reasons why they must obviously follow the same path as their ancestors. When a legacy of Garou makes the same choice for generations, you can tell it in the appearance of their descendants — that's what being "pure bred" really means.

Bone Gnawers are keenly aware that a cub can petition a tribe that has nothing to do with his ancestry, asking to be adopted into an entirely different family. It's not easy to do, but sometimes, it succeeds. Not every Get of Fenris is Anglo-Saxon, German or Scandinavian, for example; a few are accepted after passing the tribe's Rite of Passage because they excel in the ways of war. While adoption has been a rare practice among most of the other tribes — until the last few decades, at least — the Bone Gnawer tribe has always actively recruited outcasts. Not all of them are the children of Bone Gnawers, or are even aware of who their parents really are. Just as they scavenge food and salvage what they find, they feel that anyone who has Garou blood coursing through his veins can be salvaged as well with enough work, no matter what his or her past may be.

Admittedly, few Garou want to forsake their heritage for the sake of joining the Bone Gnawers. Instead, the tribe takes in a lot of cubs that don't make the cut anywhere else. Maybe a Get doesn't turn into a great warrior. If he makes a tragic mistake on his Rite of Passage, he may become so infamous that only Rat's brood will take him in. Perhaps a foolish young cub has forsaken all tribes for a long time, choosing to live life as a Ronin. If so, the Bone Gnawers are more likely to forgive him and take him in than another tribe.

The tribe's tolerance has mixed results, of course, resulting in many would-be heroes who spend more time hunting their next meal than the spawn of the Wyrm. Nonetheless, they still bolster the tribe's ranks. The tribe, like their tribal totem, believes in strength in numbers. Some petitioners join the tribe because the tire of the restrictions imposed by other Garou, or perhaps the questions they insist on asking. On numerous occasions, a merciful tribal elder has taken in a strange Garou without asking too many questions... and then finds out about his protégé's dark past. The elder may face mistrust or even social ostracism from other tribes, but the Bone Gnawers are remarkably used to such disdain.

More elite tribes accuse the Bone Gnawers of "diluting the purity of their blood," or at least revile them for lowering the standards of the Rite of Passage. Bone Gnawer elders endure such charges stoically. They have their own reasons for their policies of acceptance. Their strength lies in numbers. Maybe some of their claws are a bit duller, or their ranks are swelled with too many slackers and dropouts. Nonetheless, when the time is right, they swarm, skulking out of their hiding places to attack *en masse*. Many elders have made the mistake of misjudging the number of Bone Gnawers in their city. The tribe often sees itself as the last line of defense — because they value survival as one of their highest ideals, they expect to be around when all of the other tribes have failed or fallen.

Urban Caerns

One common misconception about Bone Gnawers is that they all live in urban caerns. If this were true, then the number

The Rabble

Every society has its own laws and culture, of course, and the Bone Gnawers are no different. The tribe values deeds, not ancestry. Anyone can join, but proving yourself is another matter. Slackers who rarely work for the tribe are content to linger in the ranks of the rabble. They aren't condemned; just left alone. In their own way, they bide their time until the tribe needs them. In times of war, tribal elders may stir up as much of the rabble as they can find, gathering swarms of warriors from unexpected places. In rural septs, rabble may have their own private homes or lives miles away from a caern — mustering them can take days or even weeks.

Rabble aren't completely antisocial, however; they often waste time in temporary packs, whether they're setting up tents under an underpass or just hanging out on streetcorners. Without *some* kind of pack to support them, antisocial Garou may lapse into the deep depression of Harano, succumb to slowly mounting Rage, or become so feral that they disconnect from the world around them. Outcasts who abandon all pretense of civility may become deranged mystics, madmen, or monsters. Rabble who stray tend to drift away in twos and threes, eventually attracting packs of humans in extended families and getting caught up in "street life." The lupine instincts within them prevent them from ever truly becoming lone wolves. Despite the risks, some stray from caerns for months or years at a time, possibly venturing into other cities nearby or the rural countryside surrounding a sept.

A Garou can only live this life for so long before he feels the need to return to his own kind. Packs with Bone Gnawers may also attempt to take advantage of this tendency. Some Garou in the tribe use the tribal Gift: Tagalong to petition totems and caern spirits. Sometimes it's used to petition pack totems as well. If one of the rabble really needs a favor from the tribe or a Bone Gnawer sept, he may agree to temporarily work with a pack for a limited time and "tagalong" with the pack's totem spirit. In this way, the tribe is more than just a family. For the desperate, it offers a way to find brothers and sisters in times of trouble. For the ruthless, it's a resource.

of werewolves in the tribe would be severely limited. Large urban caerns are useful, but they're also rather rare. A caern is more than just a place that werewolves gather — it's built on a site sacred to the Earth Mother. Most cities bury Gaian energies under layers of Weaver-webs and Wyrm-taint within their boundaries, or pervert them into something feral and desperate. Gaia still exists at the heart of the city, but rarely is she strong there.

Opening a caern requires more than a public park and a few homeless Garou. Even when werewolves discover a site that's spiritually pure in the heart of a city, performing the proper rites to open a caern surrounded by millions of humans is a challenge, to say the least. It may be possible to work around this limitation by holding all the sept's rites in the Umbra, but a Master of the Rite who relies too much on the spirit world eventually loses touch with the real world locations he's allegedly protecting. If a city has a major caern, however, Garou are willing to fight and die for it. The largest urban caerns are actually so old that cities have grown around them. Defending such a place for centuries is an epic task.

Not every major metropolis has sacred ground where a caern can be formed, but the largest urban caerns that exist are famous throughout the Garou Nation. Bone Gnawers dream of pilgrimages to the greatest ones. Sometimes a pack of fostern is sent on a journey or quest through a network of urban caerns, presumably to learn the different ways they cope with different cities. They'll have to hurry, though. Like the Garou themselves, the number of urban caerns in the world is steadily dwindling.

Famous Urban Caerns

The Sept of the Green in New York's Central Park is one of the most prominent urban caerns. It has only stayed alive because, in a sense, the city was built around the heart of the caern. At any given time, over fifty Bone Gnawers live on the island of Manhattan, only occasionally appearing at moots at the local sept. Mother Larissa, the sept leader, is one of the few Bone Gnawers to hold onto such a highly esteemed position. She's remained there for almost ten years, but it's a tenuous hold at best. Her willingness to welcome almost any guest within the bawn of the caern — and sometimes offer them protection — has earned her enmity from several of New York's Shadow Lords and Fenrir.

In the *Sept of the Awakening* in Washington, D.C., the local Bone Gnawers dominate a very different urban sept. The bawn of the caern is spiritually strong because of the local werewolves' belief in democracy and American ideals. Traditional Garou consider this belief to be a sign of either mania or madness. Of course, the multitribal caern welcomes all Garou, particularly Black Furies and Children of Gaia. The local Bone Gnawers are unashamed in their display of patriotism, much to the amusement of European visitors. Despite prolonged battles with the local Leeches, the sept welcomes any traveler who's willing to listen to their preaching about the values of truth, justice, and the American way.

The Sept of the People's Will in Moscow lies at the other end of the political spectrum. This urban caern is still struggling to recover from its wholesale embrace of Communism and cold war ideology. It holds an infamous place in Garou history: In 1917, the local Russian Bone Gnawers conspired to murder their Silver Fang sept leader. The retribution was so extreme that the leader of the rebellion was killed outright. For over eighty years, the caern's sept leaders served as little more than figureheads. During that time, the local Bone Gnawers have tried to run the sept as much like a communal caern as possible. Within its bawn, no Garou may pull rank on another. Their quaint politics were once tolerated as amusing, but recent events have changed the caern's image in other parts of Europe.

The People's Will

Until 1917, most of the sept leaders at the Sept of the People's Will were Silver Fangs. Times have changed. Through most of the year 2000, a disgraced Shadow Lord named Gyorgi Stormraven served as the nominal sept leader, much to the amusement of his tribal rivals. A local cabal of Silver Fang elders appointed him to the position both as a reward for his accomplishments and a punishment for his crimes. While even the Shadow Lords considered him a laughing stock, Gyorgi bore the title as best he could, tyrannically enforcing his authority over Bone Gnawers who didn't respect it.

In February of 2001, Gyorgi's dead body was found mutilated in Red Square, a sign that the Russian Bone Gnawers had rejected even the pretense of his authority. Since then, the Bone Gnawers have not elected another sept leader, and have formally refused to do so. The local tribalists have formally threatened to kill anyone who assumes the position, proclaiming the sept a sovereign protectorate of their tribe. Although the local Silver Fangs have been cautiously silent about the event, tribal elders throughout Europe are horrified. Tribal cliath throughout North and South America have started to whisper of what such rebellion may mean... or who may be behind it. A few have even begun to privately talk about the merits of such ambition.

Rural Caerns

The Bone Gnawer tribe has also spread its Kin throughout the rural countryside. Despite their image as an urban tribe, many of Rat's children prefer the freedom of small towns and villages. Contrary to urban werewolves who struggle to remain a part of human society, these rural Garou have an innate aversion to it. Fleeing the corruption of the cities, they bear their children far from the madness of steel and concrete jungles. Most have private protectorates far from the bawn of the nearest sept, but for the sake of their survival, they remember where the nearest rural caerns are hidden.

Rural Bone Gnawers follow far older traditions than their urban relations. They sing the same folk songs their Kin have sung for generations, living on the same land, and following the same careers. Some rural caerns center on a local family of Bone Gnawer Kin. While metis werewolves patrol the bawn of the nearest caern, Kinfolk families keep watch for miles and miles around. If another tribe dominates the caern, a few Bone Gnawers in the sept keep in touch with their relations for miles around, including Garou who are hesitant to approach the caern. Rural rabble are even more hesitant to meet the scorn of other Garou in a moot, but far more eager to help out when someone in the tribe needs assistance.

When the tribe's position in the sept is threatened, Bone Gnawers swarm the caern.

Rural Bone Gnawers take the notion of family very seriously. In a sense, every Bone Gnawer is a distant relation on their family tree. Hospitality and generosity are openly displayed to any tribemate who honors them with a visit, and they're eager to share their ways and beliefs with any who want to learn them — perhaps a bit too eager. In truth, many rural Bone Gnawers are so isolated from the rest of the Garou Nation that they have little understanding of its culture, politics, or etiquette. When they do show up at moots, they keep their mouths shut and their claws ready. As one would expect, this is exactly the way they prefer to live.

Infamous Rural Caerns

The *Dandelion Hill Sept* in the southern Appalachians is one of the most infamous septs in existence. Based around a minor caern, the clearing atop Dandelion Hill served as a meeting place for several families of Bone Gnawers and their Kin until 1996. Easily overshadowed by far more powerful caerns nearby, including the Sept of the Grandfather in North Carolina and the Sept of the Moon in Kentucky, it remained completely isolated from the politics of the region... until a pack of cliath from New York stopped by to visit. They arrived to trade information about a missing fetish. They left while fleeing one of the most terrifying ordeals of their lives.

The five Garou were welcomed at first with a feast held in the honor. The pack's Theurge then noticed a disturbing number of fetishes in the sept involving intricately carved bones. Sensing something wrong, the pack's curious Ragabash searched around to find the source of their delicious meal... and found it. Hidden behind the sept leader's ramshackle house, a Kentucky smokehouse contained the corpses of over thirty local men, women, and children. Bones of previous victims were found strewn about a pen filled with starving hogs. The pack had uncovered a well-kept secret: one of the largest gatherings of Man-Eaters in North America, a cannibal cult that preyed upon human flesh.

Over a bloody three-day Memorial Day weekend, the cult hunted the pack of outsiders through the woods of Kentucky and North Carolina. Four of the pack members were butchered, but the last survivor lived long enough to pass out within the bawn of a Fianna sept fifty miles away. Within a matter of days, several packs visited retribution on the Dandelion Hill Sept. After interrogating the few survivors of the counterattack, they uncovered countless horror stories of a well-organized network of Man-Eaters throughout the southern United States.

Since that time, the cult has dwindled considerably. Nonetheless, a few packs of cubs claimed to have relived the incident at Dandelion Hill in the

Atrocity Realm, where they have experienced the terror of fleeing through the Appalachians pursued by enraged cannibal Garou. While it's unfair to judge an entire camp of rural Bone Gnawers, the Hillfolk, by the standards of these feral monsters, that doesn't stop some other tribes from looking warily at any Bone Gnawer who comes sauntering out of the Deep South.

Stomping Grounds

Tent cities. Shantytowns. Condemned buildings. Public parks. In most cities, if the Bone Gnawers manage to set up a collective home, it's a temporary one at best. Just as many humans have a strong aversion or disdain for the homeless coming around the places they live and work, they tend to become suspicious of any urban location where too many Bone Gnawers gather for too long. After all, if a dozen werewolves hunted through the same public park every night, it wouldn't be long before the authorities took interest. The same Delirium that hides the activities of the Garou prevents them from securing permanent protectorates in major cities.

Bone Gnawers survive by staying on the move, so they often move the places they gather from month to month. One full moon, they may revel under a freeway overpass; the next, they might bring food to share with people in a local homeless shelter. Usually, the tribe holds tribal moots in places the local populace would just as soon ignore. Each month, Bone Gnawer Galliards perform rites to dedicate this ground. After forming a sacred circle, they revel around the area in Homid form. Because of the distinctive dances and drumming these Garou use, such areas are commonly known as *stomping grounds*.

Until the next full moon, any Bone Gnawer can usually expect to find someone from his tribe watching over the stomping ground. Failing that, a small infestation of urban spirits relay messages and warnings about anyone investigating the area. Even Garou who have worn out their welcome at a nearby caern can find a bit of sympathy, scrounge some communal food, and possibly score a warm place to sleep for a night. Everyone is well fed at Bone Gnawer stomping grounds, even if the meal is created with the Cooking Gift and consists of ramen and paste.

Some stomping grounds are open to humans as well, building valuable friendships and contacts with others on the street. Bone Gnawers like to say that Gaia blessed the Changing Breeds so that they could watch over humanity. If a stomping ground is open to human visitors, tribal elders may award Honor Renown to those who show generosity to strangers.

Politics and Society

Wherever Garou gather, hierarchies form and politics result. Bone Gnawers conduct their tribal politics differently from other Garou, in ways some find shocking, amusing, or just plain pathetic. The most significant differences are based around the status and stature of their elders.

Elders, Tribal Mothers, and Tribal Fathers

Despite their place as outcasts of both human and Garou society, the Bone Gnawers have a very communal tribe. Since so many Garou have rejected them, they have a strong need to stick together. If you're part of the tribe, it's hard to get turned away. The local sept might not care for you, but anyone who has joined the tribe has a right to speak out at the tribe's monthly moots. Since the days of Athens in Ancient Greece, democracy has been a vital part of tribal affairs.

Anyone with sufficient renown can be considered an "elder," but because of the Bone Gnawers' egalitarian attitudes, if anyone volunteers to serve in any position of honor or responsibility within the tribe, a majority of the local Bone Gnawers must vote to approve him. Of course, in tribal septs, an elder doesn't need the support of a majority of the Gnawers present when he makes his rulings, but a wise elder listens to their opinions. No one is too lowly to be worthy of an opinion, or the chance to speak it. In multitribal septs, Bone Gnawers observe the traditions of the largest tribes present, but they're known to have long and passionate debates in their own moots, away from the watchful eyes of other tribes. Those who keep quiet in public are often the most vocal in private.

No Bone Gnawer is required to attend these gatherings. In fact, if a Gnawer personally decides to support a particular elder from another tribe, the others grudgingly accept his choice. Throughout the tribe's history, many of the most renowned Bone Gnawers have acted as companions and sidekicks to great heroes. Unfortunately, many of these worthies associated with a hero to increase the chance that that hero's tribe will accept their children. For them, the chance to change their family's destiny was more important than the opportunity to serve as a Bone Gnawer elder.

Because every Garou in the tribe is important, generosity and compassion are admired qualities in an elder, and the fastest way to gain the support of local Bone Gnawers. Outside the tribe, cynical Garou misinterpret this as corruption. In actuality, most Bone Gnawers want to ensure that a sept's elders are going to be generous to them. This long-term goal overrides any short-term political concerns. Elders are also generous to encourage the Garou of their tribe to actually show up at moots. Brilliant oratory is useful when swaying a crowd, but so are gifts, clean blankets, and warm food.

Bone Gnawer elders may also earn esteem simply because of their age. If a Garou has lived long enough, shown a lifetime of generosity to others in his tribe, demonstrated compassion to humans in need, and gained enough renown within the tribe, the elder is eventually honored as a Tribal Mother or Tribal Father. The title becomes part of the Garou's name, usually followed by the city where they live (Father Nicholas of San Francisco and Mother Larissa of Manhattan are two notable examples). The honor is only accorded to the oldest Garou elder in the city, so only one Tribal Mother or Father is present in a city at a time.

Rat's Teeth and Reputation

Bone Gnawer heroes are the exception, not the rule. Seeing themselves as the elite of the tribe — a concept many Garou just won't accept — they attend sept moots religiously, stand beside heroic and valiant packs, and sacrifice their lives as valiantly as any other character. Many of these worthies refer to themselves as "Rat's Teeth," suggesting that when they strike, they wound their enemies more deeply than any other Bone Gnawer. Many player characters fall into this category; most Bone Gnawers do not. In fact, it's a distinction accomplished Bone Gnawers make, but other Garou do not understand.

Because of the tribe's social stigma, most Garou make little distinction between heroes and rabble. This may be unfair, but it also makes it easier for heroes to drift back into tribal moots and stomping grounds when a Garou caern is particularly unjust. And no matter how heroic a Bone Gnawer may be, other Garou of his tribe consider him "family," beholden to the same obligations of generosity and compassion they expect of their elders. This is especially true of Hillfolk — when one of them has a streak of good luck, his friends and relations show up from miles around to share in his good fortune.

Just as a successful hero may have called upon his tribe to feed him and shelter him in a stomping ground when he was younger, cubs and cliath may come to *him* for help as well. Turning them down can draw anything from understanding shrugs to snide remarks. The Bone Gnawers in a stomping ground can be the last group to help you out or the most likely group to drag you down, depending on your reputation and theirs.

Junk, Loot, and Other Stuff

When you don't have much, you've got to watch what you've got very closely. Bone Gnawers don't bother with human wealth, currency or resources. Some eschew it because they're sick of the trappings of human society; others just can't hold onto a dollar for long because of the curse of their "jackal's blood." Either way, without money, Bone Gnawer society relies on an elaborate system of barter and chiminage. Urban spirits trade in this same currency, granting favors for items that a Bone Gnawer would consider precious, even if the average human would consider it worthless.

Lacking an elaborate system of numismatic denominations, Bone Gnawers divide all their material possessions into four categories: Shit, Junk, Stuff, and Loot. The scavengers of this tribe can lecture with Zen-like reverence on the distinctions between these categories, but ultimately, such distinctions are a matter of personal taste. Most ignorant humans would simply describe all these items as trash.

Bone Gnawers tend to view creatively salvage items like this:

- Generally speaking, most of a Bone Gnawer's personal possessions are *Stuff:* a little more than junk and less than loot. It doesn't necessarily have any innate value — it's just plain cool.
- If it actually works like it's supposed to, it's *Loot*. In a flash, the happy wolf could probably score some money for it in a pawnshop (and probably spend it just as quickly).
- If it's good enough to hold onto, but not good enough to throw away, it's just *Junk*.
- If it's absolutely worthless, even to a Bone Gnawer, it's *Shit* that even a bum wouldn't carry around.

Bone Gnawer Theurges lovingly treasure the trash they find throughout a city. There's a practical, yet spiritual, reason for this. When a Garou lavishes a great deal of care and respect on something in the physical world, its Umbral reflection improves. Thus, a street shaman might carry around the tattered metal frame of an umbrella in the physical world, but

when he steps sideways, it becomes a magnificent parasol that shelters him from the worst assaults of the elements. A hero who steps sideways usually appears as an idealized version of himself; thus, a Theurge in a ratty trenchcoat may become a stylish rake when he's crossed over into the Velvet Shadow. One man's trash really is another's treasure, at least where the Umbra is concerned.

Theurges are the satraps of Stuff. They can see it not for what it is, but what it should be or could be. When using rites, Bone Gnawers often personalize their rituals by finding ways to work in their favorite stuff. If it doesn't quite work correctly in the physical world, it can still serve a purpose when appeasing urban spirits. For example, the Rite of the Questing Stone uses a stone and a piece of thread to point to a specific object or Garou. A Theurge with the right Stuff can perform the rite by substituting something with the same properties. The rock is supposed to point a direction, so a shattered compass, a pointing action figure, a one-way sign, or even a bobbing plastic Chihuahua head on a spring can all serve the same purpose.

Whenever two Bone Gnawers debate the exchange rate for all this Stuff, Philodox are masters at brokering trades. Galliards have a more direct use for Junk — they've got the style and aesthetics to find a way to transform it into useful Stuff. Ragabash actually compete to see who can salvage and adapt the most unusual items they scavenge. Spirits have their own standards for what they like and don't like, of course. Half of a Frisbee might be useless to a lost-dog-spirit, but an air-spirit might find it immensely entertaining, sending it soaring on the right Umbral wind.

Tribal elders are honored with the best Stuff the tribe can find. Offering actual Loot is considered crass, since it can be exchanged for a quick buck, but thoughtful gift of Stuff can actually influence the outcome of a tribal moot. And any way you look at it, when a Bone Gnawer is judged by his peers, the right bribe at the right time can save him from being treated like Shit.

Trashas

According to some werewolves, Trashers (or "Trashas") are human beings who don't seem to do much more than waste their lives creating garbage for Garou to loot. From day to day, Trashas commute between meaningless jobs and their almost fortified homes. This activity is perpetuated to pay for and acquire an ongoing supply of material goods, most of which eventually ends up in a trash pile, a landfill, or at least a dumpster somewhere. Completely focused on their own material gain, they allegedly can't see the "big picture" of global issues — like the fact that they're killing off the planet with their own filth and refuse.

Many Bone Gnawers, on the other hand, believe they've broken free off this cycle. As Gaia's warriors, they've liberated themselves from soul-sucking jobs, erased their need for walls and windows, and removed their dependence on material things. Everything they really need can be scavenged or salvaged from the vast piles of garbage left by mankind's uncaring disposable culture. In this way, packs of homeless Garou can convince themselves that they're far superior to their poor fools sleeping in warm beds in safe homes at night.

Outside the Bone Gnawer tribe, this philosophy is exceedingly rare. That doesn't stop the tribe's masters of trash, however. They continually insist that the second-hand crap they cart around is just as good as the new and improved crap available for sale in any mall or supermarket. These gurus of garbage continually find exotic and excessive ways to recycle and reuse just about anything they can fish out of a trashcan or dumpster. Every time they successfully redeem what someone else has tossed away, they mutter about "those damn trashas," scoring a victory for trash masters everywhere.

The Five Auspices

Bone Gnawer *Ragabash* are often seen as comic relief by the other tribes — happy-go-lucky bums and shabbily dressed hoboes. While they're certainly high-spirited, they don't get by in urban hellholes by telling jokes. They're also thieves and scoundrels, petty crooks and scam artists. Some are masters of stealth and subterfuge, using their Gifts to break into places they shouldn't be and stalk behind their prey unseen. Others have a more political agenda, siding with the castoffs and cast-out Garou who are crushed by tyrannical elders. If other Garou see them as fools, it acts as a perfect façade for the New Moons' less savory activities.

Bone Gnawer *Theurges* are masters of urban ritual, scavengers who can find the sacred world in the most desolate and decrepit parts of the big city. Many are visionaries who border on insanity, or are at least seen as mad because they view the physical world very differently than the humans around them. Wide-eyed mystics who look for spirits on street corners are often mistaken for drug addicts, former mental patients, or alcoholic bums... and sometimes they are. Just as often, they are compassionate and caring healers who call upon the spirits to aid the disadvantaged, starving, physically wounded, and spiritually scarred.

Bone Gnawer *Philodox* understand the world of humans as well as they do the society of the Garou. Too often, other werewolves are so obsessed with hunting the Wyrm that they ignore the people its spiritual servitors prey on. While the Half-Moons are fluent in arguing the law on behalf of outcast and downtrodden Garou, they are just as passionate about justice in the human world. In their tribal moots, they mediate to make sure that democracy works properly. When the supernatural world preys upon innocents, the Philodox set aside their political concerns to pass judgment on those who would interfere with their more human interests.

Bone Gnawer *Galliards* are known both for their very modern approach to street performances and their need to bring classical art to the world around them. Street musicians, keepers of country ballads and folklore, and public-park performers of Shakespeare are all allied within the same tribe. Yet they are also witnesses to the world around them, one that exists separate from petty Garou power struggles and spiritual hokum. They report on the world they see in brutal terms, often reminding werewolves about the world they are supposed to defend by portraying it in starkly realistic stories and art.

Bone Gnawer *Ahroun* fight dirty, and they fight to win. Their strength doesn't lie in muscle, but in cunning. Masters of sabotage, street fighting, and swarm tactics, they don't go all out in a fight unless they know the odds are on their side. In any other battle, they wear down their greatest enemies by harrying them with endless little attacks, sometimes letting the more egotistical Ahroun of other tribes sacrifice themselves in foolish bids for glory. The most extreme warriors of the tribe are experts in terrorist tactics, survivalist agenda, militia methods and recreational demolition — and their numbers are steadily increasing.

The Three Breeds

Homids

Since the time of the Concord, most Bone Gnawers have lived where humans live. Thus, homids are by far the most common breed within the tribe. They're fluent in the ways of human society — often just enough to shun it. Years of struggling and suffering before the First Change teach them to reject a so-called "ordinary" life. A few manage to hang on to miserable jobs and keep up on their bills, but most would rather roam as free as wolves.

Homid Garou often prefer wearing Homid form, usually seeing it as their "true" form. In most Bone Gnawer protectorates, this is a matter of necessity as much as one of convenience. Opportunities to freely shift out of Homid form are rare. Crinos form rends the Veil very quickly, leaving behind rumors and horror stories of dangerous transients wandering the streets. Wolves may roam freely in the wilderness, but Lupus-form Garou are not welcome in human territories. Many cubs have made the mistake of sleeping in a wolf's skin — confident that they'll be mistaken for stray dogs — and awakened to find out how fiercely humans defend their own territories.

Living on the streets is often as brutal for homids as it is for humans. After all, Garou don't regenerate in their breed form. That means that exhaustion, malnutrition, and harsh weather prey upon great heroes as often as young cubs. Because of this, many homids welcome the chance to escape to the spirit world or run with a pack, as it restores their bodies as much as it heals their spirits. This also prompts many Gnawers to make much more use of Glabro form than other tribes might, as it gives them much of a werewolf's strength without quite endangering the Veil.

Metis

A few tribes claim to treat metis "better than any other tribe does." As Bone Gnawers are keenly aware, words are far easier than deeds. Many think they know the real reason for such claims: tribal elders need the support of metis Garou. Even a

Shadow Lord may try to unite the metis against a sept's elders — if he thinks it will further his own political schemes. In truth, attitudes towards half-breeds are as varied as individual werewolves. The only certain statement about metis is that Bone Gnawers have more of them in their tribe than any other tribe does, and with good reason.

The tribe's tendency to adopt just about any Garou who approaches them has built up the number of metis among them. Adopting a Garou with a different lineage than that of his parents was once a rare practice, but as the number of werewolves in the world has diminished, it has become more common. As one would expect, a few tribes are responding to this trend by turning their backs on their own metis, abandoning their "bastard children." Less prejudiced tribes have countered this by recruiting more metis cliath. Exploiting this trend, the Bone Gnawers have attracted a veritable army of metis who aren't afraid to express their opinions and ideas openly.

A metis has to work harder than other Garou all his life, even during his Rite of Passage. In other tribes, metis grow up performing duties and maintaining responsibilities within a sept. Many are more comfortable in their Crinos forms when patrolling the bawn of the sept's caern, but obviously, this is less common in urban caerns. In the largest septs, everyone has to do their part. In smaller gatherings, like Bone Gnawer stomping grounds, rabble and slackers who drift from one place to the next develop a very lax attitude toward honor and duty. If a metis is born to a Bone Gnawer, she'll probably grow up with a very different perception of the responsibilities she'll "owe" the Garou Nation. A Bone Gnawer who fawns and scrapes in public may hold a very different opinion in private, and the tribe's metis know this well.

Lupus

One of the most common misconceptions about Bone Gnawers concerns their lupus. Some cubs in other tribes are taught that Bone Gnawer lupus have evolved to appear more domesticated than other lupus Garou. Among the other tribes, some cliath think that if they wander around a city in Lupus form, the average human will mistake them for dogs. Legend has it that Bone Gnawers and Children of Gaia are better at this than any other tribe, either because they allegedly have less anger or because of crossbreeding with other types of animals. Of all the insults that Garou hurl at the outcasts of the Garou Nation, this one stings the most.

Bone Gnawers aren't human, but they're even farther from dogs. In fact, if a werewolf breeds with a dog, the offspring can never be a true shapechanger. If such a practice were to be maintained over generations, the genetic "strain" for lycanthropy would be bred out entirely. Admittedly, city-bred Bone Gnawers may have lost touch with their lupine heritage. Some may even act like dogs because they aren't fully familiar with how wolves act in the wild. Over generations, their instincts may fade, but they never disappear. A Bone Gnawer may whine and beg like a stray dog, but that won't stop someone from eventually calling Animal Control.

Lupus Garou still have all of their lupine instincts. While many cubs think lupus Bone Gnawers grow up in cities, most don't. Like other lupus, most lupus Bone Gnawers are raised by wolves. Their jackal's blood taints them, making them weak and scrawny. A lupus Bone Gnawer is often the runt, straggler, or maverick of a pack, fitting into a wolf pack about as well as a homid fits into human society. In most other tribes, about one in seven Garou is a lupus, but because of natural selection, lupus Bone Gnawers are even rarer. Much to the horror of their Red Talon kin, a few lupus of the tribe have voluntarily chosen to leave their cubs in zoos or on preserves. Such relations often receive regular visits and a few tasty morsels from the nearest snack stand.

Throughout the tribe's history, there have been a few times when lupus tried to increase their numbers by breeding with other canids, but always with mixed results. During the Impergium, the tribe once had breeding rites to assist with such experiments, but as one would expect, they bred with feral animals, not domestic ones. In every case of this kind, pure Garou blood eventually became too thin to be passed on.

As a result, breeding with dogs has become a very shameful activity, even among Bone Gnawers. Preying on lonely transients may be pretty low, but sniffing around housepets is pathetic. Even a metis that wants to breed with a dog has no doubt succumbed to some Wyrm-spawned urge. In larger urban septs, desperate "puppy fuckers" are subjected to endless ridicule. It takes a creature that's at least nine-tenths wolf to bear a lupus; no other species will do.

Urban Lupus

During the last decade, an increasing number of Bone Gnawer lupus have taken to the cities, attracted to the vast culture (and easy food) they find there. While homids find life on the street exhausting, many tribal lupus consider it exciting. Lupus recover quickly from fatigue and wounds in Homid form. As "street rats," they manage to avoid situations requiring them to use human technology. Masquerading as runaways and homeless humans, they are free to experiment and interact with the fringes of human society. They lack the social skills to fully interact with human society, but still revel in a niche where they don't really need them. Tribal Mothers and Fathers often welcome such experiments, offering their guests hospitality if they fail in all their attempts. As a result, a new generation of urban lupus Garou has flooded urban caerns... and Bone Gnawer stomping grounds.

Kinfolk

Most tribes are hesitant to accept outsiders because they're protective of their Kinfolk. Pure bred offspring are often the result of a carefully cultivate lineage, one that can be traced back to the primal days when tribes watched over "flocks" of human breeding stock. Most tribes are very particular about who Garou breed with and where. While any Garou can presumably breed werewolves with any tribe's Kinfolk, tribal heritage depends on keeping a watch on one's Kin.

Because of the Bone Gnawers' practice of adopting outcasts, on the other hand, it has become impossible to a breed a "true" representative of the tribe. Thus, Bone Gnawer Kinfolk have no common ancestry or background. They come from a very diverse heritage, so widespread that there is no longer such a thing as a "pure bred" Bone Gnawer. As pure breeds are accorded more status and respect in Garou society, this diver-

sity is another reason why the tribe faces so much social opposition and ostracism.

Many Bone Gnawer Kinfolk belong to groups that may have once been considered outsiders, but aren't any longer. As an example, American Bone Gnawers felt a need to watch over the many waves of European immigrants that came to their country. Fianna aren't the only Garou with Irish and Scottish Kin; in the late 19th century, you'd find Bone Gnawer Kinfolk within that same population. Over time, more of their Garou descendants were welcomed into the Fianna tribe, particularly those that demonstrated great heroism or earned glory among the Garou. When a Garou introduces himself at a sept for the first time, there's a chance that he may actually have a Bone Gnawer in his lineage several generations back. Most ambitious Garou do their best to conceal such facts.

Homeless Garou are also known for their wandering ways, and sadly, some ethically challenged Bone Gnawers are overly casual about leaving illegitimate children behind them. After all, every child they leave behind is Kinfolk, and more Kinfolk mean the possibility of more Garou one day. Rat's brood relies on a populous tribe, so some Bone Gnawers actually leave Kin-Fetches to watch over their Kinfolk as well as their cubs. Trusting that "Rat will provide," they reason that any child that can't survive poverty and adversity isn't worthy of helping the tribe. Tribal Theurges are horrified at this apathetic attitude, and thus often petition Tribal Mothers and Fathers to watch over these "lost Kinfolk." They may even welcome them into the extended families that frequent stomping grounds and the protectorates around Bone Gnawer septs.

Camps

Rebellious Bone Gnawers conduct elaborate "street dramas" with their extended families on the streets. Responsible ones join packs, working with other tribes. Within both groups, heroes answer a higher calling. Each month, they volunteer some of their time to help a cause. They may feel a need to help unfortunates around them, explore the world, spread culture and knowledge, or muster packs of Garou for war. When Garou of the same tribe believe in the same ideals, they fall into the same camp, working together for the same heroic ideals.

Some camp followers are formally initiated and accepted; others fight for a camp's cause for personal beliefs, regardless of whether others accept him. If a camp follower can't find others of his kind, he may ask other Bone Gnawers for assistance. At tribal moots, respected (and infamous) heroes from different camps debate their different points of view. They're always working to recruit Bone Gnawers who belong to packs that are willing to help them, if only temporarily. On the other hand, just as other tribes have elite camps, the Bone Gnawers have a few that are so secretive or illegal that they recruit covertly. Garou who regularly help a camp's followers may also get help in return — Bone Gnawers trade favors as easily as pack rats trade shiny things.

Rat Finks

Sleeps-with-the-Fishes, a Ragabash informant, can give you a tip or two:

"You want facts? We're going to play a little game. You ask me a question you want answered. I'll tell you what I want to know in exchange. If you want the truth, it's going to cost you. Now, write down what you want... take it to the fourth bathroom stall in the O'Tolley's restroom... stick your question to a piece of chewing gum... and leave it inside the toilet paper roll. One of our rat-spirits will contact you."

Finks trade a very valuable commodity: information. Like many Bone Gnawers, their struggling Kinfolk often end up in low-paying, thankless jobs. Janitors, custodians, temps, clerks, garbage collectors, waiters, busboys, secretaries, copyeditors — Fink Kinfolk go about their quiet lives of desperation unseen and unnoticed. Rat Finks keep close ties with their Kin, working hard to earn their respect and assistance.

As for the Finks themselves, they learn enough marketable skills to drift in and out of these same professions. A few vainly struggle to pay rent and bills, but many live double lives, sleeping in stomping grounds by night and punching a time clock by day. (Thus, many Rat Finks have the Merit: Struggling listed in *Chapter Three*.) As their take-home pay dwindles, they scrounge "additional compensation" from their unsuspecting employers. Following the leads their camp uncovers, some infiltrate companies and corporations Garou revile, including some known for exploitation or environmental devastation. Even a few of Pentex' subsidiaries have been brought to their knees after Rat Finks scavenged sensitive information.

Constantly searching for scandal, they watch and wait. Tribal Gifts, rites and fetishes give them an edge over their mundane prey. After all, security cameras are no match for Blissful Ignorance, and locked doors are only a minor annoyance to a Garou with the Gift: Open Seal. The tribal Gift: Everyman (see Chapter Three) is also vital for infiltrating rival corporations and businesses.

Finks are famous for using exotic methods of transferring their secrets. Networks of drop points gather info from one-word phone calls, cryptic faxes, secret codes on matchbooks, words clipped from magazines, or even notes pinned to children's jackets. To pass the time, the camp also devises elaborate games where facts are transferred covertly. Special phrases in personal adds, signs waved in crowds, or seemingly nonsensical and unrelated events can relate volumes to a fink who knows what to look for. The Finks sometimes challenge Bone Gnawers to decode such schemes, sometimes as a means of initiation for potential conspirators.

As one would expect, other supernatural creatures sometimes interact with this network as well. A few cautiously make alliances with Nosferatu vampires, Ratkin spies, or even Corax messengers. As a result, many Finks are wise enough to hide their sources... and learn which ones can be trusted. There is, however, a great controversy concerning the Glass Walkers, as many Finks insist on keeping the entire tribe "out of the loop." Some information is never traded outside the tribe, such as the location of secret tribal caerns.

If a cliath works with the Rat Finks, his pack can expect to be contacted at any time in a bizarre or surprising way. While sept elders sometimes use packs to help further their own political struggles, the Finks methodically award renown to allies who can find creative ways to access sensitive information. The camp's contacts include elder Bone Gnawers who recognize the camp's achievements in secret tribal moots, keeping the identities and activities of the camp's follower's secret. Only a few Bone Gnawers are rewarded by an invitation to join this conspiracy.

Frankweilers

Cindy, a Ragabash cub, has something to show you:

"I found it! I found the book I was looking for! It's about these kids who run away from home and live in a museum. They hide in the bathroom stalls after closing, and then they come out to swim in the fountain in the lobby, and look at all the paintings, and play with all the stuff they find, and eat in the cafeteria, and junk like that. That's where I got the idea. That's why I ran away from home. That's why the Bone Gnawers come to me when they want to know stuff."

Wolves are territorial creatures. Frankweilers guard their urban domains as steadfastly as any rural lupine. Just as a Red Talon might watch over a vast stretch of untamed wilderness, a Frankweiler defines a few city blocks as his protectorate. Other Garou may consider the average Bone Gnawer to be stupid, crude, and uncultured, but these valiant defenders watch over places where the "common man" can find art and education: art galleries, libraries, museums, theaters, churches, temples, art house movie theaters, or anywhere culture is readily available.

The tribe's elders encourage other Gnawers to frequent these places, especially when they're free. Such treasures are protected as fiercely as the tribal ideals they represent. The camp has been known by many names throughout the years — the Hidden Knaves, the Court of Wonders, the Phantoms — the most recent comes from a children's book in which two kids live in a museum after hours. True to form, Frankweilers live in the neighborhood around their protectorate, or even within a gallery or library after hours. While this doesn't preclude them from leaving from time to time to work with multitribal packs, many are loners who spend as much time as they can stand stalking the same corridors.

The original incarnation of the camp, the Theatre Lupine, was more concerned with culture than learning. As far back as the Renaissance, Bone Gnawer Galliards learned to eke out an existence with itinerant troupes of actors. In the same spirit, the most adventuresome Frankweilers travel from sept to sept, performing classic works for free to any that care to attend. Payment of chiminage is optional. Unfortunately, the most zealous supporters begin to see themselves as heroic as the fictional characters they portray.

The Theatre Lupine eventually grew enough to consider the major theaters of Europe as part of their protectorate. As human cities grew, the camp expanded enough to defend other public areas of culture and education. As more became familiar with public libraries and museums, they became expert consultants on literature, drama, and science.

Today, the most renowned Frankweilers are esteemed as scholars and educators. They may frequent one wing of a museum to master a particular art or science, or perhaps find a library where they can "gnaw" on tomes instead of bones. Many are great storytellers, repeating classical plays or ancient texts in ways modern Garou can understand. They may even bring culture directly to urban caerns or stomping grounds — such paragons often name themselves after characters or authors from the masterworks they have memorized.

In some large cities, a more permanent network of Frankweilers works separately from the Garou Nation's septs and caerns. When one place of culture is threatened, they all mobilize to take action, whether that's through protest, passive resistance, unseen sabotage, or Umbral quests. Many of these locations have also become safe havens for the city's homeless, where they can pass time reading and learning instead of freezing and dying.

Other heroes reach out to communities, watching over people instead of places. They may volunteer to teach literacy or English as a second language, work in needle exchange programs, educate the disadvantaged about public health issues, or even share legal or medical skills. Since the Wyrm often exploits the ignorant, suffering, starving or desperate, the Frankweilers argue they help fight it through prevention, protection, and education.

Camp Honor and Obligations

As you may have noticed, many camps spend time fighting for social change (or at least claim they do). Civic-minded Bone Gnawers help the homeless, educate the disadvantaged, protect the defenseless, or just generally fight for the underdog whenever they can. Some Storytellers may actually work these activities into a chronicle; others consider them the sort of pursuit that takes place during downtime. At the Storyteller's option, a player can declare a particularly altruistic activity he pursues when he isn't working with his pack. If the Storyteller agrees, she may award one point of temporary Honor for each week the Garou upholds this "community service."

If the character actually incorporates these activities into an adventure, he may gain additional Honor. If the player is content to let these events take place in downtime, they may still lead to side quests and stories. By this method, when the supernatural preys on innocent people, Bone Gnawers thus feel a more personal connection to their hunts, instead of an abstract need to "hunt the Wyrm" one more time.

The Hood

A Shadow Lord metis shares his ignorance:

"The Bone Gnawers want you to laugh at them. Don't you see? They want you to think they're all a bunch of homeless bums because they're up to something. You think I'm paranoid? I think you're not paranoid enough. You see, at any time, their elders can call up someone without a human name, someone without identification, someone without a background, and then send him out to commit crimes: steal something, break into somewhere, or kill someone. And then, when the job's done, they send him to another city and ask him wait in another place until they need him again. You think they're bums? I think they're brilliant."

For a protection racket, the Hood ain't half bad. Their camp is based on a rather cinematic ideal: robbing from the rich and giving to the poor. Supporters praise the camp's altruism; cynics see their scam as yet another way of punishing the rich. Because of this controversy, the Hood acts independently from the rest of the tribe. Tribal elders insist that they have no knowledge of the group's activities, or even its leaders. This doesn't stop them from occasionally awarding renown for the group's activities at secret tribal moots, but it does further a certain amount of "plausible deniability." The Garou Nation has repeatedly tried to bring the

Hood to justice — largely for its violations of the Ban of Man — but even the threat of exile rarely dissuades them.

The Hood has three primary goals. Robbing from the rich involves hunting down individuals known for their greed and exploitation. It's rumored that more than one Glass Walker has unintentionally made a "contribution" to their cause. Wolves in the Hood tend to master certain extralegal skills (namely, Stealth, Security, and Subterfuge). Camp elders usually "mark" the homes and territories of tyrants deemed worthy of punishment. Some are obviously Wyrm-tainted, but others — such as slumlords, corrupt politicians, or various esoteric supernatural entities — are not.

After a caper is done, the same Garou use their ill-gotten gains to help humans out of poverty, addiction and suffering. This is more than simply "giving to the poor" — the camp has its own particular version of tough love. Sometimes their efforts are particularly aimed at helping the occasional werewolf or his Kin keep himself from going over the edge. There's a limit to their charity, however. The Hood never gives a second chance to people who try to exploit their help or take it for granted. If the Hood gives you twenty bucks to buy clothes, and you spend it on cheap booze, the camp's attitude can change from charity to enmity in a heartbeat.

The third ideal of this camp is actually protecting the homeless, or in many cases, the innocent and undefended of a great city. In recent years, this has led to increasing violence between supernatural predators and the Hood. The Wyrm often preys on poor and suffering humans. After a pack has destroyed the spiritual evil in their midst, the Hood may move in to help restore the victim's lives to a sane and normal existence. This doesn't mean they're out to save everyone — the camp is far too street smart for that. From their point of view, each city is a dumping ground for humanity. They're just willing to take the time to salvage the few individuals who are actually worth saving.

A few Bone Gnawers claim that Robin Hood himself belonged to their tribe, inspiring a myth that has survived for over a thousand years. Others claim the phrase "rob from the rich and give to the poor" was just a cheap bit of dialogue they ripped off from old movies. Nonetheless, the ideal endures. Sometimes a Hood volunteers his own pack to help further the camp's goals without their knowledge. They may think they're trashing the estate of a Wyrm-tainted industrialist, even while their ally knows he's just another mark.

These do-gooders take their priorities seriously. If they offer to help someone, they watch over them to make sure they're getting results. If a Bone Gnawer wants help from the Hood, he better make sure he's not soaking up cheap hooch, stealing from the wrong people, or spending his money in the wrong place. If he's got a family, his kids better be in school... or the Hood might just snatch them up and put them in a home where they'll be better off. Bone Gnawer Kinfolk are watched with twice as much vigilance. While Hoods may make a mistake from time to time, they learn to spot when someone's lying to them or ripping them off. (The Philodox Gift: Truth of Gaia is a popular choice among them.)

The Hood gives, and takes away. It also protects its investments. If anyone else threatens one of their wards or charges, the Hood intervenes. Fluent in the language of the streets, they aren't afraid to confront loan sharks, street gangs, or even government agencies to make sure others don't undo their good deeds. This infuriates Garou elders even more, especially those who value "fighting the Wyrm" over the risk of revealing their own existence. Like the Frankweilers, however (and many other Bone Gnawers), Hoods believe that patrolling a city involves far more than hunting and killing the Wyrm's minions. Simply put, they give a damn.

Deserters

Runs-for-Cover, a Ragabash Rat Fink, has less than a minute to tell you what he knows:

"We're screwed. If the stories are true, the Deserters took off on great Umbral quests to find a way to save the world. Instead, they found a glimpse of the way it's going to end. Maybe they've seen the pure evil that's waiting to rise up and consume us all. Maybe they know how the Garou are all going to die. Whatever they saw, their elders ain't telling. They just kinda sit there, staring at shadows, trying not to peer beyond the Veil, and gibbering about the End. Doesn't the Litany say anything about this? Why do we let them suffer like that? Why don't we just kill them and put them out of their misery?"

Camps come and go. They change and evolve, and the Deserters are no different. Decades ago, the Garou of this camp decided that they'd had it with the physical world. Surrounded by poverty, despair, and a dying planet, they fled into the Umbra. Over time, they became experts at navigating the spirit world. Their elders led great quests for forgotten and mystical realms, seeking a paradise, utopia, or a refuge of the Wyld that could hide them from the coming Apocalypse. As darkness tightens its grip on the world, they still dream of fleeing reality like Rat Gafflings swarming from a sinking ship. Unfortunately, many of their greatest heroes are beginning to come to the same horrible realization: There is no escape.

Wandering around the planet, the camp's cliath search for pathways to other worlds, both in the Penumbra and the physical realm. They spend more time in the Umbra than most werewolves, and even some spirits. Many scrounge around the Gauntlet for shortcuts and gateways, looking for the right portal or passageway to the distant beyond to ensure their renown. Using this information, charismatic fostern undertake expeditions deep into the spirit world, sometimes followed by packs of enthusiastic and gullible Garou. Accessing such a gateway often depends on stepping sideways in the right aperture at the right time in the correct fashion, whether that involves shimming through a crumbling stone wall, running through a burning building, or leaping into a public toilet. There are some Umbral journeys only a Deserter or a madman (or both) will attempt.

By the time a Deserter becomes an elder, he's either fled from reality or resigned himself to a life in the realm of flesh. In recent years, some of the camp's most renowned elders have started coming home. They've been running from the problems of the real world for a long time, but for reasons no one outside their camp can fully understand, it's as though hundreds of them have decided it was time to converge back on Mother Earth. Spending so much time in the Umbra has driven some of their elders over the edge. Garou are creatures of both flesh and spirit, after all; werewolves who spend too much time in the spirit world start to disconnect from reality. Most of these Umbral veterans can be identified by the haunted looks in their eyes. The camp has no "leaders" as such, only elders who are reticent to talk of things they've seen, and no doubt were not meant to know. Bone Gnawer Galliards tell horror

stories of these elder's travels, although many of their tales are non-linear, expressionistic, or just plain mad.

Deserters aren't simply homeless — it's as though they don't belong *anywhere*. Some are afraid to go near places where Garou gather, eschewing septs and caerns with equal disdain. Without the rites and rituals of their own kind, however, their madness grows. Others act as though they're still *not all there*, reacting to everything around them as though they were in an alien world. Telephones and televisions become as foreign to them as extradimensional artifacts. While Deserter elders have profound knowledge of the Umbra, many are reluctant to go back there for long. Outside the Velvet Shadow, their eyes dart about, or their hands shake, or they act as though something's ready to jump out at them from the shadows. When they do return to the Umbra, however, they often possess a great command of knowledge, lore, and legend, which they carefully parcel out to cliath foolish enough to follow in their paw prints.

Like werewolves of all camps, Deserters join packs with Garou of all tribes and breeds, yet they also demand the right to launch into Umbral quests whenever it suits them. This gives them a reputation of being unreliable, but because of the Deserters' thorough knowledge of Umbral cosmology, few packs would refuse their contributions and expertise. When they travel with followers of their own camp, they assemble in tightly knit packs — each member has a specialized role to perform. Deserters also quest with Garou from other packs, often after hearing fantastic rumors from their Umbral colleagues. Anyone who brings a remarkable new tale of Umbral adventure may be blessed... or cursed... with an offer to accompany Deserters on another fantastic voyage.

Road Warders

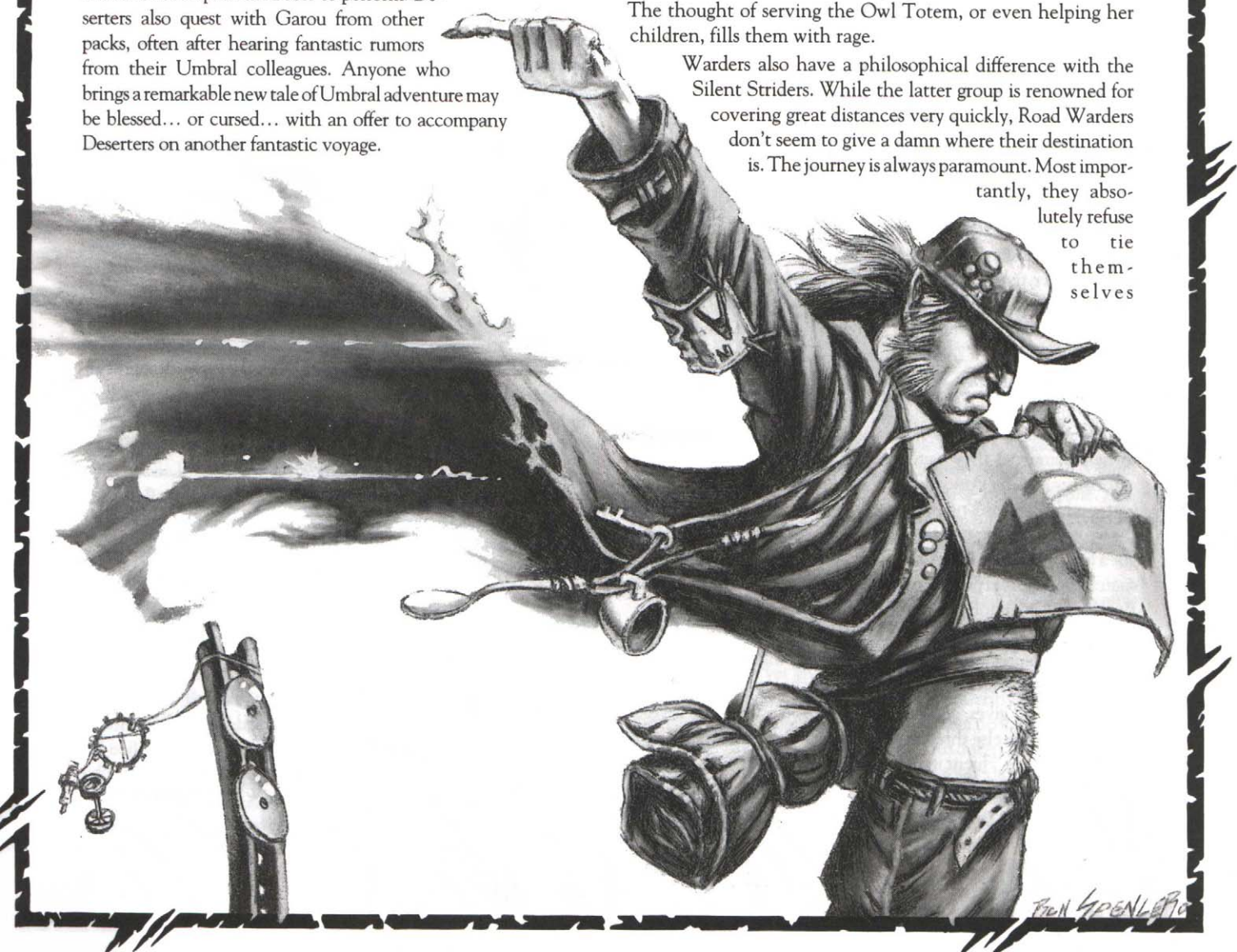
Walks-the-Earth, a Road Warder elder, shares what he knows:

"You think the Wyrm is only found near our caerns? Don't count on it. The Wyrm is everywhere, and far from our protectorates, it spawns undisturbed and unchallenged. The Road Warders are scouts of the Garou Nation, one of several camps that searches the planet looking for evil. Maybe we aren't as fast as the Silent Striders, but by taking the long way, our camp finds what they're too busy running past to notice. If you're willing to take the scenic route, I'm happy to tag along with you for a while."

All Road Warders have one thing in common: They hate to stay in any one place for too long. You'll find them on long bus rides cross-country, riding the rails on rusting trains, or languishing deep in the holds of tramp steamers. Hitchhiking is an art to them. A Warder may try to settle down, but it never lasts for long. Like the tribe's rabble, the Tagalong Gift is essential to them — they only join packs temporarily, and only when it suits them. Boon companions are often rewarded later with news far from the heavily patrolled territories of urban septs... and further invitations to adventure.

Road Warders may not travel with the grace, style, or speed of a Silent Strider, but they don't really seem to care where they're going, as long as they're on the move. Many have a fierce devotion to the Rat Totem, and as part of this religion, maintain a fierce hatred of any werewolves who follow Owl. The thought of serving the Owl Totem, or even helping her children, fills them with rage.

Warders also have a philosophical difference with the Silent Striders. While the latter group is renowned for covering great distances very quickly, Road Warders don't seem to give a damn where their destination is. The journey is always paramount. Most importantly, they absolutely refuse to tie themselves



down to jobs as messengers, couriers, or diplomats. Like the rabble, they've dropped out of Garou society as much as they have from human society. Between their time in isolation and their exposure to many different cultures, they slowly develop odd habits, strange modes of speaking, and even a mounting rage that isolates them from cityfolk Garou until they stop running long enough to "catch their breath."

Long-distance traveling also results in some odd friendships and temporary alliances. While Road Warders may try hard to stay away from Garou politics, they still care about the people around them they meet on their travels. Like all Garou, they also need the company of their own kind, even if it's just for a few days. Typically, if they see a fellow traveler that's stranded, endangered, or exploited, they make it their business to get involved. When they finally make it to a tribal moot where they can relate their strange stories, this Code of the Road earns them quite a bit of Honor. Their stories also serve as a reminder that the world is much larger than the bawns of its caerns.

Warders have a habit of showing up unexpectedly just about anywhere. They may stop off at a sept dominated by Bone Gnawers for a few days, trading tales as chiminage for their brief stay. Some frequent the same stomping grounds from year to year, bringing random news of other notable Garou. Many uncover corruption spread by the Wyrm's minions far from the watchful eyes of a caern's elders. Following the communal instincts that make them Garou, a few set up their own temporary stomping grounds with other Bone Gnawers, taking over an abandoned freight car, a Kinfolk's van, or even a cross-country bus for a week or so to perform appropriate rites. Led by spirits, they may even come to the aid of Bone Gnawers (and their packmates) traveling far from the safe confines of a sept.

Hillfolk

Oscar Spits-Far vents his opinion:

"If we're the dregs of the Garou Nation, then the Hillfolk are scum that sinks to the bottom. They're poor, and they're proud, and they're horribly inbred. Here in the city, we've got culture and civilization. City wolves see the world as it is. Hillfolk live in the world as it was. They're living in the past, and they're hiding from the Wyrm. You might as well just write them off."

A Hillfolk Garou spits a bit farther, and responds:

"Cityfolk think they know everything. Our kith and Kin been getting by in the wild for centuries, since the days of the mountain men. I know the old stories, and the old ways. The fads in the cities come and go. My education comes from survival in the wilderness, not that crap on the teevee. I can survive without a cell phone, a supermarket, or a dumpster. I hunt what I eat and stand by my family. That's more than I can say for those damn city wolves."

The Hillfolk are a camp of rural Bone Gnawers. Rather than enduring scorn and poverty in the big city, they've learned to live and survive in the wild. Hillfolk families are even more extensive than those of their urban Kin, and twice as territorial. The thickest concentration is spread throughout the Deep South, particularly in the Appalachians. The camp lives much as it has for generations, shunning all the trappings of the modern world, including modern technology and biased education. Instead, they tell the same stories and sing the same ballads their ancestors did, hidden from the evils of the modern world.

Sadly, outsiders often see the camp as the embodiment of all of the worst "hillbilly" stereotypes imaginable. Some claim that the Hillfolk families are so inbred that they hide entire packs of metis. Supposedly, Hillfolk mate with the same Kinfolk families from one generation to the next, largely in an effort to breed more "true Garou." Marriage with outsiders is accordingly discouraged. Traditional Garou legends and Southern folk tales are more immediate to their lives than "book learnin'," but by modern standards, they are considered ignorant and uncivilized. Since the mid-twentieth century, well-meaning humans have tried to raise the local standard of living, but the camp has resisted this efforts with equal fervor, seeing it as the eradication of their own unique culture.

Hillfolk are also infamous for their most potent creation: true moonshine. This legendary creation gets its name from its supernatural properties. During the full moon, Bone Gnawer "white lightning" is infused with the spirit of the Wyld, granting it mystical power. It is rumored that even ordinary humans may gain brief glimpses of the Umbra after partaking of this heady brew. It is also rumored to be the one substance that a Fianna can't shake off with the Gift: Resist Toxin. For these and other reasons, Hillfolk use the Delirium to scare off "revenuers" and others who pry into their secretive activities — leading to many of the horror stories and stereotypes mentioned above.

Outsiders never learn how much the Hillfolk revert to their lupine forms when roaming their isolated territories, although the South has seen an increasing number of red wolves in recent years. The camp is also well versed in faerie lore, often because their largest protectorates are close to changeling freeholds. While they may be living in the past, their society has endured long enough that the collapse of modern civilization may leave it relatively unscathed for a while — an idea that fits well with the Bone Gnawer tribe's ideals.

The Swarm

Six-Pack, an Ahroun of the Swarm, spews bile:

"I ain't hiding. I'm waiting. Waiting for the time to strike. Waiting for the call of my God. The other tribes can blather to each other about how we're lazy, how we're weak, how we're doomed to die. Let them waste their breath. I've been biding my time and stockpiling in my basement. Food. Ammo. Explosives. The other servants of the Rat God have been waiting, too. When Rat screams, we'll answer him in a firestorm of blood and thunder."

One of the reasons the Bone Gnawers are often treated with disdain is their attitude towards war. Great warriors honor those who strike first and strike hardest. As the tribe's name suggests, they have a habit of letting the "greatest share of the kill," as the Litany demands, "go to the greatest in station." Garou who aren't interested in being "gloryhounds" must be content to gnaw on the bones that remain. Thus, there is a common stereotype that Bone Gnawers are not as eager to charge into battle as other Garou, valuing survival over the glory of battle.

Like many stereotypes, it's not entirely correct. Rat, the tribe's totem, is a totem of war. Rat's children learn many subtle and deceptive tactics in battle, some of which are considered "dishonorable" by the Get, the Talons, and their allies. These methods don't earn as much Glory, and they certainly don't earn Honor — but they work. There's a huge difference between Silver Fang duelists and Bone Gnawer street fighters and saboteurs. Guerilla assaults, ambuscades and assassinations, sabotage and

Man-Eaters

Hunger drives sane people to desperation. The Man-Eaters were originally a cannibal cult within the Bone Gnawer tribe. Most of its "converts" were Garou who had succumbed to frenzy too often. Thanks to vigilance and ingenious rites, the Bone Gnawers have shattered any actual intersept organization of this hidden society. After the incident at the Dandelion Hill Sept in 1996 (as described above), a fair number of Gnawers have systematically hunted and killed their anthropophagous brethren. Still, the Man-Eaters continue to hang on. Although Theurges have developed the Rite of Man-Taint to hunt down Garou who have consumed human flesh, Man-Eaters have responded by being craftier and more secretive in their methods. Few are foolish enough to join a sept, although any major city may harbor one or two of them among the local rabble.

There is, however, at least one brutal exception that proves that these ghoulish werewolves can still gather in numbers — the Man-Eaters of Cairo. Unknown to the rest of the tribe, a virulent outbreak of a disease called Jackal Fever infected Cairo's Bone Gnawer population with a gnawing hunger for, among other things, human flesh. Though the fever has passed, the cravings remain, with the result that Cairo is home to a larger Man-Eater population than has been seen anywhere else. Needless to say, this would be a terrible concern to the rest of the tribe — if they knew about it.

subterfuge are all ratlike tactics. Why risk your life in a straight-up fight when the fate of the world is on the line? It's not as though the Wyrm is going to fight fair, after all.

One camp of Bone Gnawers, nicknamed "the Swarm," serves as Rat's teeth in the war against the Wyrm. As masters of Rat's tactics, they specialize in dirty fighting and underhanded strategy. Yet as Bone Gnawers, they place the needs of their tribe over the politics of the Garou Nation. All the politics of that antiquated society are distractions to them. When they show up at a caern, they're ready to fight. Some Bone Gnawers claim that the camp won't fully mobilize for any event short of judgment day itself.

Tribal elders call upon the Swarm when the politics of compromise prove useless. The Swarm has many allies among the rabble, concealing their true strength in numbers until they need to strike with full force. The camp also has its own secret leaders, who typically contact the camp's heroes, "Rat's Teeth," through spiritual servitors. The tribe's elders disavow the Swarm's activities — as with many other camps, they award Renown at tribal moots, not caring for public perceptions of Glory and Honor.

Some of the camp's followers remain distant from the rest of the tribe for religious reasons: they interpret the tribal totem differently than most Bone Gnawers. Rat is not a skulking coward fleeing for cover; for the followers of this camp, the Rat God screams of the need for war. (See "Totems" in Chapter Three for the horrific details.) Hearing the voice of the Rat God is an intensely personal experience — thus, it is possible for a Bone Gnawer to have a spiritual connection to this totem, and answer its call, even while he has dedicated himself to another pack and pack totem. (The character only receives benefits from his pack totem, however.) Even when the Swarm is not currently defending a sept in wartime, its followers carry out regular missions of sabotage and urban terrorism against their totem's enemies. Some of the Rat God's most fervent warriors only associate with the Swarm camp in secret, spending most of their time as upstanding citizens in a Garou caern.

Camp followers train for the day when the Swarm's true strength is needed. Following the requests of their elders, they harry their enemies with many swift, surgical strikes. One of the Swarm might receive the request to wound a specific target at a precise time, hopefully eliciting help from his packmates. Sometimes they receive messages carried by rat-spirits on behalf of their tribal god, coordinating complicated strategies only a Bone Gnawer would understand. Weakening the Wyrm with a thousand bites and slashes, the Swarm waits until the right moment to send in pack-attacks of heroes. It is rumored that the Swarm may even be interested in striking at less supernatural targets, resorting to ecoterrorism or corporate sabotage in many areas of the United States.

The Litany

Werewolves are legendary because of their feral instincts and shocking acts of violence. Yet their law and culture make them something far nobler — they make them Garou. Even among the Bone Gnawers, the Litany helps werewolves maintain at least the pretense of civility. Many have run into trouble with human law at one time or another, but Garou law is notably different.

Much to the amusement of the lupus, humans try to trap the law in rules and legislation, endlessly arguing over the words of the law rather than its spirit. Garou don't have the same kind of written heritage that humans do. The Litany is as much a set of precedents as a set of rules. Great Philodox can justify their interpretation of the Litany by citing situations where it was tested decades, centuries, or even millennia ago. Thus, when the Fianna sing the whole paean of the Litany, it includes tales of great trials and tribulations throughout the history of the Garou Nation.

Unfortunately, for these reasons, Garou law is biased against the Bone Gnawers. When Philodox and Galliards speak about great heroes, too often the Bone Gnawers are overlooked. The names of heroes are remembered; the names of sidekicks, outsiders, and peasants are not. In some of the greatest precedents of the Litany, Kinfolk and Bone Gnawers are barely remembered as defendants, while Shadow Lord litigators and Fianna orators are the heroes rushing to their defense. When the Litany is argued case by case, point by point, Philodox remind the tribe of its shame. Only a few have the courage to stand up and oppose such prejudice.

This bias is another reason why tribal moots are important to this tribe — Bone Gnawers are more likely to find justice when they approach their own merciful Tribal Mothers and Fathers than when they crawl before the elders of the nearest sept. Because the tribe values deeds over ancestry, an outcast may be judged by what he's done in this lifetime, not what Garou ancestors did centuries ago. No matter how you

deconstruct the letter of the law, the tribe is keenly aware of the separation between the Litany and justice.

Case in Point

[The excerpts of the dialogue that follows were recorded at a moot held at the Sept of the Green in Manhattan; the notes you're reading were later transcribed by one of Simon Gentle's Glass Walker Kinfolk. Zachary Ellison, a Shadow Lord, has been asked to evaluate whether the Bone Gnawer rabble of Manhattan should be held accountable for recent violations of the Litany. It is a dangerous precedent, for the rabble are not regarded as citizens of their septs, even though they hide within the protectorates of the caerns. The outcome of this hearing will influence whether all of the city's Bone Gnawers should be invited to attend moots at the caern.]

Zachary Ellison, Shadow Lord Philodox, addresses the sept:

Honored sept leader, tribal elders, and esteemed representatives of the Garou Nation: We have gathered at this moot today to consider the role the Bone Gnawer rabble shall play in this sept. My tribe, the Shadow Lords, has been diligent in detailing the Bone Gnawer tribe's numerous violations of the Litany, particularly among the "rabble." I shall repeat for you what I have heard, for even I find it shocking. Before I am done, you will see why we must forbid them to attend the moots of our sept.

Allow me first to praise Anwar Huskar, of Jonas Albrecht's court, for gathering so much of this information. He has traveled across the entirety of New York State for precisely this purpose. And before I begin, let us consider Victor Bonecrusher, the foolish metis who stands opposite me. He has the temerity to defend a tribe of cowards and scavenging curs who would vitiate the strength of our caerns for the sake of their own survival.

By the time I have given you my thirteen arguments, you will see why these rabble should not be admitted to our sept again. They have refused to attend our gatherings. Furthermore, they have not earned the right to stand beside the worthies I see arrayed before me... or even the impudent metis that openly speaks out against me.

Garou Shall Not Mate With Garou

Zachary Ellison, Shadow Lord Philodox, repeats the arguments of his tribe:

My lord sept leader, I have found the Bone Gnawers within our protectorate to have ignored the first precept of the Litany with impunity. Our scouts have repeatedly found metis of the tribe sheltered within the ranks of the rabble, sheltered from their obligations to patrol and defend the septs their parents shamed with acts of incest. It is well-known that the Bone Gnawers have more metis than any other tribe. By breeding indiscriminately, the tribe increases its own ranks, demanding the privilege of a voice within our septs, yet neglecting the obligation of their duties to them. Thus, if we continue to allow rabble into our sept, we will find our ranks swelled with indigent metis that refuse to fully carry out their responsibility to the Garou Nation.

Victor Bonecrusher, metis Bone Gnawer Philodox, defends his tribemates:

Our Litany does indeed state restrictions on the mating of Garou. But if this crime has been committed, it is ridiculous to punish the children of these unions, especially by an act as extreme as exile from a caern. They are blameless. They are born innocents, and yet they suffer abuse throughout their lives. If you can prove a Bone Gnawer has bred with another, bring both of them forward and we will put them on trial. If you actually believe the rabble are hiding as part of a conspiracy to outbreed the other tribes, then by all means, you must encourage them to come into the caern where we can watch them more closely. And if you feel that the metis are not working hard enough to defend this caern, then you must welcome them as equal brothers and sisters in the caern, not persecute them because of a crime their parents committed years ago.

The Reality: As the Shadow Lords claim, the Bone Gnawers watch over more metis than any other tribe. Some are castoffs, bastards adopted from other tribes. Others are the tribe's own children, the result of a cold night or a frightened young warrior who thought he wouldn't live to see tomorrow. Regardless of the punishment visited on the parents, Bone Gnawers treat their metis with a great deal of tolerance. The tribe's metis still take on some of the most thankless and grueling tasks in the tribe, but some are almost treated as equals.

The tribe has a rather extreme view of sex with their own kind: the only real crime is getting caught. While few Bone Gnawers would admit this openly, long, lonely hours of living on the street sometimes drive them to seek sympathy and comfort. This doesn't mean that they intentionally breed packs of metis — the crime is still punished by the Garou Nation. However, Bone Gnawers quickly learn to prepare for such an eventuality. Simply put, even the most uncivilized lupus learns the value of a little protection. Many aren't terribly open (or open-minded) about sex, preferring to keep their liaisons furtive and transient.

Save perhaps for the Children of Gaia, other werewolves are horrified by this idea. On the few occasions where an act of "incest" is performed, the tribe as a whole is reviled for such attitudes. From the Bone Gnawers' point of view, comforting another werewolf isn't a crime. Admittedly, this has created something of a double standard, since getting pregnant (or getting someone pregnant) still is. In the few septs where Bone Gnawers have some modicum of political influence, the crime is often punished by exile from the sept. By contrast, in caerns where Bone Gnawers are treated like serfs and peasants, the punishment is often death or ostracism from the Garou Nation.

Combat the Wyrm Wherever It Dwells and Whenever It Breed

Zachary Ellison accuses:

Bone Gnawer cowardice is legendary. In previous moots, I have detailed to you how the local Bone Gnawers have consorted with Wyrm-tainted Ratkin, conspired with Leeches, and even brought these Wyrmspawn into their tribal moots! I have evidence of so-called "Rat Finks" trading information with Nosferatu, an act of treachery I have heard blamed on the Shadow Lords, but without similar proof. They have suffered for their lapses in judgment, reaping the betrayal of their treacherous acts, but we have suffered even more for their complicity with the Wyrm. Yet they continue to make such alliances! Would you have them bring the taint of the Wyrm into our sept as well?

Victor Bonecrusher responds:

If Bone Gnawer cowardice is legendary, so is Shadow Lord treachery. We know how many times you have "negotiated" treaties with the Leeches, Mr. Ellision, and how often they have failed. Maybe you can't sense the stench of the Wyrm, Ellison, but I can, and so can the Warder who keeps the Wyrm's minions from our bawn. I should also say that the local rabble have their own way of fighting the Wyrm, by living among the humans who are typically exploited by it. Let us address this Shadow Lord and speak of our obligations to Gaia. We would not hide from humanity, as he does in the safety of a sept, but seek firsthand the humans that have been victimized by the Wyrm's depredations and heal them. Evidently, this sept does not share such fervor. Instead, we waste time listening once again to a Shadow Lord's monkeybabble.

The Reality: Survival often depends on choosing your battles carefully. Bone Gnawers often see little honor (or sense) in charging into battle against impossible odds. Some other Garou call this cowardice, but urban Garou may consider it common sense. For instance, many cities are crawling with vampires. Wars against them seem to end with heavy casualties on both sides. No matter how "Wyrm-tainted" they may seem, common sense suggests that trying to kill them *all* is futile.

Cynical Bone Gnawers come to see their more martial brothers and sisters — like the Fenrir and Red Talons — as shock troops in the war against the Wyrm. A wise Garou knows that an experienced hero who's lived long enough to learn *how* to fight is more useful in the long run than a bloodthirsty cub that's eager to throw his life away.

Recently, more practical Garou have espoused another interpretation of this dictum, one that (admittedly) isn't fully supported by tradition. If the Wyrm must be destroyed wherever it dwells, then tending to places where it typically festers is a wise act of prevention. Stopping abuse, exploitation, or suffering before it allows the Wyrm to take over the victims (or command the perpetrators) is therefore almost as important — or just as important — as ceaseless violent warfare against unseen spirits. For traditional Garou, this is a radical and provocative idea, but among outcasts like Bone Gnawers, it is rapidly gaining popularity.

Respect the Territory of Another

Zachary Ellison preaches:

It is the accepted custom of cultured Garou to announce one's name and lineage when entering the bawn of a caern for the first time. Not so with the rabble. They skulk and creep into our domains, ashamed to admit the names of the disreputable ancestors who spawned them. Yet their disrespect involves far more than the breach of this formality. If they respected our territory, they would report each full moon to our esteemed elders to attend our sept moots. Look around. How many do you see? If they cannot respect us by attending our moots regularly, this privilege of theirs should be revoked.

Victor Bonecrusher responds:

Perhaps my colleague would like the Bone Gnawers attending our moots to present themselves properly, stating their full lineage. Unfortunately, not all of them can. Metis don't always know the names of their parents, nor do Bone Gnawers know of Garou fathers who abandoned their mothers. They'd no doubt give their names if they could. As such, this is a trivial offense at best. If we truly welcomed the rabble, they would attend more moots. If we gave them a voice in the sept, they'd speak. As it is, we have become more obsessed with line and lineage than the opinions of the Garou we are supposed to serve. You would shame them further when they attempt to approach us, instead of letting them share what they have seen and heard. The mere fact that the rabble can survive on the streets is a testimony to their ability to respect territorial boundaries.

The Reality: "Territory" means a lot to wolves in the wild, but the concept becomes twisted in big cities. Garou have instincts to follow older ways, marking their territory with scent and warning intruders with howls, but they must mute these instincts considerably when surrounded by mankind. Human gangs might kill each over for control of a few city blocks, but Bone Gnawers cannot be so indiscreet. To preserve the Veil — and more importantly, to survive — they must be far more subtle. Most know that cities crawl with other supernatural creatures as well, from Banes and vampires to urban shamans and technomancers. These forces are even more discreet, and tend to notice conflict as readily as they watch for the rending of the Veil. Howling your ancestry is just not practical; thus, many Bone Gnawers don't learn the subtlety of this practice.

Instead, for this tribe, respecting another's territory involves remembering many little things. Don't stir up trouble in someone else's home. Don't threaten the Veil where someone else lives. Don't raid places where another Garou needs food. Don't mark walls and lampposts with your urine unless you're *damn* sure you can defend that territory, and don't beg on another pack's street corner. The laws of the street have many unwritten rules, and Bone Gnawers must learn them quickly. This becomes just as much a matter of streetwise etiquette (or Streetwise and Etiquette) as instinct. When they are broken, most of the offended parties appeal to a Father or Mother or their tribe, but barring that, democracy rules. If a Garou can't play fair, the rabble have a right to rise *en masse* and drive out an offender, either with punishment rites or outright violence.

Rural Garou obey stricter rules. Territory includes the protectorates guarded by your relations, your Kinfolk, and possibly even your mundane relatives. Many stay near their Kin — their extended families are often blood relations. As amazing as it may seem, some Kinfolk families maintain feuds that reach back to the 19th century. In America, many of these rivalries can be traced back to the Civil War. No outside force can intervene when one family offends another. Of course, some Wyrm-tainted Kin keep their own territory. When a Garou trespasses, an entire family of fomori, Black Spirals or Wyrm-spirits descends on the hapless transgressor. Territories are far larger in the country, and are protected by more overt and obvious means than in the city.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

Zachary Ellison scoffs:

Surely someday we shall put this dictum to the test again! Unfortunately, we would have to find someone weak enough to be defeated by a Bone Gnawer. Perhaps then, once they have found someone more shamed than them, that they would harry them through the streets.

Victor Bonecrusher cracks his knuckles:

If you would like to test this dictum, I should be delighted to oblige you. If you would respond to one of my challenges not

with words, but with your claws, we shall see what happens when I force a surrender from you. Until then, perhaps you should not speculate what will happen when you are forced to defend yourself with something other than words. Challenge the Swarm. Challenge our Ahroun. Challenge me. We will see what happens when your throat is in my teeth. Don't speak to me of cowardice when you won't face me in a fair fight.

The Reality: Bone Gnawers often test this dictum to its limits. Fighting with other Garou wastes lives, and many would rather bear the disgrace of losing a challenge than running the risk of losing one's life. As a result, many Bone Gnawers are masters of groveling, scraping, and bowing to get out of a brawl. This tendency has helped to make them one of the most reviled tribes in the Garou Nation, for few flaws are as ugly to a Garou as cowardice.

Yet in other sorts of challenges, Bone Gnawer heroes excel. In tests of wisdom, urban Theurges use the mysteries of the city to their own advantage, drawing off their own "home court advantage." In tests of cunning, Ragabash use the dirty tricks they've mastered as part of survival. Ahroun earn scorn by insisting on non-violent challenges, like sports and athletic contests, but rivals who accept these challenges often get their asses kicked in basketball, baseball, and football. Galliards and Philodox struggle to take what they've learned from human society to impress their more rural rivals. This may seem unfair, but if it a Garou takes up an urban Garou on a challenge, the winner will at least humbly accept an honorable defeat.

Rabble bend the rules of "honorable challenges" until they break. When survival is on the line, there's no such thing as honor. If someone challenges the rabble, they'll fuck up their rivals so badly that they'll never mess with them again. If your opponent is groveling on the ground, it's fair game to break a few ribs with your steel-toed boots. If elders were to see these transgressions, they'd strip the offenders of their Honor, but since the rabble have rejected most sept-based activities, they've forsaken the protection of this dictum.

Submission to Those of Higher Station

Zachary Ellison condemns:

Is it really respect these creatures display? Unlike my somewhat crude adversary, they haven't the impudence to physically threaten their elders. Instead, they cower. They cringe. They fawn over their superiors. And in typical deviance, they invoke the Rite of Contrition to atone for even the most minor transgressions. Yet if the rabble truly showed respect and submission, they would do us the honor of attending our moots each month. As it is, they only reveal themselves when they stand to benefit. You have all seen how readily they feign sincerity — let us not indulge this prevarication.

Victor Bonecrusher feigns surprise:

You feel our expressions of submission are insincere? How odd for a Shadow Lord to accuse us of insincerity. We have submitted in more ways than you can understand: submitted to shame, submitted to scorn, and submitted to prejudice. Now you would have the rabble submit to exile. When we come to your sept, we obey the proper forms of obeisance. Forgive us if we aren't willing to let you kick us more when we're down on all fours.

The Reality: In most septs, just about everyone is of "higher station" than the Bone Gnawers. Because the tribe harbors many outcasts and dropouts, this precept is exploited repeatedly. Bone Gnawers do a lot of bowing and scraping, but this is as much a survival tactic as anything else. It's possible to submit to elders openly, but honestly respecting them is another matter entirely. For this reason, in any major city, a few urban werewolves are hesitant to go near Garou gatherings at all. They'll show up at tribal moots, but the thought of kneeling before intolerant, greedy or power-mad elders isn't terribly attractive.

Despite this, a vast number of Bone Gnawers are actually content, and even comfortable, to keep this role in Garou society. Outsiders should keep one consideration in mind: the low social status of Bone Gnawers isn't really a role that's forced on them. In fact, it's accepted, almost as second nature. Werewolves are inherently hierarchical creatures. Just as every pack of wolves has an alpha, a Bone Gnawer intuitively knows that he's the straggler (or sometimes, the maverick) in the group. This doesn't prevent the odd Bone Gnawer from becoming a great leader, but it does encourage most to feel more comfortable following one. In a pack, of course, the same instincts encourage Garou to treat all their packmates as "equals" to a degree, regarding them more by their auspice than their tribe.

Within their own tribe, Bone Gnawers hold the highest reverence for their elders. Survival is difficult, and life is hard, so any Gnawer who has lived a long life is worthy of respect. However, not every elder holds a position of influence in the tribe. The tribal Mothers and Fathers who can support the largest extended families, feed and clothe the most people, and throw the best tribal revels are accorded the highest esteem among all elders. In this fashion, respect to those highest in station is based on genuine admiration, not instinct or protocol.

The First Share of the Kill to the Greatest In Station

Zachary Ellison drips sarcasm:

Here I may concede this portion of the Litany. I have been invited to gatherings of Bone Gnawers, and seen firsthand their hospitality. As an adren among them, they gave me the best food they can: a pile of wet cardboard from a simmering cauldron, stale macaroni diluted in powdered milk, and the remains of an animal they found in a nearby dumpster. We can rest assured that if the rabble frequent our sept gatherings more often, we can expect similar treasures.

Victor Bonecrusher expresses disgust:

If the food a starving man gave you wasn't good enough, I really have nothing to say in response.

The Reality: Historically, the tribe was first called Bone Gnawers for an obvious reason. Other Garou want the first share of the kill, but Rat's children are content to scavenge through whatever's left over. Gaia provides. Of course, this works both ways: A Bone Gnawer typically doesn't mind letting another Garou strike first if he's really dead set on getting the greatest share of the kill. Let the poor fool risk his life for a more succulent haunch of meat — rats learn to live off the remains. Usually, the only time a Gnawer insists in the greatest share is when a whole pack scavenges. When dumpster diving, for instance, the eldest Garou is accorded the choice bits of leftovers. When Gnawers of equal rank compete, however, the democratic ideal endures: it's every wolf for himself.

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

Zachary Ellison scowls:

Very well. You would speak of culinary habits. Let us ask the Galliards present if they are familiar with the saga of the Dandelion Hill? It is the most infamous example of this transgression. Perhaps there is a reason so many of the rabble are hiding?

Victor Bonecrusher snarls in return:

If you knew the whole story, you'd know how it ended! A vast conspiracy of the Man-Eater camp was wiped out after the incidents at Dandelion Hill. We have even created rites for seeking and destroying these deviants. If the rabble held a place of importance in our moots, we could actually perform these rites to root them out.

The Reality: To most other tribes, the Man-Eaters are an urban legend; some believe they're still around, others feel they've been wiped out, and some never thought they existed in the first place. Bone Gnawers, on the other hand, still vigilantly seek them out. They still see signs of urban cannibalism, and with what little reputation they've got left, they don't dare repeat what they've seen. When a cult of Man-Eaters is found, Bone Gnawers prefer to slay them swiftly and decisively, so that these corrupt Garou don't bring further disgrace to their tribe.

Respect Those beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

Zachary assumes a stance of scorn:

Because of the apathy and ignorance of so many Bone Gnawer elders, their tribe's cubs and cliath — the tribalists "beneath them" — must scavenge and scrounge for long hours simply to hunt enough sustenance to avoid starvation. Because they are lazy, they raise their children in poverty. Because they are ignorant, their children are uneducated. Many even fail to teach their children to read, or abandon them entirely. These are the sorts of rabble you would continue to invite into our sept, creatures so base that they cannot care for their own Kin.

Victor Bonecrusher responds with equal outrage:

My friend, I think I would turn this accusation back at you. You speak of Bone Gnawers as though they are the least and lowliest of our society. If this arrogance of yours is well-founded, you should respect all Bone Gnawers as Gaia's children. You would also feel some obligation to see that they are fed, clothed, and educated. You would care when they came to our caern for help, instead of persecuting them for imagined and fabricated crimes. It is because of the disrespect of Garou like you that the rabble have little interest in rushing to our moots to suffer further abuse.

The Reality: As one would expect, this precept doesn't come up much within the tribe. Bone Gnawers rarely need to enforce respect for those beneath them. However, American Bone Gnawers typically use this idea to justify their democratic and often chaotic society. While elders are accorded respect, everyone should have a say in the way a sept or family conducts its business. A Bone Gnawer trial, as an example, often involves a jury of peers, so that a representative sample of the tribe can pass what they see as a fair judgment.

A Bone Gnawer elder who doesn't listen to lower-ranking Garou may find herself with a revolution on her hands — or at least a pack of disgruntled brothers and sisters who leave the sept to wander the streets in their own families. Because of the attitudes other tribes have toward Bone Gnawers, the same impulse drives tribalists to leave septs where they feel that they've been ripped off. They may return eventually, usually to scam food, clothes and shelter, but nothing requires a member of this tribe to endure abuse. If they aren't shown respect, rabble drift into their own separate societies.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

Zachary Ellison appeals to the elders:

The Garou of our sept are watched closely, for if one of them were to break the Veil, we must move swiftly to erase all traces of this transgression. We have seen the need for proper punishment of such carelessness in this sept. Yet with so much of the rabble existing within our protectorate unseen, we cannot be sure how many times they have violated this sacred law. They have not come forth. They will not come forth. We can extend amnesty to one sect of Garou and so closely monitor another. If they have no interest in revealing their crimes, we must seek them out and purge them from our protectorate.

Victor Bonecrusher reminds the elders:

If the rabble are so well-hidden that you cannot find them all, it is a testimony to their ability to uphold the Veil. Countless times I have seen cliath sent out to die to repair a rending of the Veil instigated by a member of this caern. If the sept's cliath are careless, they are shamed. If rabble are not discreet in hiding their true nature, they cannot survive — they are killed. It is that simple. It is we who have much to learn from them.

The Reality: A few urban septs have their own very strict laws regarding the Veil. They may, for instance, insist that all visitors remain in homid form for the duration of their stay, particularly if the High Ban is in effect. In addition, it is possible that only the Master of the Rite may be able to perform rituals within the caern's bawn. In times of trouble, the sept may even have to discourage visitors from staying overnight and drawing attention to the sacred site. Contrary to common misconceptions about Bone Gnawers and their Lupus form, most urban caerns also discourage others from wearing the skin of a wolf in the city. Understandably, this has heightened the tension between Bone Gnawers and other tribes. While these ideas may seem very conservative for *urrah*, recent events leading to the annihilation or capture of urban caerns have taught the tribal elders some very harsh lessons.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

Zachary Ellison:

The rabble are indeed sickly — in body, mind, and spirit. It is their custom to make the eldest Bone Gnawers the leaders of their tribe. It is their wish to revere the mentally ill among them, according them as great mystics. No matter how sick or starving the weak of their tribe may be, they waste what little food and clothes they have to keep them alive. Let me remind you of the number of times Bone Gnawers have shown up for food, learn a rite or Gift, take what they can, and leave us without proper chiminage. If we welcome the rabble, they will bleed us dry.

Victor Bonecrusher:

Yes, we revere those who have lived long, for they have much to teach us. Certainly, we listen to those infused with the Wyld, for sometimes their prophecies are correct. Our es-

teemed Glass Walker Philodox, Simon Gentle, can tell you of how our mystics predicted the Crash of '29, for instance... and what happened when they were ignored. Do not forget: When our brothers and sisters come to us for help, we help them. If the rabble want to approach this sept, we should welcome them, for that is one of the reasons Gaia revealed her sacred sites to us. They are not for a few privileged Garou, but for all that would fight the Wyrm. With so many enemies around us, and our very race dying out, we cannot afford to do anything less.

The Reality: Someone who cannot survive on his own is a liability to others. Mothers and Fathers who lead and rule wisely are treated with care, and sometimes even given a choice share of food and loot that is scavenged. Yet if an elder can no longer rule wisely, he must prove again that he can fend for himself. Many old Bone Gnawers volunteer to "disappear" from Garou society for a while to prove they're still worthy of respect. It is a said fact of life that people die on the street every day, slowly killed by exhaustion, starvation, inclement weather, hopelessness or loneliness. If a Bone Gnawer cannot recover from these ailments, he is left to these elements to die.

The tribe considers this precept to not only apply to physical sickness, but mental illness as well. Such sickness isn't "tended" or coddled; in fact, it may be seen as a blessing. Street people with outbreaks of madness are often treated as visionaries. Urban Garou sometimes react to primal forces the common populace ignores or refuses to accept. As long as a madman can support himself, without threatening the Veil, his dementia is tolerated. Bone Gnawer Theurges and other prophets are often extremely eccentric. They react to unseen spirits, treat trash as treasure, and dance to the beat of invisible drummers. If a prophet can endure such trials — without others to tend to his sickness — his insights are worthy of respect.

The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime

Zachary Ellison condemns:

Clearly the rabble have no interest in challenging our leaders during wartime. Instead, they simply disregard their commands and instructions. Rather than reporting for duty, most hide until hostilities have passed. As for their own leaders, they are rarely challenged. Instead, they indulge in this strange custom of democracy, where any Garou may have the esteem of an elder.

Victor Bonecrusher issues equal condemnation:

Only a tyrant refuses to listen to the ideas of his lessers. It is the custom of tyrannical rulers to enforce continual states of war, using them as an excuse to persecute those who would not support their rule. May I remind you the number of times our tribe has summoned rabble you later forgot to fight for us in our darkest hours? Do you remember the names of those Garou who died to keep this caern secure? Did they question the dictates of their elders? No. They did not question; they obeyed. They fought and died like Garou, and by recognizing the rabble, we honor them.

The Reality: The tribal totem, Rat, is a totem of war. Urban warfare, orchestrated rebellion, the element of surprise, and strength in numbers are powerful weapons in his arsenal. Pack instincts are essential to the tribe's swarm tactics — thus, those who command the swarm should not be questioned. Even the weak have a role to play in battle when they follow the strong. By following the leader's actions, they wait to strike when the time is right. Thus, Bone Gnawers uphold this instinct religiously. Freedom is a privilege in times of peace, but pack tactics are crucial in times of war.

Ye Shall Take No Action That Allows a Caern to Be Violated

Zachary Ellison cites what has been seen:

The rabble have already begun to plot against us. They form their own temporary septs, with only minimal concern for secrecy and security. After all, these temporary unions result in them abandoning their "stomping grounds" within a week or so. They flee, leaving enough evidence and rending of the Veil for suspicious humans and vengeful creatures to take their vengeance on the nearest Garou — namely, us. Again I say they are unworthy of the protection and sagacious leadership of our sept.

Victor Bonecrusher explains practical concerns:

What you describe is an act performed out of necessity. Most cities don't have urban caerns to welcome the rabble, or even to defend humanity against the predations of the Wyrm's minions. Even worse, there are septs that recognize some Garou and shun others. If you refuse to allow the rabble to come within the bawn of our caern, you will not reduce the number of stomping grounds, but increase them. If you turn them away, they cannot help us protect our sept in times of need. As a result, the chances of our own caern being violated increase.

The Reality: Urban caerns are few and far between. Every time one is lost, it is a major defeat. A Bone Gnawer who violates this precept may find himself exiled from *all* septs, forced to live solely on the streets — if he lives. Those who endanger the survival of the tribe give up their own right to survive.

The Verdict

[My employer, Mr. Gentle, has asked me to append a description of the verdict of this debate. I am indeed impressed that Victor Bonecrusher has done such a thorough job of responding to the charges of an adren Shadow Lord. His rhetoric has convinced a majority of Mother Larissa's elder council of "advisors" to continue welcoming the rabble inside the sept. To address the concerns of the opposition, these guests will be asked to provided the most complete description of their lineage that they can. The Philodox, with their knowledge of the "Truth of Gaia," have offered to adjudicate inquiries regarding the parentage of the rabble, particularly their metis. Here in Manhattan, their chiminage for learning rites and Gifts will then include a minimum number of moots that must be attended, particularly during the period of instruction.

Zachary Ellison has purchased a few additional concessions. He has reinforced the idea that the rabble must report to the sept during wartime, introduce themselves long enough to answer to the Rite of Man-Taint, present their metis for a minimum amount of guard duty, and submit to investigations regarding their parentage. In exchange, as far as I can tell, they will be offered food at moots as part of their "respect as creatures of Gaia."

Victor Bonecrusher thinks he has won, but that Shadow Lord is a slippery one. I almost think he intended to lose this debate to further his investigations of the rabble. Bonecrusher, as part of his insistence that the rabble should play a more active role in the sept, has allowed his rival the opportunity to investigate their activities further. We shall see if they can live up to the high opinions this metis has of his own tribe.]

The High Ban

In urban caerns, two precepts of the Litany are of vital importance: preserving the Veil, and avoiding activity that would place a caern in danger. When one of those dictums has been grossly violated, sept leaders take extreme measures to ensure their safety. The Bone Gnawer tribe devised one of the most extreme methods, the High Ban, as a drastic solution for a critical threat to the caern's safety. Despite all this justification, upholding the High Ban is a pain in the ass.

If a sept leader issues this decree, it is taken as seriously as a declaration of war — none may question it. While the High Ban is in effect, no Garou may shift out of Homid form unless he enters the Umbra. The danger is so great that the mere sight of a Crinos or Lupus form may further endanger the Veil. This can be deadly to homid Garou, since they cannot heal in their breed form. However, if a homid is wounded, he is encouraged to find a place where he can step sideways, shift forms, and heal.

Sometimes Garou voluntarily pledge to uphold the High Ban so that they can justify working closely with normal humans. Throughout the history of the Bone Gnawer tribe, it has allowed Garou to pursue activities the elders would normally shun — living closely with humans outside the sept, volunteering to fight in human wars, and so on.

While it is not held with as much reverence as it was in previous eras, a metis or lupus gains 3 Honor for voluntarily upholding the High Ban for a full cycle of the moon. The Garou is praised for trying to understand the very humans the Garou once pledged to protect. A homid Garou gains 5 Honor for making the same pledge. Breaking the Ban after promising to uphold it costs 5 Honor, no matter what the Garou's breed is. In game terms, a Storyteller may award an extra point or two of Honor if a pack can survive an entire adventure during a declaration of the High Ban without shifting.

Insiders: The Other Tribes

Black Furies

Sleeps-with-the-Fishes, a Ragabash informant, shoots his mouth off:

"These ladies don't take crap from anyone. They watch out for the poor and suffering almost as much as we do, except for one slight complication — the Furies bear a grudge against half the human race. Hey, I just call 'em like I see 'em. For the Furies, women and children are worthy of protection, but for some reason, men don't deserve the same respect. If you want to work with them, you'll just have to cope."

Oscar Spits-Far complains again:

"Damn uppity women. Hey, I live off garbage, but you don't hear me complaining. But these gals? Bitch, bitch, bitch. Their cliath walk around looking to start fights, but when they get them, they're all offended. Fuck 'em. And if you know me, you know I mean that literally."

Children of Gaia

Mother May Eye, a Galliard elder, praises her allies:

"The Gaians are the only tribe that really understands us. Their compassion and mercy have saved many of our brothers and sisters from starving or dying. They're also willing to look out for the poor and exploited, making them valuable allies. When we run out of food, space, or help, we are wise to turn to the Gaians for help."

Dagger-Bite, an Ahroun scout, spits in disapproval:

"We don't need their help, or their pity. Gaia gave me all I need to get by on my own. And when we go to war, their tribe and ours definitely don't see eye to eye. Rat gave me the strength and cunning to fight, so when I go out to battle, I go all out. Mercy for the weak and downtrodden is one thing. Mercy towards your enemies is another thing entirely. It's called 'treason.'"

Fianna

Second Helping, a rotund Ragabash epicure, tells another tale at a local pub:

"You think all these guys do is drink and fight? That's a mistake. If you believe that lie, then the Fianna are almost as misunderstood as we are. Believe me, they've suffered almost as much as we have. In fact, there was a time in America when the Fianna weren't considered much better than Bone Gnawers. Of course, they managed to pull themselves up by their bootstraps. As for us, well, most of the folks in my pack don't even have boots."

Get of Fenris

Not Here, Ragabash thief, steals a few seconds to talk with you:

"Fenrir have their place. They treat us like crap, but as long as you praise their courage and strength, they can't lay into you too hard. We should honor the fact that they're such great warriors and such, largely because it keeps them on our side. Yeah, they've got their place. I prefer when they stand up front and I hide in the back."

Glass Walkers

Trasha Basha, Theurge scavenger, comes out of hiding to confide:

"You expect me to say we should be all buddy-buddy with these guys? They've got money and power, so we should get all cozy with them, huh? Way back in the Twenties, there was a chance that the two of us would become one tribe, but now, that's long gone. Everyone's thinking that they should be in control and we should be their lackeys, but they won't pry themselves away from their damn cell phones long enough to give us the time of day. To hell with them. They won't even properly respect our elders, so if it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon piss on their Gucci's."

A cub awaiting a Bone Gnawer Rite of Passage talks about his greatest benefactor:

"What? It's a job! The Glass Walker asks me do to things, and he pays me. Real money, too! Warm food! He thinks he's scamming me, but I'm scamming him. Wait and see."

Red Talons

Reads-the-Paper, Frankweiler scholar, blows his stack:

"What the hell happened to the Talons? Wiping out humanity is a betrayal of all that's made us Garou. If they want to save wolves around the world, then that's great, but killing off humans is a damn foolish way to do it. Yeah, that's really

what we need: more urban legends about animals attacking poor defenseless humans."

Raven Can-Kicker, lupus street rat, explains:

"I'm sick of forests. Lupus are dumb to stay in forests. Forests suck. Time to move to the city, eh? Homids pretend to be wolves, we can live as humans. Nothing more to say, eh?"

Shadow Lords

Joseph Chews-Through-Steel, a Ragabash Rat Fink, whispers a few facts:

"Shadow Lords? They use us, and we use them. They just don't realize it. Our Rat Finks feed them information, but only when the flow of secrets works both ways. More and more Bone Gnawers are dissatisfied with the other tribes, so if we need to undermine the sept elders who mistreat us, the Shadow Lords are useful, if temporary, allies. What, you think all this conspiracy is going to turn more Lords into sept leaders? Don't you count on it. The rabble are gathering to swarm, and when they do, they'll be standing behind those treacherous Shadow Lords... with their Rat Daggers ready. Hey, I may be a rat, but I ain't stupid."

Silent Striders

Shortcut, Philodox Road Warder, tells another tale:

"What's not to like? We travel a lot, even if it's not in first class, so it's useful to have a Silent Strider in your pack. They scout the best paths, find the best shortcuts — next to mine — and pass the time with wonderful stories. Of course, with them, it's always rush, rush, rush. And mind you, I don't care for their obsession with dead things, ghosts, and mummies, but if a Strider wants to be alpha when I'm traveling, I'm happy to tag along. Then again, I serve Jackal, so your mileage may vary."

Six-Pack, an Ahroun of the Swarm, sharpens his blade:

"Ever since Khem fell, Owl and Rat have hated each other. Any enemy of Rat is my enemy, too. I am Rat. I am his teeth in the dark. I am his knife in the back, the song of a blade as it leaps from its sheath. Owl's children run, but I stand and fight. They carry their messages from sept to sept, but I am loyal to one sept, waiting for its times of war. When Rat calls, I answer. When Owl calls, the Striders run away."

Silver Fangs

Joe Crow, Philodox mediator (and professional janitor), sounds off:

"Yes, sir. No, sir. Whatever you say, sir. Being Garou means knowing your place, so I'm not stupid enough to call the Silver Fangs on theirs. They go their way, and I go mine. One thing to look out for though — they aren't entirely reliable. Shadow Lords can't be trusted, but Silver Fangs are just as undependable. Not all the wiring's hooked up. So you should treat them like you'd treat your boss. Smile and nod when he's talking, then be real sneaky when you're goofing off."

Fyodor Slams-Stoli, a Ragabash rabble-rouser, fumes:

"BAH! Too long have we cowed before the Silver Fangs, and what has it gotten us? Nyet! The rabble are right to forsake their elders. The world is in the mess it is today because of the elders. We have waited thousands of years for the coming of the Apocalypse. The time to strike is now. Before we can act as a tribe, we must unite against the elders who would oppress us."

Uktena

A Theurge peers into the shadows:

"Our tribe doesn't pay enough attention to the dangers of the Wyrm. We don't encourage our warriors to fight its minions, since so many of us are waiting for the other tribes to fall first. Well, I think we've become blind to the presence of the Wyrm in our midst. Take the Uktena. They know the Wyrm a little too well, if you know what I mean. Their Kin come from all over the world, just like us, but because of that, they know about the occult all of the world, too. And they don't share what they know. Don't like 'em. Don't trust 'em. I'd rather stay here in my cardboard box, if you don't mind. Mmmm. Nice, safe cardboard."

A Philodox plays devil's advocate:

"We aren't all that different. They come from human tribes all over the world, and many of their Kinfolk were once enslaved, conquered, or nearly wiped out. We stick up for underdogs, and fight to defend them. Sounds like we have some common interests, right?"

Wendigo

Red Blood, Ahroun warrior for the American Dream, preaches his opinion:

"Get over it! The Wendigo are pissed because the 'Wyrmcomers' stole their land and septs. It's ancient history! Do you know what we have today because of those explorers and settlers? The United Freaking States of America, that's what! The leading nation of the free world! There's a place for people of all races, creeds, and religions in the U.S. of A. But those Wendigo, well, they've been retreating farther and farther into the Great White North, and they keep moaning about what we've done to them. Imagine that! They'd rather live in a country with gun control and socialized medicine. Well, if they don't love America, they can leave it, right?"

Stargazers

A homid street rat bums a smoke and speaks his mind:

"Can't say I blame them. If the elders treat you like shit, just walk out. If your family needs you more than the sept, keep your priorities straight. The Stargazers have their own septs to defend, and the Garou Nation ain't helping them. They're probably desperate for help, too. Hey, do you know how much a ticket to Tibet would cost?"

The Others

Here's a good strategy for survival: avoid anything that can kill you. Werewolves are strong, but Bone Gnawers aren't stupid. Much of what they know about the supernatural comes from what they've seen it do to human victims. Other Garou may see this as cowardice, but Rat's brood prefers to hide from danger when there's no point in fighting it. And with so much time on their hands, homeless Bone Gnawers love to embellish their horror stories about how dangerous the streets really are.

Vampires

An Ahroun shows his battle scars:

Don't trust them. Ever. See this eye? It weren't no wolf that did that. It was one of those fucked-up looking Leeches, a corpse I was dumb enough to fight beside. A few times in our history, some

of them have managed to work with some of us, but in the long run, all those pacts ended with broken deals and dead Garou. Our boys die, and they just sit back and take over more of the human race.

You may have heard that some of them struggle to keep acting like they did when they were alive — pretending they're human — but they always lose that struggle in the end. And when we trust them, we always lose. A Leech only survives for centuries by placing his own survival first and foremost. Over the centuries, the taint of corruption festers in him like pus in a wound. If a Cadaver cuts a deal with you, it will only last as long as he can benefit from it. Then he'll cut you.

Gaia gave us strength to protect humanity, but Leeches prey upon humans. The homeless, the poor, and the mentally ill are particularly easy victims, and vampires specialize in exploiting them. Many Bone Gnawers consider those people to be their brothers and sisters, treating them like family. In fact, with us, they often *are* Kin. By aiding vampires, you place all those innocents in jeopardy. Gaia's strength is the power of life, but the Leeches are death incarnate, undead who make a mockery of the natural order. Our survival depends upon their destruction. You want to know what I think? I think I want my damn eye back.

A Rat Fink conspires with you:

Okay, listen up, and don't dare repeat what I'm telling you. If the rest of the tribe figures out we're working with Leeches, we're screwed. They don't trust us, and we don't trust them, so this is just going to be a simple exchange of information. Down in the sewers, if you can put a word in their cauliflower ears, then Bob's your uncle. You've got to give something to get something, though, so we're going to sell out a few facts about the local Shadow Lords and Fenrir that are vital to them, and trivial to us. Stick close by me and don't say a damn thing. Just keep that gun drawn.

Just as the Garou don't really care for us, this Deformed scumbag we're talking to — they like the name "nosferatu" better than "vampire," so remember that — he's pretty much reviled among his kind as well. That means he's a bit sympathetic to our cause. But he'd sell is out in a heartbeat, if he had one. Keep alert. These guys specialize in stealth and illusion, and they can be watching you at any minute. Trust your senses, too. Only a few of them don't reek of Wyrm taint, and even they can't be trusted. And whatever you do, don't touch them. Their blood is diseased, and you don't know where they've been. Got it? Good. Let's get down to business.

Sorcerers

A Theurge instructs on the nature of sorcery:

Our mystics draw on the power of magic by working with the spirits — they are urban shamans who work with the power of creation. More precisely, Gaia works through us as we preserve Her world, showing us the sacred ways of Her spirits. There are some humans who also draw on the power of magic,

but they do it in defiance of Gaia's creation. They enact their will by reworking the world around them.

A Theurge uses her mystic arts for the benefit of her people, but a mage, by definition, uses the strength of her will to serve her own purposes, not Gaia's. Even those who claim to be shamans, who can call upon the spirits, subjugate them to serve their own ends. We know what they do is wrong because the world takes vengeance against these witches and warlocks. If you dare to study with one of these practitioners, you'll see how the natural world takes vengeance against them. Stand beside them, and the Earth's vengeance will strike you down just as swiftly.

An urban shaman contradicts:

You can learn a lot from these folks. See, they aren't hung up on the details of their rituals — they've got an amazing talent for improvisation, just as our best Theurges do. That's what street magic is all about: making the best of what you have. You don't have pure spring water, you bless a little Pepsi. You don't have a willow branch, you find a car antenna. It's always trickier to improvise, but where there's a will, as the mages say, there's a way.

Okay, so maybe their style is a little dangerous. When they draw upon too much power, something slams them back down for getting so uppity. Me, I think it's the Weaver that does that, and as you know, I've got no love for the Weaver. Okay, so maybe they aren't allowed inside caerns because a few of them have ripped off the caern's energy. Hey, I'm not allowed inside the caern anymore either! Needs must as the Devil drives, and if you've got to make a deal with the Devil, I don't mind having a street mage riding shotgun, know what I mean?

Hunters

A craven Philodox freaks out when the subject of hunters is mentioned:

Oh, this is bad. Very, very bad. It used to be that, once in a while, we'd run across a human with the strength of will to resist the Delirium and see us for who we really were. More often than not, they'd go bugfuck and try to take out our one of our pack. Well, since the Eye of the Wyrm started blazing in the heavens, some of these hunters have found their own special brand of magic. My brother's cousin, he used to laugh like your laughing right now. He ain't laughing no more. He's dead. I've heard tales about human killing machines, about madmen who could look the worst evils of the supernatural world right in the eye and not be affected. I don't know where this power comes from — whether it's the Wyrm or Weaver, heaven or hell — but even worse, *they* don't know either. Best to play it safe. Don't summon up trouble you can't put down.

If you find some psycho is stalking you, don't think he's weak just because he's human. He might just have an edge you don't know about. Rat has taught us that safety lies in numbers, so rely on your pack to help you wipe out that batshit mofo, and fast. They've got to be crazy, right? Anyone who's terrified by the presence of starving, dumpster-diving, homeless werewolves has an instinct for survival, but anyone who'd go hunting them is psychotic. So if they find you, you didn't hear this shit from me, okay?

The Restless Dead

A Ragabash gets serious:

Yes, I'm an idiot. When I was a cub, on a few cold nights, I had to sleep in a condemned building, or near the wreckage of a crashed car, or worst of all, a graveyard. Let me tell you from experience: it's a bad idea. 'Cause just as there are places where Gaia's strength flows into the world, there are places that are tainted by the *other side*, hellholes haunted by the spirits of the dead. Some nasty event prevented them from passing on, or some twisted obsession keeps them in the world. Just as the Penumbra is a realm of Life, the Dark Umbra is a realm of death, where ghosts and spooks watch your every move. And even worse, they aren't spirits, so our rituals have no affect on them. Screw it. The only defenses you have against these bastards are your teeth and claws, so if you can't avoid them, shred them. You'll sleep easier at night. You'll sleep even better if you avoid any place that's haunted.

The Fae

A Galliard tells it to you straight:

There's no place for faeries in the world. The only ones that are left are pale imitations of what they used to be, fae children raised in the human world. They see the world differently than we do, seeing it as they'd like it to be instead of the way it really is. I know what the world is really like. It sucks. True love dies out, people starve on the streets, and honor only exists among the Garou — well, most of them. They can't face these facts; in fact, it actually, physically, slowly *kills* them. I think they hang out together because they're all in denial about how much the world has changed. While some of them are charming, or even lovely, falling in love with them will just break your heart. The Fianna sugarcoat this sort of story, but I won't. If they aren't extinct yet, they're damn close.

The Fera

Walks-the-Earth, Road Warder elder, hitches a ride with you for a while:

You want to hear about the Fera? If you keep driving, I'll keep talking. See, I've been around. I've been wandering the country looking for the American Dream for almost twenty years. In my travels, I've picked up a bad habit of finding things no sane Garou should see. And even then, the Code of the Road demands that I get involved when I see folks in trouble. In other words, *I've seen things*, things maybe one in a thousand of us ever see, and if you listen to a tale or two, you might just figure out what to do if you see them too.

There's one thing you should know about the Road Warders: it gets lonely on the road. A Garou needs a pack to stay sane. Without one, he starts to turn feral, or go crazy, or just lose touch with everything. If I can't find a pack to tag along with for a while, I've got to sniff out *someone* to talk to. Sometimes, I've ended up talking to someone for hours before realizing he wasn't really one of us. You are one of us, right? You smell like Garou. Wait — don't tell me. I don't want to know yet. Surprise me.

Ajaba

Yeah, Teeth-of-Jackal told me all about these guys. They used to be all over Africa. Hell, he says they used to hunt beside Jackal packs when times were lean. Then the Wyrm started driving them crazy. Of course, Teeth says a lot of things. About ten years ago, I spent a month wandering around Northern Africa looking for traces of those "scavenger septs" he talks about, but I didn't find a damn thing.

Ananasi

Ick. And you thought the Leeches were bad. When I meet vampires, I can usually tell if they're tainted by the Wyrm right away. The few Ananasi I've seen looked as bleak and pale as any Leech, but it was hard to tell if they followed the Weaver, Wyld, or Wyrm. And even worse, daylight doesn't slow them down. On the rare occasions they gather together in cites, they get organized, usually with one Bitch Queen as the mother of the brood. That's a good sign to leave town.

If one of them gets threatened by Garou — say, in a little confrontation downtown with one of the homeless rabble — they all unite, banding together to stalk whatever offended them. I know, because I've seen it happen. Before long, you start finding Kinfolk bound in webs and drained of blood. And the sick thing is that sometimes they pass these little raids off on the Leeches. They're weak, but killing them off is hard — just when you think you've got one cornered, they scurry away in a mass of little baby spiders. I hope you don't have to see what I've seen of the Ananasi. And I hope I don't have to see it again.

Bastet

Huh. Don't see much of those in the big city. Roaming the country, maybe, but not in the cities. For a while, I was tooling around south of the border. Some of the fostern I've talked to down there know a thing or two about the Bastet. After all, the warriors in the Amazon still run into Bastet defending their territories, striking from their den-realms, and never quite figuring out that we *both* want to stop the Wyrm from destroying the rainforests. Rural Bone Gnawers down there have problems with entire tair... tagra... tahra... hairballs of Bastet traipsing through their protectorates. Y'know, if a Corax or Ratkin has a secret, you can usually figure out a way to get it out of him. Bastet like being all secretive and mystical, which means, they like wasting my time when they cross my path. As a result, I never let a Bastet cross my path. Those are words to live by.

Corax

Like the saying goes, these guys are all fun and games... until someone loses an eye. When they're happy, you'll know it, because they won't... SHUT... UP! Corax think they're funnier than a Ragabash, and better scouts to boot. If one of them thinks you're their friend, he'll blather and gossip and mutter about all the stuff he thinks you want to know. Low and behold if he doesn't figure an angle to get you to charge after something he thinks is dangerous. Then, when the fight is over, he'll gobble up your prey's eye and go off on his way. No wonder they don't harbor angst about the War of Rage. I've seen Corax use this strategy against us again and again. And yeah, I had it happen to me, too. Maybe they're smarter than we think they are. I won't make the same mistake again.

Gurahl

How strange that Gaia's greatest healers can also be some of her most deadly killers. All I can say is that I'm damn glad I'm not a Silver Fang. See, in some stories, it was the Fangs who tried to set themselves above all the other tribes, and then praised their glory over all the lesser creatures, like the other Fera. It's said they made their first strike against other Fera. Back when I was trekking through Canada, I spotted a Gurahl trying to make his way to one of their moots. Well, the term's generous — it seems like it takes a lot to get more than two or three of them in one place. Along the way, a bear-spirit thanked me for helping his brother by teaching me how to Resist Pain. Well, the three of us talked for a while before the Gurahl figured out who and what I was. After the first time that Gurahl took a swipe at me, I needed it. Hey, you want to see the scar? Didn't think so.

Mokolé

Hah! I was such an idiot. For some reason, when I heard about the Mokolé for the first time, I thought I'd never see them outside of some place like the Amazon. I mean, who really expects to see a giant shapechanging dinosaur in a place like Chicago or Manhattan, right? Well, they not only seem to be able to go from dinosaur to 'gator or crocodile, but they also seem to spend a lot of time on two legs, at least if they want to come lumbering around a Bone Gnawer protectorate. Yeah, I seen 'em. I helped a clutch of them smuggle some... um, tobacco... past some border guards once. We ended up spending an afternoon sunning ourselves and smoking. I tell ya, once they start talking, they've got some weird-ass stories to tell. Get them stoned, and you'll be *amazed* at the shit they blather about. At least, I think they were Mokolé....

Nuwisha

What the hell? Trickster sons of bitches. If they're trying to teach us something with their deadly little pranks, I have no idea what the hell it is. You hear a lot of stories about these guys if you ever go to a rez where the Uktena and Wendigo hang out — stories about sex and theft and looking at some corpse that got mangled in a car wreck and hearing a coyote laughing off in the distance. Never seen one in the flesh, though occasionally you see a hitchhiker that makes ya think. Lotta Uktena say Coyote's fucking crazy, and so are his kids. Don't doubt it.

Ratkin

The Ratkin can be your best friends or your worst enemies — or both. Maybe they think they understand the Rat Totem, but like many of the things the rats think about, it's gotten all twisted around in their tiny little heads. We protect the Veil, but they've lost all sense of restraint. Saw a pack of them hook up with a group of the Swarm once. I learned a lot about tear gas that day. Those bastards love the Wyld so much that they don't care how much chaos they stir up.

Rokea

You know, I used to think these guys were a myth, but they seem to be turning up again. There was a time when Bone Gnawer sailors told legends about the weresharks, about them circling around ships. Never really thought about that much until a few years ago. With a third of Gaia's creation underwater, and all the crap we flush into the ocean, I guess they've got a lot of work to do.

Well, a few months ago, this guy on a train told me why he was in hiding. His last pack made a strike against a oil refinery not far from the Great Barrier Reef. They took out every stinking Wyrm creature they could find above the water. But

the weresharks were already hard at work killing all the Wyrmspawn under the water. Once both groups were in frenzy, they turned on each other — it didn't take much. The scum got half his pack. Now that Bone Gnawer is riding the rails, determined never to go near the water again. He says the sharks are still looking for him to finish him off, so he's probably still somewhere in the Midwest. Maybe he's just crazy, but the next time I'm on a tramp steamer, I'll be sure to watch the water.

Thanks for the ride! This is where I get off. No really, I've got to go. Don't worry about slowing down... I've got it from here!

Miseries

As the last generation of warriors prepares for the Apocalypse, dangers surround them. Each tribe has great challenges it must face, dilemmas they have unique talents for solving. Although the Garou Nation must work together to prepare for the Final Days, each tribe has its own share of miseries.

The Nosferatu: The Burning Times of the Inquisition, the Great Piping of Barcelona, the height of the French Revolution — throughout the tribe's history, there have been times when Rat's Children and the Sewer Rats have worked together. But now, more than ever, these Lupines and Leeches are coming into conflict. It's like someone has clogged all the toilets of the city, and hideous vampires are creeping up back into the streets again in numbers never seen before.

Nosferatu have always preyed on the homeless and victimized, but as the Final Days approach, attacks from Sewer Rats have been on the rise. As the Bone Gnawer tribe grows more populous, the tribe's protectorates also grow, giving them more neighborhoods to patrol. Since the ranks of the rabble are increasing as well, the tribe is more likely to find evidence of indiscreet feeding farther from urban septs. Expect wars between these two groups to intensify as the Apocalypse heats up.

Ratkin: For millennia, the Ratkin have remained in hiding. At the end of the War of Rage, many fled into the Umbra, where the pure force of the Wyld taught them the glories of chaos and anarchy. As the Final Days approach, hordes of Ratkin are emerging from their places of hiding, answering Rat's call to battle. The Bone Gnawer tribe has always had strong ties to Rat, but any alliance with wererats is at best a temporary one. Survival sometimes requires Gnawers and Ratkin to work together, but short-term cooperation often gives way to long-term treachery. Concerned mystics are turning to the Rat Totem for guidance, but strangely, she is sometimes powerless to help them deduce what Ratkin will do.

The Rat God: These same mystics are learning that some totems speak through several different incarnations and avatars. As part of a growing spiritual schism within the tribe, some pray to the Mother Rat, an aspect of the totem devoted to mercy and compassion for the weak. Others are hearing the clarion cry of the Rat God, an expression of the tribe's totem of war.

Bone Gnawers are divided over how to wage the war of the Apocalypse. Should legions of Bone Gnawers swarm into battle, devastating anything in their path in their hunt for the Wyrm? Or should they huddle with the victims and survivors of the war, waiting until most of the Garou Nation has fallen before they enter the fray? Extremists debate these two tactics, one side on behalf of Mother Rat, and another as a scream for the glory of the Rat God.

Between the two sects of extremists, most Bone Gnawers are either oblivious or apathetic about the spiritual struggle. They continue to survive from day to day, hoping their totem will eventually decide which way the debate should be decided. While the other tribes (particularly the Fenrir and Red Talons) unleash nearly suicidal attacks against the Wyrm, most Bone Gnawers support the war against the Wyrm with many little assaults, scurrying out to strike unseen, then retreating to hiding places. Too often, their plans are upset by the actions of extremists, who gladly sacrifice the efforts of their brothers and sisters to strike at the Wyrm in their own way.

The Rabble: With much of the tribe divided or in hiding, an increasing number of cubs and cliath have ceased to care about tribal politics or even the state of their septs. Because of the tribe's low standards of acceptance and compassion towards outcasts, many cliath are eager to learn a few Gifts and rituals after their Rite of Passage and then depart, rarely returning to the sept again. Keeping together in small packs and stomping grounds, the rabble create their own culture separate from the bickering and treachery within the Garou Nation.

Within any major city, these rabble are far more likely to attend a tribal moot than a sept moot, and even then, are far more concerned with problems on the streets than esoteric debates of spirituality and politics. Tribal elders are tolerant of this trend, thinking that when the time is right, Rat will call them to battle, but many Garou disagree. Packs face a new challenge: finding a way to bring the new generation of warriors back into the Garou Nation.

Rebellion: Some of the rabble are so disaffected by treachery and perfidy in the septs that they have tried to create their own communal societies. The most successful rebellion of this kind occurred at the Sept of the People's Will, where the rabble allegedly conspired to murder their sept leader. Throughout the Garou Nation, elders have been horrified by the news. Garou have a deep and instinctual need to recognize dominance and submission, according to station, and such rebellion is an affront to the very foundation of Garou culture. Nonetheless, the People's Will endures, and the outcasts of the Garou Nation have begun to whisper that this unthinkable possibility may be their true calling.

The Hood: Since the Great Piping of Barcelona, tribal elders have tried to argue that the Garou Nation should not meddle in the affairs of mankind. This idea has been twisted around over the centuries, represented by the many interpretations of the High Ban. The Hood has a very extreme interpretation, secretly bringing down human authority and liberating human wealth to restructure human society.

While a few very vocal activists have been exiled or killed by the Garou Nation, many elders seem strangely apathetic towards hunting down the rest. In fact, a few cliath openly speak in support of it at tribal moots, unchallenged by tolerant elders. In the largest septs, a few packs have been sent out to track down the criminal activity of the Hood. But as the greatest threats of the Final Nights emerge, fewer heroes can be spared to enforce the will of their elders on a dangerous fringe camp of the Bone Gnawer tribe.

The Ring of Shadows: It is rumored that a secret sect of Nosferatu, Ratkin, and Bone Gnawers are working together through an alliance called the Ring of Shadows. This speculation is totally without proof, but some imaginative Galliards have invented elaborate conspiracy theories to explain recent events within the tribe. Because paranoia is so high, any time a Bone Gnawer and Nosferatu work together, it is inevitable that someone will rant that their alliance is part of a larger conspiracy. This may simply stem from fear that the Sewer Rats secretly control the tribe, or perhaps it is a sign that such an alliance has actually started to form. Even the highest ranking Bone Gnawers seem unwilling to venture a guess either way.

Fun and Games

Life isn't always so serious. Bone Gnawers have a lot of time on their hands — especially if they don't give a damn about hunting the Wyrm, attending moots, or playing politics with the other tribes. While tribal moots are important for Bone Gnawers who seek justice, sympathy, or just a hot meal, they also involve amusements and diversions devised by the tribe's Ragabash. If saving the human race starts to get you down, consider a few activities to lift your pack's spirits.

• **Subway Surfing:** Need to get across town in a hurry? Catch a lift, or better yet, catch a subway train. If you find a station that's not too crowded, and you can ensure bystanders are "blissfully ignorant" (with the right second rank Gift), climbing onto a subway car is child's play for a Garou. Some metis prefer Crinos form; some lupus favor Hare's Leap. Jump on the train, crouch down low, and ride it for as long as you can.

A few Galliards actually insist that packs should try this out at least once. The really fanatic ones memorize lists of subway lines and stops, then offer to act as guides. Frankweilers have also been known to take up public transportation lines as part of their protectorate, reporting strange disturbances to local stomping grounds. As you'd no doubt suspect, other *things* sometimes prey on nocturnal travelers, and subway patrols have been known to flush them out.

This sport has its own share of risks, of course. Getting lost (with a botched Wits + Streetwise roll) or falling off (with a botched Dexterity + Athletics roll) can drop a Garou into another creature's turf. Nosferatu and Ratkin are unpredictable when their territory has been invaded. Less dangerous hazards include rebellious ghouls, hitchhiking wraiths, and straight-up psychotic human predators. A few large cities have reported Black Spiral Dancers exploiting the same tunnels, but with far less discretion and subterfuge.

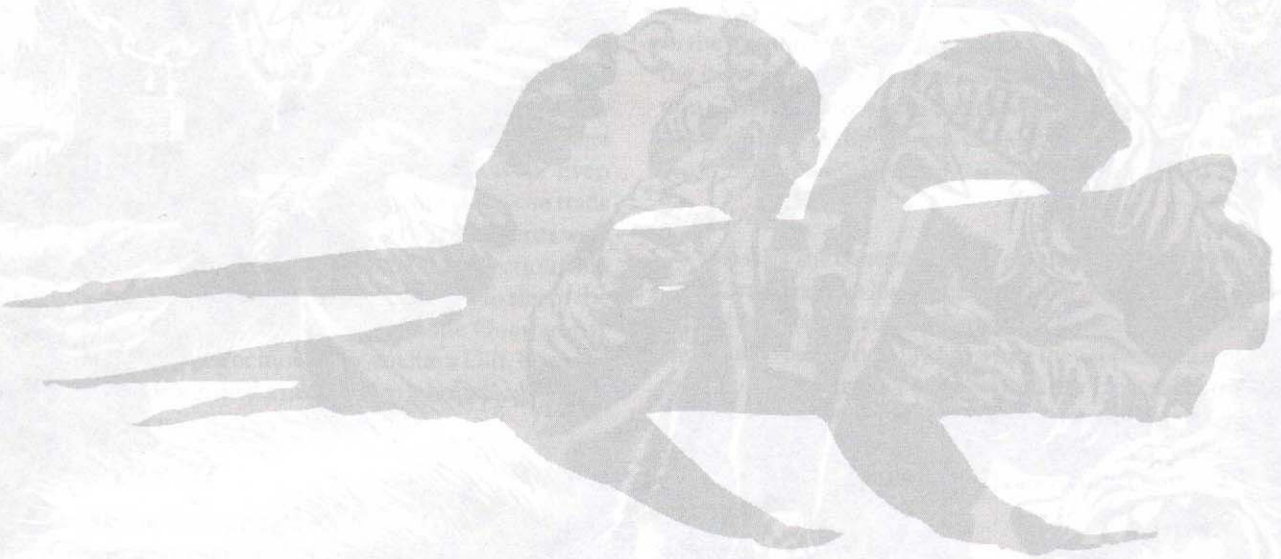
System: Just for reference, falling from a speeding train inflicts one die of lethal damage for every ten miles per hour of speed. The Gift: Road Ward is very useful in this situation, so some followers of the Road Warder camp don't mind "choosing their own stops" on a railway. For Garou without Road Ward (or the hard-to-find Stargazer Gift: Balance), it's valid for a Storyteller to call for a Stamina + Athletics roll to ensure a safe "departure." On a botched roll, the electrified third rail inflicts seven levels of

aggravated damage. Garou can try to soak this damage if they're not in their breed form, but it kills humans instantly.

• **Feast of Fools:** Just about every city with a large Bone Gnawer populace has a variant of this festival once a year. The Feast's traditions are pretty simple: the amount of respect a Garou gets for his rank is inverted. For one day, the lowest Bone Gnawer can live like a king, and the noblest elder can win some respect from the tribe by going slumming. (Traitors and criminals, however, ain't so lucky; someone who betrayed his tribe isn't going to get treated like its savior during the Feast.) Some refer to the new regent as the Prince of Fools, King of the Hoboes, or even the Grand High Muckety-Muck. All of the Bone Gnawers, including the rabble, gather to elect their new king. In large cities, Ragabash and Galliards also impersonate the elders of the nearest sept, competing to enter the "court" of the new king. The debates that follow are sarcastic mockeries of the sept's usual monkeybabble.

• **Hitchhiking:** Bone Gnawers, particularly Ragabash and Galliards, have maintained a tradition of hitching rides since the first tribalist stowed aboard a ship or climbed aboard a merchant caravan. The tribe has always known that the Wyrm doesn't just breed near caerns. Finding corruption is easy in the big city, but to find it in the countryside, you've got to search long and hard. That takes a bit of traveling. Bone Gnawers have several rites and Gifts to help make their heroes' journey more comfortable on the open road, including Cooking, Urban Ward, and of course, Road Ward (see Chapter Three).

Bone Gnawers who are sick of sept politics, moot protocols, and tribal wars take the open road as a form of escape. For this tribe, the journey is often more important than the destination. Packs have been known to embark on road trips without any specific destination, taking life as it comes. An entire camp of Bone Gnawers, the Road Warders, wanders the highways and byways of the world searching for suffering and despair. Their Code of the Road requires them to help fellow travelers in need (and rewards them with Honor when they do). For everyone else, a vacation from the nearest caern is a good way to quest for the sorts of ideals that keep the Bone Gnawer tribe going.



ASTE
VAL
FREAK
PRESCOTT

Chapter Three: Hidden Strengths

Gaia Provides

Just as Garou learn to survive by watching the natural world, they learn supernatural strength from the spirits of the supernatural world. Bone Gnawers scrounge what they need with help from the Gafflings and Jagglings of scavenger totems, like Rat, Mouse, Jackal, Crow, and Raven. Even Bone Gnawers who stay away from septs and elders can trade for the knowledge they need by bribing the right spirits with chiminage. In exchange for delectable food, protection from predators, stolen information, or a warm place to sleep, the spirit teaches its hidden knowledge. A Bone Gnawer may bribe a spirit for a week or more as he studies a Gift, but once he's learned it, he's gained a new hidden strength, one of the few possessions no one can take away.

Backgrounds

Since Bone Gnawers typically have strange and checkered pasts, some of their Background Traits need a few brief words of explanation.

Allies

Bone Gnawer allies don't have to be supernatural; anyone who can help you get by when you're living day-to-day is far more valuable. The owner of the pawnshop where you can sell what you find, the performance artist who pays good money for strange bits of scrap you've salvaged, the night guard at the junkyard, museum, or library who's taken pity on you, or the kindly old woman who remembers you at the closest shelter — anyone one of these people are more valuable than the stingy allowance you'd get with one point in the Resources Background, and they won't drag you into the bullshit politics of some clan, tribe, sect, sept, or tradition. They may even take you in when you're on the run; of course, if they're threatened, you and your pack will want to protect them out of the same sense of obligation.

Ancestors

Save for the benefits of a few exotic and unusual totems, Bone Gnawers have lost touch with their ancestors, and thus cannot buy points in the Ancestors Background. Other tribes are proud to recite their lineage when they approach a sept for the first time, but many Bone Gnawers can't remember theirs. Because ancestors are destined for greatness, some are reborn as Garou from one generation to the next. Such destinies rarely involve being reborn as a Bone Gnawer.

Contacts

The Bone Gnawer tribe excels at keeping up with the "word on the street." Many of the tribe's contacts are informants, gangsters, or outright criminals. A contact can provide anything from mundane facts about the safest overpass to sleep under to rarefied info scavenged from the dumpster of a Pentex subsidiary.

Kinfolk

Most tribes maintain a lineage of Kinfolk as fanatically as they follow their own genealogies. Theoretically, many of them are direct descendants of the "flocks of humans" werewolves once guarded like sheep. Their accomplishments

reflect a historical tapestry of human achievement. If this analogy holds true, then Bone Gnawer Kinfolk are like a vast patchwork quilt, one that's almost as variegated and mottled as the patterns in a mongrel Bone Gnawer's fur. Get and Silver Fangs preach about the purity of their blood; Bone Gnawers keep quiet about their less-reputable relatives.

As the fringe of the Garou Nation, Bone Gnawers are sometimes downright careless about breeding. Anyone a Bone Gnawer screwed twenty or thirty years ago might have Kinfolk children of breeding age today. Because they passed on their "jackal's blood" to these bastard children, these Kinfolk may actually be worse off than a Garou. If they aren't begging for change on the street, they might be scraping by working in seedy bars, strip clubs, junkyards, temp jobs, inner city gangs, migrant farming, low-paying construction jobs, or the endless drama of street life. Your Bone Gnawer was at least lucky enough to become Garou; they're unlucky enough to see Crinos Garou as they really are. Your character can hit them up for favors, but once they find out how invincible he seems, they may call on him as well.

Fetish

Bone Gnawer Theurges recycle all sorts of junk into fetishes useful for survival, stealth, and urban sabotage. Simple fetishes replicate common Bone Gnawer Gifts — in these cases, the level of the fetish usually equals the level of the Gift. Complex fetishes require more desperate applications of creativity. Infusing common household items with the ragtag spirit of urban life, clever Theurges take what humans use in their everyday lives and pervert them to be useful in the everyday lives of homeless shapeshifting monsters.

Contrary to what some might believe, Bone Gnawers aren't all that fond of technological fetishes. By the time one of their Theurges gets his hands on high-tech, it's little more than junk. Functional electronic and mechanical gear is often perverted to perform tasks noticeably different from its original function.

Some of these effects seem trivial to other Garou, but are essential to Rat's brood. Styrofoam containers refill with lukewarm fast food; milk cartons track missing children; tattered bathtowels become magic cloaks; buckets and car antennas become holy weapons. No matter how ridiculous Bone Gnawer fetishes may look, they can mean the difference between life and death.

Pure Breed

Bone Gnawers cannot purchase the Pure Breed Background. After all, they have no common ancestry or background. Some fervently believe the tribe was once organized around a series of "scavenger septs" in Northern Africa, allowing them to range freely across vast protectorates in search of food. If this is true, all traces of this common heritage have long since been eradicated. Instead, the tribe has swelled its ranks with the dross and detritus of the other tribes. It has adopted the outcasts, castoffs, and even outright rejects of other Garou tribes — hardly fitting representatives of the Pure Breed Background.

Resources

Bone Gnawers cannot spend points on the Resources Background. This doesn't just mean that they start the game without money. More precisely, it means that they don't have a dependable source of income, and never will. Even if a Bone Gnawer gets his hands on money, it won't last for long. He has no skills for managing money, saving money, or holding on to money — that's one of the reasons he's poor.

Since this idea is sometimes ignored or abused, here's some further clarification. If other packmates lend money to a character without Resources, he'll blow through it faster than anyone thought possible. If he tries to hit up his Allies and Mentors for money, he'll either forget to pay them back, mismanage what he's gotten by spending it on trivial junk, or just generally piss them off. Add on a streak of bad luck if he's a Bone Gnawer with "jackal's blood." Throw in the fact that without the Struggling Merit (listed below), he probably doesn't have an address, bank account, or proper identification. Finally, if that isn't enough, consider how much time the character spends placing the needs of his pack, camp, tribe, or sept above his own. Then you'll understand why characters without Resources lack the same financial backing as other Garou.

With all that, it bears mentioning that if a Bone Gnawer has "no resources," that doesn't have to mean the character will *never* have money. Bone Gnawers in particular have talents for begging, performing on the street, running scams, and if all else fails, ripping things off. Just as Garou go hunting for food in the wild, Bone Gnawers can "hunt for cash." Hunting normally requires Wits + Primal-Urge to track prey, but a character with zero resources can spend an hour hunting for spare change with another Ability. Players may think of strategies involving Subterfuge (for scams), Performance or Expression (for street performances), Stealth (for stealing), Survival (that is, urban survival), or even stranger ideas (Enigmas for hustling at chess or cards, Empathy for playing off someone's sympathy, and so on).

A character shouldn't make this roll more than once a day. The cash raised only lasts for that day, but the number of success determines how well the character will live during that time. One success is enough spare change to buy crappy food; three successes may allow one nice purchase, such as shoes or whiskey; five successes can raise enough cash for a hotel room. As always, this remains at the discretion of the Storyteller — use it to further the story, not derail it.

Optional Rule: Bootstrapping

Ordinarily, a Background rating changes only as determined by the Storyteller; players can't purchase higher ratings with experience. For instance, if a character gains an ally or a valuable contact as the logical outcome of a story, he needn't spend experience points to gain levels of the Allies or Contacts Background. However, some Storytellers may be interested in changing this rule to allow more player control over Backgrounds; perhaps the players spend *too* much effort trying to raise their Backgrounds, and wind up ignoring the main thrust of the Storyteller's plots. If you're among these Storytellers, the following guidelines are suggested.

If the Storyteller wants to allow a player to voluntarily "bootstrap" his character, she should devise a story (lasting at least one session) devoted entirely to raising that Background. The story may be the culmination of months of work behind the scene, but the character should take at least one session to make sure the new benefit is secure, and he'll probably need the help of his pack to pull it off. The cost for raising an existing Background Trait is at least equal to its current rating x 2. (Backgrounds that are ordinarily restricted for the tribe are bought at current rating x 6, if the Storyteller allows them to be purchased with experience at all.) All of the character's experience from that one session goes toward the Background, of course. A character can't raise a Background Trait above 5 with this system.

If a character has *no* points in a Background, it's going to take a lot of concentrated effort to get that first point. For a start, this achievement should always involve completing a "chapter" in the chronicle explaining why the character's rating goes from none to one. At the beginning of a "bootstrap chapter," a player can request any Background his character could normally buy during character creation at the start of a chapter of the chronicle. The character's packmates get experience for this chapter of the story; the bootstrapping character only gets half as much, since he's getting the Background point as well.

Under this guideline, if a character has no points in a Background, and that Background can't normally be bought during character creation, a player can't request an increase in that Trait. It's the sort of reward the Storyteller plans without the player knowing about it. The story itself should offer opportunities for a character to bootstrap. (For instance, on an epic journey to the Legendary Realm, a Bone Gnawer might help one of his Ancestors, or he may make the wrong choice and unintentionally hinder him.) At the end of the story, if the character met enough objectives to explain the change in status, the Storyteller can offer an option: the character can earn all of the experience for the adventure or the first point in one of these Backgrounds.

As an alternative, she can offer a Merit or Flaw that allows the first point in one of these Backgrounds. For instance, although Bone Gnawers don't typically have Ancestors or Resources, they can replicate their effects to a limited degree with the Flaw: Shame or the Merit: Struggling.

Bear in mind that if you don't want to your players to find a way around Background Trait restrictions, you obviously don't need these rules at all. Just because it's in print doesn't mean it's best for your game.

Tribal Gifts

• **The Hungry Hound (Level One)** — A Garou with this Gift can hunt down the closest source of discarded, safe, edible food. The user might find a bag of nacho puffs dropped out of a passing car window or the one perfect warm slice of cheese pizza buried at the bottom of a dumpster. The Gift may also reveal people who are willing to give a handout or spare some munchies. The Hungry Hound only reveals food that's available for free. For instance, it won't automatically detect the hot dogs in a vendor's cart, but if the man selling them would be happy to give one away to a hungry-looking wolf-dog, the chance of finding them improves considerably. This Gift is taught by a raccoon-spirit, often in exchange for liberating a few choice treasures the spirit really wants.

System: Roll Perception + Primal-Urge (difficulty 7). One success produces an unremarkable snack. More successes can either uncover more food (like a feast of discarded donuts or cold pizza) or tastier food (like a single heavenly untouched eclair). This Gift is somewhere between a specialized version of hunting and the lupus Gift: Sense Prey. A successful roll means that the scent of tantalizing food has just wafted past the werewolf's nose. Three successes and a couple of sniffs can give more details about the "prey," even from a great distance. ("Wait! It smells like... a birthday cake... there's writing on it....")

MET: With a successful Static Mental Challenge, the Garou can hunt down the closest free source of discarded, safe, edible food. The Narrator sets the difficulty based on the availability of food nearby: an alleyway in back of a row of restaurants would be a 1-Trait challenge, while the freeway by the outskirts of town might be a 7- or 8-Trait challenge. If the Garou wins, she can find food in about a minute; if she ties, it'll take five minutes. Many Bone Gnawers prefer the exotic bounty of the Hungry Hound to the stale diet of cardboard afforded by the Cooking Gift.

• **Smell of Success (Level One)** — You're good at sizing people up. With a few sniffs, you can smell how successful someone really is. Even on a bad day, you can sense whether he's got money in is pocket, a steady job, or a place to stay. When passing by street folk begging for change, some people claim they don't have anything to give. By repeatedly sizing up people on the street, Bone Gnawers learns to distinguish a real bad-luck case from a cheap bastard who doesn't give a damn. After mastering this elemental talent, the Garou can then sniff out deeper secrets from passers-by.

This insight can also be used on people who beg for food, money, or assistance from the Garou; for instance, Hoods use this ability to distinguish someone who really needs help from a scam artist. Either way, this Gift is taught by a rat-spirit, usually while the student sits on a street

Mind's Eye Theater Mechanics

Many of the MET mechanics for additional Bone Gnawer Gifts, rites, and fetishes involve props. This is intentional. After all, you should be able to recognize a Bone Gnawer character not only from his deplorable appearance, but also from the trash he carries around. As you'd expect, using these additional rules requires the permission of your Narrator, so check before you show up for a game to make sure they're allowed. Purist Narrators may also want to consider the Patrol Gift and Giant Steps sidebars before allowing Gifts, rites, or fetishes that incorporate these rules; you may consider them optional.

corner asking for help over and over again; the rat gets a cut of any handouts during the time of training.

System: Spend one Gnosis and roll Perception + Streetwise (difficulty 6). Pick a person within about a city block you can see. One success reveals one of the following facts: whether the person has money in his pocket, whether he has a job, or whether he has a home (your choice). Three successes either answer all three question or give more detailed information about one of them: how much money he's got on him, what his occupation is, and what kind of place he lives in.

If you score five successes, some telltale clue also reveals more specific information. With spiritual insight, you can narrow down four or five choices of where his home may be, what company he works for, or the last item he just bought. Specific information may come as a vision of facts whispered by a helpful Gaffling. ("Guess what a little rat told me.") Alternatively (at the Storyteller's discretion), it can reveal the number of dots a character has in his Resources Background.

This Gift may be unreliable on creatures other than humans. Most supernatural creatures can resist this ability with Willpower (difficulty 6) or Perception + Subterfuge (difficulty 7). If a supernatural creature is impersonating someone else (say, with the Obfuscate Discipline or the Doppleganger Gift), you must beat the number of successes on the initial roll for that talent. Figuring out a vampire's haven or where he draws his financial resources takes a bit of work, but it can be done.

MET: This Gift reveals another character's degree of financial success: whether he has money, whether he has a home, and possibly even the number of *Resources* Traits he has. The Garou begins by approaching his target and asking for a favor or spare change. He can then activate this Gift with a Mental Challenge (preferably while using a Trait tied to perception or deduction). If he fails, he can retest with Streetwise. If he gets a handout, of course, he might decide not to use this Gift at all.

If a Garou succeeds with this Gift, he can deduce approximately how much money the target is carrying. For amounts over $100, he can estimate within $50 (rounded down); for lesser amounts, he can estimate within $5. By burning a *Streetwise* Trait, he can also figure out the number of *Resources* Traits the target has. As a side effect, he can then figure out one significant fact about the target's home—this is usually which part of town it's located in (if the game has this amount of detail).

• **Urban Ward (Level One)** — If your home has no walls, sleeping can be a nightmare. There's no guarantee that someone won't sneak up on you to steal your stuff... or even take your life. Some werewolves solve this problem by sleeping in packs, but it never hurts to take extra precautions. Rural Garou set twigs and branches that easily snap underfoot; Bone Gnawers rig the same warnings with tin cans, tripwires, or even broken glass. With a little mystical aid, a werewolf can enlist spirits in similar defenses. The werewolf can never be sure exactly where the boundary of the urban ward is set, but he may be paranoid enough to spend more time setting multiple layers of trash around his encampment. This Gift is taught by a Rat-spirit, who usually warns its student to always collect trash and shiny things for just this purpose.

System: By spending one Gnosis, a Bone Gnawer can ward an area against intrusion. The "area" can be anywhere between the size of a room and the size of a building. Trash is set around the periphery, usually junk that makes noise when its disturbed. If anyone crosses this imaginary boundary, the Bone Gnawer hears the spirits scream a silent warning to him. The ward remains in effect for eight hours (or in some cases, from dusk 'til dawn).

The Storyteller secretly rolls the character's Wits + Enigmas (difficulty 6). Any supernatural creature attempting to use its powers to overcome the Urban Ward (for instance, with the vampire Discipline: Obfuscate) must score more successes on its roll to activate the proper supernatural power than the Garou did. For more mundane creatures, like humans, crossing the boundary automatically warns the Garou, who may consciously decide whether to wake up. If the trespasser is also using Stealth, the sleeping Garou can make an opposed Perception + Alertness roll without penalty, as if he was awake. Creatures that "teleport" in by means of Gifts such as Shadow Step still count as having crossed the boundary; instantaneous passage through the Umbra is still Umbral passage across the boundary.

MET: Using this Gift costs one Gnosis Trait and requires a rather unusual prop: a ball of string. The Garou stomps out a roughly circular area at least five giant steps in diameter (see the Giant Steps sidebar for more details). Alternatively, if the game is played indoors, string can be laid across the threshold of each door and window leading into a room—the Gift can ward an area roughly as large as a hotel room. If the game is held in a home, hotel, or public area, the urban ward could be laid across a hallway instead (although this is at the Narrator's discretion, so ask first). The characters in the game don't see a piece of string, of course. They will notice, however, trash, detritus, bottles and whatnot scattered throughout the area where the urban ward has been left. You may want to attach some sort of colored tag to the string to make its presence clear, especially if you use string boundaries to delineate other effects.

If anything crosses the ward, the Garou using this Gift receives a mental warning only he can hear. He can set this as anything from a whisper on the wind to a ratlike scream. (Imagine it however you like.) Even if the creature crossing the ward is using *Stealth*, *Blur of the Milky Eye*, *Blissful Ignorance*, *Camouflage*, the vampire Disciplines: *Obfuscate* or *Obtenebration*, or any other obfuscative supernatural power, the Garou knows that *something* is there. If any of the aforementioned powers are used, he'll still need to make the appropriate challenge to figure out exactly what it is. This power can even be used when the character is asleep (although it's rather pointless for a player to use it while sleeping).

Since the Bone Gnawer has to be sleeping in the area of this Gift, it's the player's responsibility to stay in the area — not to force a Narrator to wait and then come get him if something crosses the boundary.

Giant Steps

Any Gift that requires "giant steps" is *highly* optional — that is, Narrators' discretion only. To use it, a player must call out a certain catch phrase that everyone in the game knows. For instance, the Kitchen Chemistry Gift requires the catch phrase "boom!" When the Gift goes off, everyone in the immediate vicinity freezes. The user of the Gift then paces out the distance specified in the Gift's description. Time (in the game) freezes as well. When measuring giant paces, a player must keep one foot on the ground during the duration of the measurement. Usually, the user of the Gift measures his or her own paces, although tiny (or huge) players may designate a proxy.

• **Declamation (Level One)** — By spending at least an hour studying a written text, the Garou can memorize vast passages of information word for word. The effects work like a cross between speed-reading and eidetic memory. Actually understanding or accessing the information is difficult, but repeating it by rote is simple. Lupus Garou cannot learn this Gift, but remarkably enough, illiterate homids can; for the Gift's duration, they can decipher all sorts of "funny little squiggles" on paper. The Garou must be fluent in speaking the language he is reading.

This Gift is often taught by Rat Finks and Frankweilers. Rat Finks use this Gift to transfer sensitive information in a format that's difficult to steal. Frankweiler Galliards use this Gift repeatedly on their favorite plays and novels. This Gift is taught by a bookworm-spirit, a favorite Gaffling of the Frankweilers.

System: After the Garou spends one Gnosis, he can repeat, word for word, anything he reads over the next eight hours. As a rough guideline, the Garou can read about a hundred pages in an hour; each time he "studies," he must concentrate for at least an hour. As a side effect, for the duration of the Gift, the user can add one die to any one Knowledge-based dice pool related to the information. Repeating the information word for word can take hours; however, a second Garou with the Gift: Mindspeak can sift through the information in the Gift user's head in one scene if he doesn't resist.

A supernatural creature can try to steal this information with a mind reading ability (such as the vampire Discipline: Telepathy or an application of a mage's Mind sphere). If this happens, the Garou can resist with a contested Willpower roll (difficulty 4) in addition to any other defense he would normally have against the ability.

MET: Using this Gift requires a Gnosis Trait. Through a combination of speed-reading and eidetic memory, the Garou can repeat, word for word, any text he studies during that game session. Using this Gift requires at least five minutes to carefully "read" every five pages of the text to be memorized. The knowledge is retained for one week. Each successive week, the Garou can use another Gnosis Trait to retain the information for an additional week. In this way, a Garou may choose to memorize the text of an entire play, an informative book from the public library, or that nifty occult tome the pack has stolen from pesky vampires or mages.

If you tell the Storyteller about this Gift before the session, he can make an extra photocopy of any important documents or papers the Garou may study and "read" during that session. At the Narrator's option, the Garou can also gain the temporary Trait: *Well-Read* from studying informative books. This can be used to retest any Knowledge-based Ability related to the text the Garou memorized. This extra effect can only be used on one book at a time, and the character can only have one Well-Read Trait. Knowledge-based Ability tests rely on the Storyteller's discretion, but typically include challenges involving *Academics*, *Computer*, *Linguistics*, *Occult* and *Science*. (Since it's unlikely that the Bone Gnawer would find a whole treatise on the Umbra or on supernatural wisdom, this might or might not be appropriate for *Enigmas* or various sorts of *Lore*.)

• **Desperate Strength (Level One)** — In times of great trauma, desperate people have displayed amazing feats of strength and endurance. With a burst of adrenaline, a mother can lift a truck off a pinned child, or a father may smash through a wall to save his family. Through strength of will, a Bone Gnawer may channel that same desperate energy. If another packmate has fallen or been captured, the Garou may use this hideous strength in a desperate effort to help his pack.

System: After rolling on the Feats of Strength table, the Garou can burn a point of Willpower and roll one die for each Health Level he has remaining. For each success, he can take an extra level of aggravated damage to increase his number of successes by one; he does not need to trade all of his successes in this fashion.

MET: The Garou may use Willpower for retests in Physical Challenges, but each such retest inflicts one aggravated health level of damage. There's no limit to the number of potential retests, subject to the Garou's expenditure of Willpower and health. Thus, the Garou could conceivably call for three or four retests on the same challenge with this Gift, a departure from the normal limits of retests. Damage inflicted by this Gift can be healed, but it can't be reduced by any other Gift or power.

• **The Mark (Level One)** — The Garou can mark a person or place with a scent only other werewolves can sense. The mark is subtle; placing it isn't. This Gift is taught by lost-dog-spirits.

System: Using this Gift requires one Gnosis and a stream of the Garou's urine. The Garou must use his own fluids to mark his victim. Any Garou with at least one dot in Primal-Urge can sense the mark within line of sight. With three dots in Primal-Urge, the Garou can sense it up to a mile away. If the user of this Gift has five dots in Primal-Urge, he always knows where the mark is. The effects last for twelve hours, then persist until the following sunset or sunrise (whichever comes first).

MET: Marking an item that's just lying around is easy; simply spend the Gnosis and take a turn to complete the

appropriate action. Marking an unwilling individual is a bit more difficult—in general, don't allow a resisting character to be marked. (The Garou would wind up in an untenably dangerous, not to mention embarrassing, position.) Since **The Mark** requires that a Narrator keep track of the marked item and be ready to report its location to the Garou, this Gift can place some difficulty on the staff. If your game is small, in a limited location or has lots of Narrators in contact with a radio, this isn't too much trouble. Otherwise, simply don't allow characters to learn this Gift. For the sake of sanity, the Garou should only be allowed to mark one target at a time.

• **Kitchen Chemistry (Level One)** — With ten minutes, a bit of rage, and everyday household chemicals, you can unleash a firestorm of vengeance against an uncaring world. You have a deep and instinctive understanding of the principles of modern chemistry, one that allows you to scratch-build and detonate explosives. (This Gift exists to cancel out the need for any sort of "realistic" explosive rules in the game.) Rat-spirits teach this Gift, occasionally with the help of a few furtive cranks on the Internet.

System: One scene. One Rage. At least three household kitchen chemicals approved by the Storyteller. The result? An explosion inflicting an amount of aggravated damage equal to the character's permanent Rage. Detonating the explosives properly is the difficult part.

At the end of the scene in which the chemicals are cooked, the character attempts an Intelligence + Science roll (difficulty 6). With one success, the explosives will detonate at a specified date and time. Three successes allow them to be thrown (Dexterity + Athletics, distance equal to the Garou's Strength in yards) or triggered by remote (line of sight). Five successes allow for a complex trigger, such as a timed matchbox fuse, trip wire, weight-sensitive pressure plate, or sound of a particular television personality's voice. On a botch, of course, the bomb goes off in the Garou's face.

MET: Burn one Rage Trait before writing a chemical formula and the name of your character on an index card. Then attempt a Static Mental Challenge against the Narrator; he'll set the difficulty based on the complexity of the explosive you're building. If you succeed, you can use this card as a "bomb" against a chosen target, inflicting two aggravated damage. Everyone within three giant paces of the target takes one aggravated damage. The user of this Gift can only make one such index card at a time. If this Gift is allowed in a game, every player must know it is available; everyone in the vicinity must freeze when you use it.

One Trait—When you tear the card, you can "throw" it by pointing at anyone within five giant paces. Shout "boom!" Everyone freezes long enough for the Garou to count out the range and describe the effect.

Three Traits—You can leave the index card on any surface above the ground. You must be within ten giant paces to activate the effect. Shout "boom!" Everyone freezes long enough for the Garou to count out the range and describe the effect.

Five Traits—This last option is only practical as a Patrol Gift (see sidebar). You can design a complex trigger designed to detonate based on movement over a particular area, the sound of

someone's voice, or proximity to a specific target. The patrolling spirit stands next to the index card with her arms crossed (as if using Blur of the Milky Eye). The card must detail the conditions to be met. When the Gift goes off, the spirit player shouts "Boom!" He then describes the effects of this Gift. The user of this Gift can recall the patrolling spirit and "deactivate" the Gift at any time—otherwise, your assistant may have a dull evening.

Warning: Some players inexplicably think that the only way to enjoy the game is to "win" by blowing up lots of things. Keep tight track on Rage expenditures and make sure to remember that nobody has more than one scratch-built bomb at a time. Remember, too, that blowing up lots of public buildings will likely draw lots of mortal investigation, which in turn can lead to breaking the Veil.

• **Dead End (Level Two)** — Through a bit of graffiti and casual sabotage, the Garou can discourage anyone who wants to track him, follow him, or even take interest in his affairs. The werewolf can alter a sign, spray-paint directional information, or perhaps just simply turn street signs the wrong way to misdirect people who find it. This Gift works far better on humans than supernatural creatures. Some urban werewolves attempt this Gift two or three times a week to keep their stomping grounds hidden (rather like a lesser version of the Rite of the Signpost, listed below).

System: Using this Gift requires one Gnosis and enough time to spray-paint graffiti, turn around a street sign, or commit some other act of urban mischief. (If you need an exact number of turns, roll Wits + Survival, difficulty 4, and subtract the number of success from 10; that's the number of turns you'll need.) On any roll to track the Garou past this obstacle, increase the difficulty by 3. The effects last for a full week.

MET: Using this Gift requires a Gnosis Trait, but the timing is important. Any test to track you down requires an additional Mental Challenge and an additional Ability Trait appropriate for a retest. If someone has physically tracked you, you can counter by saying "Dead End" and burn one Gnosis — you slip away unless your pursuer burns an additional Trait for his power or Ability and follows up with a successful Mental Challenge. For instance, if someone has tracked you down with Ritual of the Questing Stone, you would see the prop indicating the use of that rite and respond with the words "Dead End." The questing Garou could then burn a *Rituals* Trait and issue a Mental Challenge. If you succeed, you escape. (In most situations of this kind, the Bone Gnawer player then takes three steps away and declares "Fair Escape.")

• **Road Ward (Level Two)** — You've been tossed out of just about everywhere. Now the spirits help you survive falls that would cripple just about anyone else. Leaping out of a car on the freeway is a minor inconvenience. Getting pushed off a building is a bitch. Either way, this Gift can still reduce the damage from the fall. As a side effect, for one scene after you activate the Road Ward, you'll always land on your feet. Wanderlust-spirits teach this Gift.

System: Any use of this Gift requires one Willpower point and a Stamina + Survival roll (difficulty 6); you can immediately activate this Gift before you hit the ground. Falling out of a car moving up to 75 mph requires one success; every additional 25 mph requires an additional success. If you succeed, you take no damage and roll to a stop. Falling off a building reduces the damage by one story for each success. As a side effect, Road Ward cancels the Ahroun Gift: Falling Touch, as well as any trip attempt or leg sweep; it can be activated in response to any of those attacks.

MET: Spend a Willpower Trait to activate the Gift; this cancels Falling Touch and allows you to spend *Survival* Traits to cancel damage from falling or collisions on a one-Trait-for-one-health-level basis.

• **Stone-Throwing Devil (Level Two)** — Anything you can throw as a weapon becomes deadlier. If your Garou is the sort of bastard that throws rocks during city riots, dumps garbage on policemen from a fire escape, or tosses around furniture in bar brawls, then this Gift is for you.

System: Burn one Rage and roll Dexterity + Athletics when the Garou throws a weapon. Add a number of dice equal to his temporary Rage to the Dexterity + Athletics roll. Of course, if the projectile hits, this means it may also do extra damage.

MET: You can use rocks, debris and garbage as effective thrown weapons. When you invoke this Gift by spending one Rage Trait, you can throw just about anything to a range up to your line of sight, and it inflicts an extra health level of damage. That means that normally harmless items score damage, and dangerous items (throwing knives, for instance) inflict additional damage. This damage is of whatever sort is appropriate to the item: Soft refuse scores bashing damage; hard objects score lethal damage; items that normally inflict aggravated damage inflict more. You must be able to pick up and throw the item normally — you cannot use this Gift to allow you to pick up a dump truck, for instance. You must still make a Physical *Athletics* Challenge to strike the target. Use of this Gift is subject to having something to pick up and throw: A totally desolate landscape offers no weapons.

• **I Got a Rock (Level Two)** — Instead of throwing a weapon to cause greater injury, the werewolf throws projectiles with greater accuracy. This Gift is taught by an air-spirit.

System: Large or unwieldy objects are usually more difficulty to throw than aerodynamic ones; this is reflected by a greater difficulty on the Dexterity + Athletics roll to chuck it. In the turn this Gift is used, the Garou burns one Gnosis. The difficulty to throw an object is then 4, no matter how awkward it is to throw. If the Garou can lift it, he can throw it. The Storyteller may still increase the difficulty because of range or other modifiers, but with this Gift, a motorcycle becomes as aerodynamic as a baseball. Note that a werewolf can't use Stone-Throwing Devil and I've Got a Rock in the same turn (one requires Rage and the other requires Gnosis). Also note that throwing a motorcycle like you'd throw a curve ball or knuckleball shreds the Veil.

MET: You gain one retest on any Physical Challenge to throw an object, at the cost of one Gnosis Trait.

• **On Patrol (Level Two)** — This Gift extends the duration and range of Scent of the True Form or Sense the Unnatural; the

Garou needn't have either one of those Gifts before learning this one, but this Gift is useless without them. Bone Gnawers who hang out on strategically chosen street corners have a chance to sniff out supernatural creatures in the neighborhood. Using the Gift takes about an hour. During that time, if a Wyrm-tainted creature passes within about a city block, there's a chance the werewolf will pick up his scent. Galliards use this Gift while performing on street corners; Ragabash do the same thing while begging for change. Lost-dog spirits teach this Gift.

System: Spend one Gnosis and roll Stamina + Occult (difficulty 6). The effects last for one hour and extend for a city block. (In the wilderness, the range depends on the Garou's sense of smell.) Alternatively, a Garou with the Gift: Pulse of the Invisible can use it with On Patrol to watch activity in the Penumbra, even while hanging out in the physical world. As one would expect, a Bone Gnawer sitting on a street corner reacting to stuff that isn't really there looks like he's strung-out, drunk, stoned or insane. Even while "chemically enhanced," he can still sense the taint of the Wyrm around him.

MET: This Gift requires one Gnosis Trait and works as a Patrol Gift (see sidebar). This either requires the assistance of a patrolling spirit or a Spirit Keeper who can represent one (Spirit Keeper's discretion). Use a Gnosis Trait to activate this Gift, tap your spirit player on the shoulder, and sit on the ground or floor for ten minutes. Your patrol spirit can then roam around and issue a limited number of challenges to find Wyrm-taint, unusual spirits, or just plain suspicious activity. The number of challenges he can undertake equals twice your permanent number of Gnosis Traits. The duration of the Gift expires after ten minutes or when the spirit has made all its challenges, whichever comes first.

• **Hootenanny (Level Two)** — Bone Gnawer Hillfolk invented this Gift, and they've been teaching it to Galliards everywhere. A good old-fashioned hootenanny involves music played really fast and incredibly well—"Dueling Banjos" is currently the most common song used with it.

While a Garou enacts this performance, every werewolf in his pack finds it easier to run, fight, jump, or perform any other rapid, strenuous physical activity. Unfortunately, everyone who hears the performance feels like dancing—they might stomp their feet, clap to the music, and even dance around if the music's good enough. This gives the pack a decided edge in combat. With this Gift, a pack of Hillfolk and a Galliard with a banjo can tear up a whole room full of fomori and Black Spirals with one hell of a square dance. This Gift is taught by an ancestor-spirit, usually one that looks and acts like a Galliard. Some Galliards claim this Gift is taught by the ghost of Elvis, but no one believes them.

System: When the hootenanny starts, the Garou using it spends a Gnosis, rolls Manipulation + Performance, and plays fast-paced, raucous music on a musical instrument. If the character scores three successes on the first turn, the Gift is activated; if he doesn't, he can continue to attempt the roll each turn until he does. For the duration of one scene, as long as he continues to perform, each Garou in his pack can add three extra dice to any Dexterity + Brawl or Athletics dice pool. A packmate can add these dice to only one action each round, or he may divide them among multiple actions, but he cannot use more than three bonus dice from this Gift in a turn.

Any enemies listening should make Willpower rolls when this power is activated. If an opponent hearing the music can't score at least three successes on this roll, raise the difficulty of all his Dexterity + Brawl or Athletics dice pools by 2. (Melee and Firearm dice pools are not affected by this Gift.)

MET: You must sing or perform a fast-paced country song to use this Gift. (You don't actually have to know the words, although it would be disturbing if you did. One of the most common songs for this is "Dueling Banjos.") You add two Physical Traits to each of your packmates' challenges, but cannot join in any of those challenges.

• **Lucky Bastard (Level Three)** — By performing an epic feat to please the spirits, you've found a way to overcome the curse of your jackal's blood. This Gift is taught by a jackal-spirit, usually as an act of forgiveness after an appropriate Umbral quest lasting at least one game session.

The Patrol Template (MET Incarnation)

"Patrol Gifts" are ones in which you can send out a spirit or spirits to affect a large area or affect people across long distances. You can only use one Patrol Gift at a time. For each one, the "patrolling spirit" mechanic works like this:

You must bring another player with you to a session in which you want to use this Gift. When this Gift is not being used, that person plays an incidental character in the game, usually a spirit or one of your Kinfolk. You can activate a Patrol Gift when that person is close enough for you to tap on the shoulder. He then hands you his character sheet and assumes the role of a "patrolling spirit"; for this reason, that person is also known as a "spirit player." For the duration of the Gift, the spirit player makes decisions for the patrolling spirit; the incidental character is assumed to be quietly standing next to you (as the user of this Gift) during this time. The incidental character can still be challenged, but you'll have to represent him in tests, and it can't issue challenges.

Once you've activated your patrolling spirit, you may then whisper commands about the intended target of this Gift to the spirit player. The spirit player puts his right arm across his chest to indicate "I'm in the Umbra." He cannot be challenged or affected by supernatural powers, nor can he challenge or affect anyone other than the target of this Gift. At the end of ten minutes, he begins walking directly back towards you. When he taps you on the shoulder, you hand him his original character sheet, and he returns to his previous character.

A Garou must have at least one dedicated Gaffling or Jaggling to use a Patrol Gift. Alternatively, you may use your pack's totem spirit (Spirit Keeper's discretion), but while it is away, the pack cannot access the benefits of their totem.

System: This Gift can be used once per game session. The Garou spends one Gnosis; the person roleplaying him can then reroll any one dice pool for that character. The effects only apply if the roll is "better" (that is, scores more successes) than the original roll.

MET: Once per session, you can spend a Gnosis Trait for a retest on *any* challenge. This challenge follows up after other types of retests, so you could tack this on after an Ability challenge. If you use this Gift, though, it's the only Gift you can use for a retest — you can't add other Gifts and then use this one if they fail.

• **Streets Tell Stories (Level Three)** — You've got an ear to the sidewalk... literally. By touching a road, sidewalk, or path of some kind, you receive a flash of impressions about what has transpired there during the last twenty-four hours. Urban spirits whisper words, waft scents, and even give a taste of events in the neighborhood. This Gift is bestowed by a City Mother or City Father Totem, usually as a reward for acting in defense of the city.

System: Spend one Gnosis and roll Perception + Streetwise (difficulty 6). You may specify what sort of information you require before you roll the dice. One success reveals a brief sensory impression with any one sense other than sight. Three successes gives a rush of images (described rapid-fire by the Storyteller); you may ask questions about any *one* of them and receive more specific details with all five senses. Five successes gives you access complete recall about everyone who's passed by within the last day, including impressions from all five senses. However, you'll need to spend a scene sitting and thinking to recall this amount of detail.

MET: Since use of *Streets Tell Stories* takes about an hour and gives a flash of a whole past day, it's not useful in the middle of a game; rather, it's useful between sessions. Tell the Storyteller that you want to "read" a specific area. When you receive your character sheet for the next game session, the Storyteller should include information about the impressions you gain from that area. You can only use *Streets Tell Stories* once between each game session.

• **Laugh of the Hyena (Level Three)** — Hyena follows no one; instead, he laughs and mocks anyone who tries to command him. In the same fashion, a Garou who can actually convince a Hyena-spirit to teach him such defiance can steal the spirit's mocking laughter. The Garou can learn to resist any attempt to command, cajole, force, or demand him to do something he doesn't want to do. This is never subtle. The Garou (and the player) must cackle like a hyena-spirit when calling upon this Gift.

System: The Bone Gnawer has a -2 difficulty to any Willpower roll used to resist mental domination or control. This includes the Gift: Roll Over; all effects of the vampire Discipline: Dominate; all effects of the mage Mind Sphere; and all effects of the wraith Arcanos: Puppetry.

MET: You gain a two-Trait bonus on any Mental Challenge to resist mental domination or control. Remember, you must cackle out loud each time you invoke such a retest.

• **Rant and Rave (Level Three)** — Suffused with the pure energy of the Wyld, the user of this Gift rants and raves in a torrent of nonsensical language. Only others who are properly attuned to his magic silver-hammer disco ball dimension can penetrate his tinfoil hat. More precisely, any member of his pack or the Bone Gnawer tribe can decode whatever nonsense he is saying. He can also project these thoughts at a distance to one listener; the ranting Garou chooses which individual receives his psychic transmission.

The listener does not have to actually hear the ranting Garou. As long as he's within the same city, or even the same state or province, there's a chance he'll receive the message. (Unlike the Gift: Mindspeak, line of sight is not always required.) Ranting Bone Gnawers have been known to hold entire conversations from opposite sides of the same city, taking turns shouting violent imprecations to no one in particular. A Wyldling-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The ranting Garou spends one Gnosis for each werewolf he wants to receive his secret message; the duration is one scene. Each one of these targets must either be a member of his pack or a Bone Gnawer. (This is allowable if he's temporarily joined a pack with the Bone Gnawer Gift: Tagalong.) Roll the ranter's Appearance + Expression (difficulty 6); the number of successes limits how far away his recipient can be.

one	line of sight (as per Mindspeak)
two	same building
three	same city block
four	same city
five	same state or province

For Wyld reasons no one can understand, the most powerful application of this Gift actually does have a longer range in Texas or Alaska than in Rhode Island, New Hampshire, or Vermont. Bone Gnawer Deserters have gone on epic Umbral quests to deduce the reason why, but have never returned with any sufficiently logical answer.

MET: This is a Patrol Gift (see sidebar). Two *tin cans* (or appropriate substitutes) are also required as props. Use one Gnosis and tap your chosen spirit player on the shoulder. The spirit player then hands your sheet to you and represents the patrolling spirit instead. Whisper a message to the player of the patrolling spirit and hand him the tin can. He must then walk to the target of your message, hand her the tin can, and whisper in her ear. The message cannot be longer than five sentences. (Just in case you're cheap enough to attempt long rambling sentences, your companion can't write them down, and will have to repeat them from memory.) As with any other Patrol Gift, the patrolling spirit can't be challenged.

As soon as the spirit leaves to deliver the message, you must begin ranting for at least a full minute. The statements you make must be utter gibberish. You don't need to shout, but you can't whisper—muttering is fine. You cannot start challenges while ranting, but you can be challenged. After you've been challenged, you must begin ranting again for at least a full minute.

In the meantime, the "spirit" delivers the message and hands the tin can to the recipient of your message. She may

then elect to return a message at least five sentences long (with the same limitations and restrictions). If she takes this option, she must then begin ranting as you did for a full five minutes.

• **Cooter's Revenge (Level Three)** — Any Bone Gnawer who watches too much television knows about Cooter. He's got a tow truck parked down the street from the *Dukes of Hazzard*, and he always has the right tool for the right job. Followers of the tribe's automotive totem (described under "Totems") train extensively with automotive tools, and wouldn't be caught dead without them. This Gift not only makes proper repairs much easier, but can also save your life if you're caught unaware while changing a tire by the side of the freeway.

System: This Gift requires a heavy, automotive tool at least as big as a large crescent wrench (anything smaller than a half-inch crescent wrench won't do). If you voluntarily lend out any of your tools, you can't use this Gift until you get them back.

For one Gnosis, this Gift reduces the difficulty of any automotive repair roll to 4, (but only if you're using the right tool). For one Rage, the Gift can make the tool a deadlier weapon. Whether you prefer a tire iron or power drill, you can use your chosen tools to inflict Strength + 3 lethal damage for one scene. As an added bonus, you can do the same damage with all four hubcaps, the four wheel wells, and the spare tire of a car as ranged weapons.

MET: You gain an automatic retest on any *Repair* Challenge at a cost of one Gnosis Trait. If you burn one Rage Trait, you can also wield any tool larger than a half-inch crescent wrench as a weapon with three bonus Traits. (Use an index card to represent it, please.) The weapon can be concealed under a jacket, has the Negative Trait: *Dangerous*, and inflicts lethal damage. After all, when you attack people with power tools, accidents happen.

• **Dumpster Diving (Level Three)** — One of the less sanitary tribal totems, the Great Trash Heap, has dissipated its consciousness throughout the dumping grounds, landfills, and trash piles of the world. Bone Gnawers who follow this totem commune with the Incarna by defending, protecting, and even obeying these festering heaps. When a Garou has reached this rank of renown, he may be called upon to travel between festering sacred sites to carry out the totem's demands.

Just as entering a Moon Bridge helps Garou travel between caerns, dumpster diving allows Bone Gnawers and their packs to venture from one shrine of the Great Trash Heap to another. The werewolf burrows down into the trash, tunnels around in it, and then resurfaces inside another Heap on another part of the planet. Obviously, this Gift is taught by a totem-spirit of the Great Trash Heap. A Garou temporarily serving the totem through the Level One Gift: Tagalong can learn this Gift, but the werewolf must still petition the totem each time he uses it.

System: The totem decides when to open and close these gateways and assigns their destinations. When the pack goes dumpster diving, the highest-ranking Bone Gnawer makes a Gnosis roll (difficulty 4) when entering the trash pile; the travel time is the same as for stepping sideways. This ability cannot be used more than once per day, and it only works at the totem's behest. Keeping these pathways open is difficult, so the traveler and his pack must return to their original site within three days. If they don't make it back in time, they'll have to travel back by more conventional means.

MET: You may invoke this Gift once in a session, and you must make a challenge as if stepping sideways against a Gauntlet of four Traits. If you succeed, you and your pack can dive into a trash pile or dumpster, and you'll all appear somewhere else. Where, though, depends upon the Storyteller's whim. This can sometimes provide a handy escape, or a means of traveling to a place where the pack's needed.

• **Shadow of the Rat (Level Four)** — Rats are known for their resilience, persistence, and ruthlessness. Since Rat serves as the Bone Gnawer's tribal totem, Garou of this tribe may learn a great deal about survival under the tutelage of rat-spirits.

System: The Garou can spend one Gnosis to lower the difficulty of all Stamina rolls (including soak rolls) by 1 for the duration of one scene.

MET: If you use a Trait related to Stamina in a Physical Challenge, you can spend one Gnosis Trait and make a Simple Challenge (win or tie) to regain it ten minutes later. You cannot do this more than once per challenge; if you spend a whole scene fighting, you can only do this for one Trait you used during that scene. In addition, you cannot use this on any Trait you have listed more than once on your character sheet. (You can use it for the first level of the Trait, but not for any levels beyond that.) In case you need an official list of Traits acceptable to this Gift, here it is: Enduring, Energetic, Resilient, Robust, Rugged, Stalwart, Tenacious, Tireless, Tough, Vigorous, Wiry.

• **Face in the Crowd (Level Four)** — You thrive in the midst of riots, angry mobs, lynchings, civil disturbances, or any other situation where a crowd of humans rebels, revolts, or resists authority. The Gift doesn't actually enrage a crowd; it just adds direction to a riot already in progress. Wyldlings and Ratkin Twitchers teach this Gift.

System: Using this Gift costs one Willpower each turn. That turn, you can use one noun and one verb to direct what an angry mob will do. The Garou doesn't need to vocalize these commands; the player states them to the Storyteller.

Silly commands automatically fail. (You could, for instance, issue the command "kill vampires," but demanding that everyone "drink Pepsi" does nothing.) You must direct the crowd at something other than itself (so verbs like "sleep," "vomit," or "laugh" or the noun "suicide" are right out). The Storyteller has the right to veto any noun/verb that's too abusive ("kill yourselves") or just plain stupid.

MET: Against a Mob challenge of faceless mooks — that is, any time that a bunch of unidentified Narrator characters show up to serve as milling bystanders — you can expend a Willpower Trait to determine, each turn, what action the Mob takes as its challenge. You don't need to make any test to direct the Mob, but this *only* works on a Mob that doesn't include any players' characters or important, named Storyteller characters.

• **Trust Me (Level Four)** — Once each game session, a Bone Gnawer with this Gift can tell an outrageous lie so well that ordinary humans accept it as truth. The story must at least be vaguely possible and end with the words, "Trust me." What the human does with this knowledge is entirely a matter of roleplaying. Munchmausen Ratkin teach this Gift.

System: No roll is necessary: ordinary humans automatically believe the Bone Gnawer's tale. This Gift does not work on supernatural creatures or animals.

MET: Once each session, you can automatically win one Social Challenge by saying the words, "Trust me." Your opponent can only retest if he has at least twice as many Social Traits as you do, but this requires him to overbid. The Storyteller should present you with a signed and dated card for this Gift at the beginning of each session; you tear it up immediately after using it. As noted above, this Gift only works on normal humans, not on supernatural creatures or animals. Still, it's a great way to get out of jail free.

• **Piping (Level Five)** — In times of great need, an elder can issue a call to his tribe that echoes through the Umbra of an entire city. First, hordes of spirits appear before him in the spirit world. They then swarm out to find everyone of the same tribe. Bone Gnawers use this Gift more than any other tribe, usually relying on hordes of rat-spirits to find all their hidden brothers and sisters. The tribalists don't need to answer the call, but the spirit can relay a brief message exhorting the Garou to aid her brothers and sisters. Using this Gift for a trivial purpose may cost the Garou temporary Honor.

System: Piping works like the Gift: Call of the Wyld, but it stretches across an entire city and only works on Bone Gnawers.

MET: Use *Piping* as a Patrol Gift. If you have this Gift, the Storyteller should include with your character record a card that lists all of the other Bone Gnawers in play. You can send your Patrol spirit out with that card to find these players and notify them of the use of the Gift.

• **Help Me (Level Five)** — Once each game session, a Bone Gnawer with this Gift can tell a tale of suffering so pitiful that he can elicit the help of an average human. With enough successes, he may convince the human to go out of his way to help the poor suffering bastard get on his feet. Masters of this Gift have managed to walk with a mark to the ATM for a sizable donation, borrow the keys to a car for an evening, or sleep on someone's floor. The tribe has spent millennia watching over the human race; after realizing on some subconscious level this great service, the human pays his protector back with a grand favor. Great Bone Gnawer heroes use this Gift when they need help protecting humans from the evils around them.

System: There's a price to pay, however. Some rabble exploit these victims for all they can get, but this behavior is hardly considered honorable. Word gets around. Using this help for the common good is commendable, but if the werewolf uses this Gift from Gaia to rip people off, he'll lose one temporary Honor each time if the local Garou find out. In any case, the Storyteller decides what help the human offers.

MET: While this Gift only works on a normal human and only once per game session, it automatically causes the human to become predisposed to help you as best as possible. This will depend upon the human's skills, proclivities and Nature: A wealthy business executive will give you money, but probably won't kill someone for you (unless he secretly has the *Monster* nature and has always been waiting for an excuse); conversely, a hardened criminal might give you some guns or do a little job for you, but probably wouldn't spend the next three days working at an orphanage. You should at least try to roleplay out telling your sob story to influence the subject. Remember, use of this elder-level Gift for trivial or selfish ends may result in the loss of Honor, even if only the spirits see it.

The Barking Chain

Bone Gnawer Galliards have perfected one of the fastest methods of spreading news known to Garou: the Barking Chain. It starts with a single Galliard howling a few words in the lupus language. If the message is simple enough, it may picked up by a stray dog, canine house pet, or possibly a runaway wolf. That animal responds by barking out a series of high-pitched yips, woofs and howls to repeat what he's heard. If performed correctly, the Galliard can start off enough canine cacophony to spread a simple message throughout an entire city, and possibly into the surrounding countryside.

If you need specific game mechanics for this, a Bone Gnawer Galliard can set off a Barking Chain with a Manipulation + Animal Ken roll (difficulty 6). Three successes can convey a brief "adjective-noun-verb" sentence; five successes transmit a brief black-and-white image. Unfortunately, these impressions are filtered through the average intelligence of the dogs involved. They may distort or simplify the message into terms a house pet would understand. Thus, if a Garou scores less than three successes while barking a phrase like "Black Spirals attacking," it may twist into "ugly-furries-leaping" or "bad-monsters-eating." Whether the information is useful or useless, only Bone Gnawers can benefit from it, understand it, or deconstruct it.

The Barking Chain works both ways. Street mutts and bored family dogs have been known to set off a Barking Chain with trivial or even useless information. For a Galliard, this racket forms a continual background noise whenever he's in a city at night. The Storyteller (not the player) may call for a Perception + Animal Ken roll for the character to discern what the local mutts are howling about. With one success, the Garou can discern which dogs are bored, which are lonely, and which are hungry. Three successes may give information about the dogs' owners or activity in the neighborhood. Five successes may pinpoint a dangerous event the character probably wants to know about.

Rites

Traditional Theurges insist on performing rites exactly as custom dictates. If the Rite of Cleansing requires a willow wand, clear water, and widdershin perambulation, then each of these requirements must be dutifully incorporated. Of course, many tribes have variants of these rites, since the exact "ingredients" are not strictly essential. Wendigo, for example, sometimes use consecrated tobacco instead of clear spring water for their cleansing rites, while Fianna consider atonal howling to be the most vital component. Performing rites correctly is an honorable observance of tradition. Many Garou are careful to perform them exactly as they were taught, not only to ensure their success, but also to encourage their elders to award them renown for succeeding.

Bone Gnawers, as with so many other aspects of their culture, break many of these rules. Of all the tribes, they perform the most spontaneous and disorganized rites. Traditional Theurges may speak of their rituals as disrespectful, or even blasphemous. Yet the *urrah* have reworked these ancient traditions with good reason: many ancient rites cannot be performed formally and correctly in a city. If you're performing the Rite of Cleansing, for instance, then finding a willow branch or a clear spring can take a bit of work.

A clever Theurge learns to substitute urban elements, usually scavenged from whatever refuse can be found. An Uktena might be shocked to see someone purifying spiritual taint with a bottle of Perrier or a six-pack of soda. Nonetheless, Bone Gnawers encourage such creativity and improvisation. Substituting weird "ingredients" may decrease the chance of a traditional rite working, but it gains the admiration of Bone Gnawer elders. It may not garner as much renown, but it gets the job done.

Reckless cubs and cliath have also been known to spontaneously invent their own rites, even when they know they won't get renown for them. Rites do more than summon up supernatural effects — they help hold a pack together and recognize what's important to them. By a definition, if a ritual is something you always do at a certain time or at a certain place, then it should be part of the Theurge's job to formally recognize activities that are important to the pack and bring them together.

Amazingly enough, when a spontaneous rite is performed often enough, urban spirits actually *take notice* and begin to respond to the call. Through creativity and innovation, Bone Gnawers repeatedly invent new rituals to adapt to their ever-changing environment. They may appear strange and involve whatever junk they've picked up in their travels, but they're an integral part of urban spirituality.

Rite of the Cardboard Palace (Mystic)

Level One

Through this rite, a Garou can transform any flimsy structure into a decent place to sleep. This often involves a lot of cardboard and newspaper, but the rite can be invoked just about anywhere you want to call home for the night. The new "walls" of your home become water-resistant and insulated, keeping everyone inside warm and dry. Not surprisingly, you can perform this rite in full view of the mundane populace without breaking the Veil. For some travelers, performing this ritual is just a matter of habit. It may simply involve making a few personal touches to make your space feel secure and safe. For powerful Theurges, the cardboard palace becomes a place of healing as well.

System: When performing this rite, roll Intelligence + Survival (difficulty) 6; with at least one success, you can turn an ordinary shelter into a comfortable place to sleep. If you spend a point of Gnosis before the roll, the shelter is more than just comfortable. The Garou (or other shapechanger) living in the cardboard palace can roll Stamina for every day of rest; three successes heals an additional aggravated wound. Whether the space is dedicated or not, it can be cast on anyone's structure — not just the ritualist's.

MET: Since most Bone Gnawer characters don't have *Resources*, this rite provides a home between game sessions for your character. If you know this rite, you can assume that you always have some place safe and dry to sleep, and if you sacrifice a point of Gnosis at the next game, you come in with one level of aggravated damage healed as well (useful if you were horribly mauled and it would normally take months to heal). Of course, your cardboard palace can still be attacked, so it's not totally

Optional Rule: Spontaneous Rituals

As an optional guideline, if a Bone Gnawer improvises a vastly different way of performing a ritual, a Storyteller may increase its difficulty by 1 or 2. This usually involves substituting urban materials for the more sacred ones described in the core rulebook. For example, performing Rite of the Questing Stone with a car antenna still requires Wits + Rituals, but at difficulty 8 instead of difficulty 7. The risk of altering a traditional ritual should also carry a reward. If the ritual succeeds, and the pack returns to a moot to tell about it, an open-minded Theurge elder may award an additional point of temporary Wisdom Renown. Conversely, if the Theurge elders are staunch traditionalists, they may not award renown for the rite at all — perhaps one is better off not mentioning such transgressions.

A ritual can also be a mundane activity performed at an appropriate time. At the Storyteller's discretion, she may award a temporary point of Wisdom when a Theurge enacts a rite in a particularly inventive or creative way. If the pack adopts this a regular practice, the character may use the rules for inventing new rites (see the rulebook) to adapt this into a minor rite. Typically, these rites add a single die to whatever dice pool is relevant to the activity. In this same spirit, the Storyteller may decide to add a single die to the roll for a particularly brilliant spontaneous ritual. Players shouldn't ask for this die; an impressed Storyteller grants it without prompting.

safe, but at least you're not spending your money on housing—and you can move from place to place more easily.

Rite of the Pizza (Accord)

Level One

Rabble-rousers sometimes try to bring Garou together for a quick, temporary enterprise. Buying them food (or beer) is one way to encourage them to work together, but this minor rite formally acknowledges the alliance and calls upon urban spirits for a quick blessing.

This rite requires a public telephone and enough spare change for a call. The goal is to gather enough food to feed everyone for one meal. This may seem like a simple task, but because of a wide variety of urban traditions, it's actually fraught with peril. Take, for instance, its most common application: ordering a pizza. The Garou must decide where to order from, what toppings to get, what the tip should be, and most distressing, who gets which slices. If they can overcome this Herculean task, there is a chance they may work together to achieve greater goals.

At the culmination of the ritual, the highest-ranking Theurge "gives thanks" (or "says grace"). This must be done very, very quickly, since many Bone Gnawers are ravenously hungry for warm pizza. The highest-ranking Philodox then declares the reason why the temporary pack has been formed. (The Storyteller should demand a more specific explanation if the definition is too broad. "Breaking into Warehouse #8 to recover a Croatan fetish" is a specific goal; "killing the Wyrm" or just "killing shit" is not.) While wolfing down hot morsels of food, the group then coordinates its plan.

System: The Theurge rolls Charisma + Rituals (difficulty 8); increase the difficulty by 1 for every ten Garou participating in the ceremony. Each success yields one temporary die; for the sake of convenience, we'll call this dice pool the "pizza pool." These temporary dice pool lasts until the temporary pack achieves its temporary goal. On any dice roll that directly relates to the goal at hand, a Garou can burn off one of the temporary dice for the pizza pool. The whole group shares the pizza pool. This rite cannot be performed more than once a day by anyone in the alliance, and the pizza pool can't last for more than 24 hours. Additionally, Garou who are already in a pack cannot perform this rite.

At the Storyteller's discretion, if the players actually roleplay this further by ordering a pizza during the game session, paying for it, and offering up a slice or two to the Storyteller, he may lower the difficulty to 6.

MET: This rite is similar to the Rite of the Cup, but much tastier. It allows a gathering of Garou to pool their resources for everyone's benefit. The Rite of the Pizza requires each Garou participating to use one of the following Traits or avoid this cost by confessing one of the listed Negative Traits. A Bone Gnawer can throw in any Social Trait instead. (If you like, you can do this as a roll call: "Stalwart?" "Here!")

Traits: Stalwart, Charismatic, Commanding, Empathetic, Friendly, Genial, Ingratiating, Shrewd, Leadership, Finance

Negative Traits: Cowardly, Docile, Puny, Sickly, Naive, Impatient, Submissive

In this fashion, naturally inspirational characters motivate a pack of rabble and bribe them to help. Bone Gnawers use these bribes (and accept them) all the time, so it's second nature to them. Everyone involved must then share food (both players and characters). The most common and delicious application of this is ordering a pizza. The food must be something that everyone can eat or drink (both players and characters). If you're ordering pizza, for instance, you must figure out a way to feed everyone involved.

The Narrator, Spirit Keeper, or one of the judges must also get a share of the food; he then signs an index card for each participant in the rite with the words "pizza pool." The ritualist then declares a specific goal everyone in the gathering will work for as part of the plot of the game. (See the tabletop definition of this Gift for further details.) Each character that has partaken of the food or drink gets one free retest on one test that furthers that goal. After the retest, the ritualist tears up the card.

Rite of Crash Space (Mystic)

Level Two

Ratkin developed this rite initially, then traded it to a handful of Bone Gnawer Theurges for a big pile of shiny Loot. This rite is much like that of the Cardboard Palace, but further "dedicates" the space for peaceful reflection and meditation.

System: This rite works differently for Bone Gnawers than it does for Ratkin. The ritemaster must spend one Gnosis and make a Wits + Rituals roll (difficulty 7). Recovering Gnosis becomes easier in the "crash space"; reduce the difficulty of any rolls to recover Gnosis while inside the structure by 2. If the ritualist scores three successes on the roll for casting this rite, any Garou meditating in the crash space can regain Gnosis by meditating for an hour; the amount of Gnosis regained equals the number of successes he scores on a Wits + Enigmas roll after an hour of meditation. (Outside the crash space, the number of points regained depends on the number of hours spent meditating.)

MET: This rite is cast on a cardboard box (or an acceptable substitute). To the characters, the box must be large enough for one person to crawl inside. To the players, the box must at least be big enough for someone to stand in. While resting in the box for ten minutes, a Garou can burn one of his Willpower Traits to heal one aggravated wound. This cannot be done more than once per game session. Any Garou can use this shelter to Meditate as if possessed of one Meditation Trait, but only one can use it at a time and each one can only do so once.

Rite of the Shopping Cart (Mystic)

Level Two

When the ritual is performed on any carrying space or cargo-carrying device, it can be expanded to hold more stuff, loot, or junk. In a sense, the inside becomes slightly larger than the outside. The container doesn't bulge or distort; even bulky items become easy to carry.

System: Roll Wits + Rituals (difficulty 7) and spend one Gnosis. For each success, you can place another ten pounds in the container. The rite must be renewed each week or the contents will spill out of the container (and possibly into the street). On a botched roll, the container breaks or tears and is rendered useless.

MET: Use one Gnosis. You can list up to twenty objects on an index card. You are assumed to be carrying them around as long as you have that card. Each object must be small enough that you can carry it in one hand in homid form. While the tabletop version of this Gift typically involves a shopping cart or cardboard box, you can use it to represent a garbage bag or backpack just as easily.

Rite of the Cardboard Fortress (Mystic)

Level Three

This rite, an amalgam of Rite of the Shopping Cart and Rite of the Cardboard Box, requires thinking "outside the box." The results would look something like this: Using duct tape and at least one cardboard box, the ritemaster dedicates the box so that it's much larger on the inside than it is on the outside. This involves creating a "pocket realm" of the Umbra accessible to anyone with the Gnosis Trait. The box must at least be large enough for the ritemaster to crawl inside, along with a flap that can open and close.

Depending on the success of the ritual, once the proper rites have been finished, up to five Garou can fit inside with enough room to barely move around without bumping into each other. (In theory, they could square dance or do calisthenics, but couldn't play tackle football.) If the box is opened or destroyed, there is nothing inside it, at least in the physical world. Instead, the Garou may exit their secret cardboard fortress through the Umbra. Multiple cardboard boxes can be taped together to hold multiple shapechangers.

System: Spend one Gnosis and roll Wits + Rituals (difficulty 7). Each success allows one shapechanger to move about freely inside, even if it's in the equivalent of Crinos form. The Gift does not work on Corax or Mokolé, perhaps for reasons involving Helios. The effects last for one full day or until the cardboard box is destroyed. Fighting in the Cardboard Fortress inevitably destroys the cardboard box.

MET: Use one Gnosis. Like many Bone Gnawer rites and Gifts, this also requires a prop: a cardboard box. To the characters, the box must be large enough for one person to crawl inside. To the players, the box must at least be big enough for someone to stand in. After the Garou casts this rite, he can bring a number of shapechangers equal to his permanent Gnosis Trait into the cardboard fortress. This is represented by having them stand around the box. As long as they're standing within one pace of the box, they can converse and interact undisturbed. Each player "in the cardboard fortress" crosses his or her arms. All other players ignore them. No other characters can use Gifts to interact with them. Even if the physical box is destroyed (in game or in character), the effects continue until everyone leaves or the ritualist ends the rite.

Rite of Man-Taint (Punishment)

Level Three

Bone Gnawer ritualists can reveal when a werewolf has eaten human flesh. The furtive activities of Man-Eaters (see Chapter Two) have made this something of a necessity. As the Litany states, "Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans." If enacted within seven days of a transgression against this dictum of the Litany, the rite forcefully expels every chunk of human flesh consumed from the suspect's body. If the werewolf can't vomit up incriminating evidence through his mouth, the meat may ooze up out of the skin or surge out of another orifice.

System: The ritemaster rolls Charisma + Rituals (difficulty 7); the subject can resist the rite with a Willpower roll (difficulty 7). If the ritemaster wins the contest by at least one success, the transgression against the Litany is revealed.

MET: With a Social Challenge, the ritualist can reveal if a Garou has consumed human flesh within the current or previous game session. (The cost in experience to learn this rite should be two points less than ordinary rites.)

Rite of the Leash (Punishment)

Level Three

Bone Gnawers hate being treated like dogs. Every Garou is a wolf at heart; even the lowest among them finds some dignity in that fact. Treating them like mangy curs infuriates and shames them no end. This Punishment Rite is reserved for Gnawers who have acted so shamefully that even the Bone Gnawer tribe is repulsed. The criminal is bound in Lupus form, usually within the bawn of a sept.

System: The ritemaster spends one Gnosis while holding a rope, chain, or leash of some kind. He then states the crime and makes a Manipulation + Law roll (difficulty 7). If the number of successes is higher than the offender's Gnosis, the offender can be trapped by the "leash." Once bound, the Garou cannot be moved or handed off to someone else without freeing him. Through Gaia's grace, only one of her Philodox can hold the "leash." However, if the offender is later found innocent, the Garou who cast this rite loses 5 temporary Wisdom. Casting the rite over trivial offenses also results in a loss of Wisdom.

MET: The ritualist issues a Social Challenge against someone who has acted dishonorably at a moot, enough to have lost an Honor Trait. This rite must be cast at a moot. The target should relent; if he resists, he immediately loses another Honor Trait. Furthermore, if the Garou is so lowly that he doesn't have an Honor Trait left, he can't resist. If the dishonorable Garou succeeds, the rite fails. If the ritualist succeeds, then for ten minutes, the dishonorable Garou cannot walk further than five giant paces from the spot where he's standing when targeted with this Rite. The ritualist should find a socially acceptable way to mark that spot. If the accusation is for a trivial transgression (as defined by the Narrator or one of her assistants), the Garou casting this rite should lose an Honor Trait.

Rite of the Signpost (Caern)

Level Four

Bone Gnawers often surround their urban homes with wards and rituals to discourage passers-by from wanting to notice what's really going on there. Through the Rite of the Signpost, a ritemaster slowly works his way around a stomping ground or urban caern, leaving signs or markings to intimidate, misdirect, or confuse ordinary people from wandering into the bawn. Trash, graffiti, dead animals, and general signs of squalor can all convince the average human that there are some darkened streets you just don't want to go down. Participating Theurges and Galliards stomp about the area as part of this rite. As shameful as it may seem, this also involves marking a few sidewalks and walls with urine and stink.

As an added effect to a successful rite, humans may get lost in the area surrounding the warded area, even a few blocks away. Garou must inhabit this area at least overnight; you can't cast this on a random neighborhood just to confuse people. The rite cannot be performed on an area larger than a single building or alleyway. If the warded area ever approaches the size of a city block, the wards will begin to fail. The ward must be renewed each month (for a caern) or each week (for stomping grounds).

System: Enacting this rite requires one hour of activity, the expenditure of ten Gnosis (any participants may contribute to this total), and a Wits + Rituals roll (difficulty 7). Record the number of successes. A human that consciously decides to go against his better judgment and enter the area must beat the number of successes on a Willpower roll (difficulty 7). This rite cannot be performed on an area where the Gauntlet is higher than 8.

MET: This rite wards a Bone Gnawer stomping ground against intrusion for one full day. Enacting it requires the ritualist to enlist at least two Garou assistants to march in a circle around the selected area for ten minutes. The area cannot be larger than ten giant steps wide (as measured by the ritualist). Each of the three Garou spends one Gnosis Trait. Note the total of their permanent Gnosis Traits and *Occult* Traits: this is the strength of the ward. (If you like, the Narrator or one of her assistants can sign and date a card with the strength of the ward.)

The ritualist (or one of her assistants) must stand guard while this rite is in effect. Normally, anyone passing by the stomping ground ignores anything taking place there, as if the whole area was under the effects of *Blur of the Milky Eye*. The area looks more frightening, intimidating, and dangerous than it normally would. Bone Gnawers typically increase the effect with atrocious graffiti, vandalism, broken glass, signs of violence, and similar signs of urban blight.

Anyone approaching the area must win a Mental Challenge against the Garou standing guard to enter the area. In the case of a tie, the "guardian Garou" acts as though his total number of Mental Traits equals the strength of the ward. Humans must spend one Willpower Trait before making this challenge; anyone else must spend a Mental Trait. A group of characters can use the Mob Rules for a Mental Challenge against the guarding Garou — angry mobs aren't as intimidated by the ward as lone wanderers — but each participant must spend the appropriate Trait beforehand.

Rite of No Trespassing (Caern)

Level Five

Performed on rural caerns, this ritual keeps the Bone Gnawers' most sacred places hidden from humanity. The ritemaster enacts the help of a pack to slowly working their way around the bawn of a caern. By scratching on trees and stones, marking locations with urine and scent, calling on the steadfast power of the Earth and even hanging faded "BEWARE OF DOGS" and "TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT" sign, they actively discourage humans from finding their way into the heart of the caern. This doesn't act like an absolute "Ward Against Humans." Humans can still uncover the caern if its inhabitants aren't careful, but the rite forces them to take a bit of effort to actually work their way to a caern's spiritual center.

System: The system is much the same as that of the Rite of the Signpost, even to requiring the expenditure of ten Gnosis. Only one ritemaster makes the final Wits + Rituals roll, but any participating Garou may spend one Willpower to grant an automatic success to the roll. Anyone within the bawn of a caern who passes the Caern Ward must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 6); if he can't score as many successes as the Garou did on this rite, he gets lost and cannot find his way to the spiritual heart of the caern. If he succeeds, he can only find it by searching the area — an activity that's sure to draw the attention of nearby Garou. Because of the strength of the Weaver, this rite can only be performed in the wilderness, and even then, only in a place where the Gauntlet is below 6.

MET: This rite is used to discourage passers-by from entering the bawn of a caern. Once each week, the ritemaster and five assistants perform the rite within the bawn of the caern. Each participant spends one Gnosis Trait; the rite lasts for a full week. Add of the permanent Gnosis Traits and Occult Traits of everyone participating: this is the strength of the ward. This rite can only be performed in the bawn of a caern.

Anyone entering the bawn of the caern must make a Static Mental Challenge against the strength of the ward. This is easiest to enact if a Garou (most likely the Caern Warder) is standing guard. For this rite, add the strength of the ward to his Mental Traits for this challenge. Humans must spend a Willpower Trait before this test or automatically fail; anyone else must spend a Mental Trait or automatically fail. If the approaching character fails, he becomes lost and wanders to the nearest edge of the bawn. If the approaching character wins, he has passed the bawn of the caern and is approaching its spiritual center. The defender of the caern may want to overbid, if he can.

Fetishes

Lost Keyring

Level 1, Gnosis 5

The Garou with this device owns hundreds of keys attached to a six-inch steel ring. By activating the fetish, a Garou can evaluate the complexity of locks on a door, window, or other barrier directly in front of him. For mechanic-minded players, the Storyteller can rate this complexity on a scale of 1 to 5. Overcoming the locks then requires a Perception + Repair roll against a difficulty of (5 + the lock's complexity). Even one success shows that the Garou has found the right key to jimmy the lock. Unless the key is used immediately, however, the user's fumbling hand loses it within a few rounds. This fetish works remarkably like the Gift: Open Seal, but in the same fashion, it won't protect against security systems, motion sensors, or electronic alarms on the lock.

MET: The *Lost Keyring* allows the holder to immediately determine the difficulty required for penetrating a physical lock, without actually trying to pick it. The Garou can, immediately after determining the difficulty, attempt to open the lock; this requires a Static Mental Challenge against the lock's difficulty, but the Garou gains two bonus Traits thanks to the Fetish. Failure means that the Fetish simply doesn't have an appropriate key for the lock. Failure of the Fetish does not prohibit attempts to pick the lock by other means, though.

Ivan's Molotov

Level 1, Gnosis 5

The first fetish of this kind was crafted by Ivan Ivanovich, an infamous Theurge of the Sept of the People's Will in Moscow. It is a flask containing a flammable liquid ideal for thrown projectiles. When activated, it can fill up a small flask with a clear, odorless fluid. Ivan's Molotov can fill three other flasks before it must be "refilled" (see below).

Sticking a cloth in the neck of the bottle prepares it for battle. When the bottle is thrown (Dexterity + Athletics), the object it smashes into receives five dice of aggravated damage. A burst of flame and broken glass then burn and shred anything within three yards of this target, inflicting three dice of aggravated damage. Bottles filled with Ivan's Molotov must be hurled one at a time, however. If two of these bottles land within five yards of each other, they detonate with a loud bang, produce a cloud of smoke, and fizzle out without inflicting any damage at all.

If the flask filled with Ivan's Molotov runs dry, the owner can meditate over it, usually by contemplating the last riot, protest or urban upheaval he witnessed. The owner rolls Wits + Enigmas (difficulty 6) and spends one Gnosis to refill the fetish.

MET: Bottles filled by this Fetish act much like a mundane Molotov cocktail, targeted with a Physical *Athletics* Challenge and inflicting aggravated fire damage to victims. As noted above, if two or more are thrown at the same target at the same time, none of them have any effect. You can create up to three Molotovs at once with this Fetish before you must spend one turn and a Gnosis Trait to refill it.

The Whole Gym Bag

Level 1, Gnosis 5

This battered satchel holds a mass of objects up to twice the actual size of the bag—a perfect fetish for any collection of Junk, Stuff, and Loot. Furthermore, the bag itself, including all its contents, count as one item when it is "dedicated" to the Garou. The Gym Bag appears as a stripe of fur (representing the shoulder strap) when the Garou changes to Crinos form. It disappears completely when the character is in Hispo or Lupus form.

There are limits, however, on what objects can stay inside when the Garou shifts. Because of the Wyld energy within it, it cannot contain complex examples of the Weaver's handiwork: namely, guns and other weapons or working technological items. Gym Bags can't contain other smaller Gym Bags (sorry!), nor can they be expanded with the Rite of the Shopping Cart. In other words, if you need to carry a shotgun or a laptop (*urrah*!), you should dedicate it separately. By contrast, broken or nonfunctional bits of technology (that is, Junk) can easily be carried. If these conditions are not met, the bag drops to the ground and spills its contents when the Garou shifts out of Homid or Glabro form.

MET: The *Whole Gym Bag* can contain any two item cards that don't involve an item with any moving parts. You should paperclip the cards together to show that they're in the bag. Whenever you shift forms to a non-humanoid shape, the bag and its contents shift with you, but count only as a single dedicated item.

Rover's Whistle

Level 2, Gnosis 5

Humans can't hear this fetish, but Garou can. When activated with a Gnosis roll and a good solid blow, the whistle alerts all Garou within a city block, helping them find the user. (The effects are similar to the Galliard Gift: Call of the Wyld, but none of that annoying howling is required.) If the user has the Kinfolk Background, he can also summon nearby Kinfolk by blowing the whistle with Charisma + Leadership (difficulty 5); each success can alert one of that Garou's Kinfolk if they're in the area.

Keep in mind that this fetish alerts werewolves and Kinfolk that hear it; it doesn't force them to appear at the user's beck and call. A Garou does not have to answer this summons. Bone Gnawers respect this fetish, but werewolves of other tribes get irritated when a Bone Gnawer tries to summon them with a glorified "dog whistle."

Alternatively, with a Charisma + Animal Ken roll (difficulty 6), the fetish alerts all the street dogs in the neighborhood; actually summoning or manipulating them requires further Charisma + Animal Ken rolls. A few Masters of the Rite in urban caerns have quested specifically for this fetish, so that they can summon septs without alerting their human neighbors. Such a worthy hero proudly wears this treasure on a chain around his neck.

MET: When you activate *Rover's Whistle*, all Garou and Kinfolk in the area can hear you. For your turn, simply

call out "Garou and Kinfolk, you hear a whistle." Everyone else should (if they're respecting the rules!) ignore this call.

Hitching Glove

Level 3, Gnosis 6

One size fits all — this fetish is a worn glove with extra padding around the thumb. By activating the fetish, the wearer can determine the best place within a city block for hitching a ride. The Garou can flag down a passing ride with a Perception + Streetwise roll (difficulty 8). Whether the ride is headed in the right direction depends on the number of successes. One success denotes numerous detours and delays; the ride doesn't go all the way to the hitchhiker's destination. Five successes indicate that a friendly driver will go out of his way to accommodate his passenger. The roll isn't made until the passenger gets into the vehicle, since a botch indicates a dangerous encounter. Once in the company of the stranger driving the car, the hitchhiker is on his own.

MET: After you activate the *Hitching Glove*, you can automatically hitchhike and a car will stop to pick you up within three turns, if you're in a place with regular traffic. (This won't help in the middle of the desert.) The driver will take you to your desired destination, but it requires a full conflict/ ten minutes if it's nearby, and a full scene/ hour if it's across the city. Longer trips are outside the scope of Mind's Eye Theatre games. There's no guarantee that the driver is necessarily friendly; you might be picked up by a criminal or even a Wyrm-tainted creature.

Spirit Radio

Level 4, Gnosis 7

Don't touch that dial... unless you're prepared to deal with the consequences. The spirit radio is a battered little portable that runs off a dead battery. Recharging it at a caern imbues the fetish with enough Gnosis for seven uses. Activating the fetish tunes into the communications of spirits within a city block. Tuning the dial gives a rapid montage announcing all sorts of spiritual activity in the neighborhood. Any Fera or Garou listening can attune to a broadcast (even without the Spirit Speech Gift) and gather what kinds of spirits are nearby. This sounds like squealing or static to everyone else listening.

Each attuned listener gets his own image of what the spirits are like, but identifying them precisely requires a Wits + Occult roll (difficulty 7). The user can then tune into any one spirit within range, hearing a report on what the spirit senses and encounters for up to one scene. If the user has any "requests," the spirit radio reduces the difficulty of calling the spirit (with a Summoning Rite) by 2.

MET: When you activate the Spirit Radio (which you can do up to seven times before you must charge it at a caern), you can follow the Spirit Keeper of your game and listen in on the next request or scene in which the Keeper takes place.

Umbral CB

Level 5, Gnosis 8

Ripped from the dashboard of an eighteen wheeler, this citizen band radio has been invested with powerful mojo. It won't pick up transmissions in the physical world, but it can tune in to any one Garou in the Umbra. Typically, powerful Theurges in the Deserters camp craft Umbral CB's.

Before the werewolf begins his Umbral quest, he places his hand on the radio's casing. The owner of the fetish can then find the right channel to keep in touch with the Umbral traveler. No matter where the traveler ventures in the Penumbra, the owner of the fetish can hear his voice and broadcast transmissions. If the traveler crosses into the Near Umbra, another activation roll at a +1 difficulty is required to maintain contact. If the Umbral wanderer ventures into the Deep Umbra, an additional activation roll is required at a +3 difficulty.

Using the Umbral CB requires a few sacred phrases to converse with the distant Garou. The owner of the fetish initiates conversation by grabbing the microphone and formally hailing his erstwhile companion beyond the velvet shadow of the Gauntlet. (*"Breaker, breaker, Piss-in-the-Wind, come back?"*) A brief exchange of cosmological lore establishes where the traveler is in the spirit realm. (*"That's a big 10-4. What's your 10-20, over?"*) Separated by the cruel division of flesh and spirit, the Garou then take turns speaking, poetically acknowledging the distance between them by ending each exchange with sacred phrases (namely, the words "come back" and "over"). Either Garou may sever this mystic link with the proper incantation. (*"10-4, over and out."*)

MET: When you use an Umbral CB to keep in touch with another Garou, your efforts are restricted to tuning the device and listening carefully — you can't be doing other things simultaneously. This allows you to accompany someone else in the Umbra, although you aren't actually there; indicate that you're out-of-play by whatever sign your group uses for this. You simply have the opportunity to follow and eavesdrop on everything the Umbral individual does. This only works with a willing partner.

Merits and Flaws

Merits and Flaws (introduced in the **Werewolf Players Guide**) are optional — in fact, some Storytellers opt to not use them at all. Others are very selective, carefully considering which advantages and disadvantages they'll allow in their chronicles. You are under no obligation to consider all of these Merits and Flaws for your own game. Some break (or at least bend) the basic rules of the game, limit the type of story you can tell with your troupe, or give characters an edge they wouldn't normally have. By calling upon the Golden Rule of Storytelling, Storytellers should alter, amend or excise them to fit their chronicles.

Struggling (1 point Merit)

By hard work and diligence, you've gotten yourself off the streets. You can raise just enough money for legitimate home, regular (but cheap) food, and even a few basic amenities. However, all of your resources are tied up in maintaining this home, and you have to struggle to keep it. As a Bone Gnawer, you can't have points in the Resources Background. Thus, mustering more than a few dollars of disposable income is

difficult for you — it seems like you're always paying off debts and bills. You do, however, have a way to score some extra cash once in a while. Struggling may be tough, but it's a damn sight better than living on the streets.

Downtime is critical to a Struggling character. Even though he's part of the chronicle, your character can't spend every day wandering around looking for adventure. Drawing a paycheck requires at least twenty to thirty hours of part-time work a week; presumably this happens in the time between game sessions. Since this Merit limits the sort of tale your Storyteller can tell, it obviously requires her approval. Your character will, however, have a home, an address, and a phone number.

At the start of each chapter of the chronicle, the Storyteller rolls your character's Wits; every two successes bestows the equivalent of one dot of Resources for the rest of the chapter. (If you've got Wits 4 or 5, you can reroll 10's.) The words "job security" mean nothing to you, however. On a botched roll, you lose everything and have to start over (as described below). You can also temporarily lose this Merit if you leave town, or can no longer work to keep up your home.

Whether through a botched roll or negligence, you can fall through the cracks again at any moment. Your landlord is ready to evict you in a heartbeat, and your bills are almost always overdue. Setting yourself up as "struggling" again requires at least a month of downtime and a number of experience points equal to the cost of this Merit. The Struggling Merit is fairly common among followers of the Rat Fink camp, who often hold down jobs to hide their methods of gathering information, but as you can see, they have trouble holding onto them for long.

MET: With this Merit, you have a virtual level of *Resources*. While you don't actually have the Background, you can make use of it as if you had a single level. Each time you flex your *Resources*, though, you must make a Simple Challenge (win or tie). If you lose, then you lose the Merit until you spend a full period between games doing *nothing* but working to re-establish your Merit — no downtime actions, no Influence uses, nothing. This Merit reduces your ability to do other things: Instead of being limited to the sum of your Attribute Traits for your maximum level of manageable Influences, lower your limit by three. Furthermore, you can only take *two* actions between games, regardless of what those actions are.

Shame (2 point Merit)

Your distant Garou ancestors weren't Bone Gnawers. Somewhere along the way, one of your ancestors shamed himself in some way. As a result, his descendants were so infamous or reviled that only the Bone Gnawer tribe would take them in. His reputation precedes you, as well.

The good news is that you can still draw upon the strength of a few of your more esteemed ancestors. Treat this like one dot in the Ancestors Background. None of these ancestors were Bone Gnawers (of course) and none of them were more recent than at least three centuries ago. This is the closest a Bone Gnawer can ever get to the Ancestors Background (without using the optional Bootstrapping Rule mentioned earlier, of course).

The bad news is that elders may learn of or even recognize your shameful lineage. Here's the catch: Each time you meet an elder for the first time, the Storyteller may roll your permanent Glory against a difficulty of (your Rank +5). If the roll scores even one success, your family's dark past is revealed. In addition to any story complications, you then gain an additional +2 difficulty on all Social-based dice pools with all elders in that sept. (If you're using the optional Tribal Disadvantage, this disadvantage stacks with that +1 difficulty.)

This game mechanic doesn't preclude some rival (or an inquisitive Shadow Lord) from finding this dark secret on his own as part of a story in your game. In fact, a chronicle can involve an entire subplot with a Bone Gnawer who tries to gain a deeper understanding of his ancestry while hiding it from his sept's elders. The ancestor may do more than simply bestow an occasional benefit to a dice pool — he may also grant forbidden lore or a temptation that may affect the Bone Gnawer's destiny forever.

MET: You have a virtual level of the *Ancestors* Background, and can invoke it just like that Background. Unfortunately, your infamous pedigree can get you into trouble. You effectively have the Negative Social Trait: *Shamed*, only when dealing with Garou. Any elder Garou who uses the *Politics* Ability to try to "sniff out" your place in Garou society will immediately realize your shameful lineage and Negative Trait if he wins in a Social Challenge against you.

Ratkin Buddies (3 point Merit)

You poor bastard. Ratkin like you. For some reason, an entire pack of them has taken a personal interest in you. On a *good day*, they'll swarm into your life and solve one of your pesky little problems — sometimes by twisting it around into a completely different problem. On a *really good day*, they'll decide that one of your enemies is their enemy, too, making the poor fool's life a living hell (that is, worse than yours). And then there are the *bad days*, the ones where they show up unexpectedly asking for a place to crash, eat all your food, borrow some of your stuff, or generally raise hell where you live. You've learned to be really tolerant of them, because if you're not, they'll make your life a living hell, too.

No more than one Garou in a pack can take this Merit. Ratkin have a chance of manifesting at a random time once every four sessions of game play. The Storyteller decides the precise moment the player must roll a die on this nifty little table:

1: *Bad day*. Ratkin make your life difficult.

2-5: *Sad day*. No Ratkin. Go outside and leave a present for the local rats.

6-8: *Good day*. Ratkin perform a minor favor.

9: *Really good day*. Ratkin allies save your ass.

10: One Ratkin joins the rat pack, one leaves. The new Ratkin leaves you a gift as an introduction. He thinks it's neat, even if you don't.

The results affect the story as defined in the first paragraph of this Merit. The Ratkin pack has a number of wererats equal to the size of the character's pack minus one.

Note that Ratkin are not inclined to appear to Garou other than Bone Gnawers; if you're part of a multitribal pack, your packmates may never learn the nature of your hidden "benefactors." As an optional rule, if Ratkin show up as part of the chronicle, the player who's chosen this Merit plays his Garou character, but every other player in the troupe can temporarily play a character in the rat pack.

MET: You have a pack of Ratkin that find you "interesting." This doesn't mean that you can just call them up to deal with problems, though; they have their own lives and show up on their own time. Typically, about once every three or four game sessions, the Storyteller will make a Simple Test with you. If you lose, the Ratkin show up and make things difficult by lounging around, scaring off guests and drinking all of your beer; you cannot take any between-game actions after that session. If you tie, the Ratkin wind up helping you out with some task that month; during between-game actions of that session, you count as if you have an extra level of *Influence* in one area, even an area where you normally don't have *Influence*. If you win, the Ratkin really pull out the stops to help you out with something, and you not only gain the bonus level of *Influence*, but also can pick one of your downtime actions to benefit from a free retest, if any tests are involved — or the Storyteller might even declare that it works out by fiat. You also tend to collect trinkets and odd junk (and Junk) every few months; the Storyteller might include a random, generally worthless, item card with your character record at random events. Don't throw it away, though, or you risk insulting the Ratkin.

Anosmia (1 point Flaw)

You've lost all sense of taste or smell. Maybe it's because you've been surrounded by the stink of the city for so long, or it may simply be a genetic defect. Some Bone Gnawer metis are born with this affliction; this Flaw is always in addition to the more crippling and obvious metis deformity chosen during character creation.

Regardless of the cause of this Flaw, you automatically fail any roll involving these two senses, including Primal-Urge rolls for tracking or hunting. In Lupus form, it's even more crippling, since smell is a wolf's most acute sense; this Flaw cancels out the –2 difficulty to Perception rolls a Garou gets in that form. There's a slight benefit, however: At the Storyteller's discretion, you may be immune to Gifts and supernatural abilities that rely on odors or stink, such as the Gift: Odor of the Skunk. Bone Gnawer Cooking also tastes just fine to you, even if the texture is occasionally repulsive.

MET: You have no sense of taste or smell. You can't track by scent, you do not gain *Heightened Senses* in your non-homid forms and you aren't affected by any powers that work solely on scent.

Lost Homid (2 point Flaw)

You can't remember anything since your First Change. At times, you can't remember back much farther than a year or two. Your first transformation was so intense, so vivid, that it completely ripped away all memory of your former life. You no doubt wandered the streets for months before the Bone Gnawer tribe found you and taught you who you really were — no other tribe would take you in. After all, most Garou don't share the tolerance Bone Gnawers and Children of Gaia have for the mentally ill.

This Flaw is only available to Homid Garou. Living on the streets has thoroughly distanced you from the human world. You lived like an animal, and so you have lost much of your understanding for how humans live. As part of this, you have the same restrictions on Abilities as a lupus. You have fallen between the cracks of society, and so begin play without identification, a human name, or any ties to human society. (You can't take this Flaw if you also have the Flaw: Struggling.)

MET: Although Homid, you start with the same restrictions on Ability Traits as a Lupus.

Phobia (2 point Flaw)

Many Bone Gnawers take to wandering the streets because they're broke, homeless, or even mentally ill. The transition from human being to supernatural creature isn't always an easy one, and some Garou face extreme circumstances along the way. The trauma of the First Change can scar a soul for life, leading to unreasonable and irrational fears of perfectly ordinary people, places and things.

A character with the Phobia Flaw has a strong aversion to a type of encounter or confrontation that's likely to occur in a story. When presented with this stimulus (crowds, birds, rats, enclosed places, heights), the character must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 9); one success overrides the phobia. If the character scores no successes, he'll spend the rest of the scene trying to avoid or flee the situation, confrontation, or revelation. On a botch, the character is paralyzed by fear for at least one round. Spending a Willpower point can override this reaction for at least one round, no doubt long enough for the rest of the pack to come to the fearful victim's aid.

As you'd expect, the Storyteller has the right to disallow any phobia that's too trivial or too esoteric to ever show up in a story. In fact, the Storyteller should feel free to work the phobia into sessions once in a while to justify it. If the Flaw doesn't inconvenience or challenge the character, the Storyteller can veto it immediately and choose another Flaw for the character.

MET: When you're forced into a corner against a specific trigger item, creature or condition, you freak out. You simply can't deal with the subject of your fear. Make a Simple Test (win only). If you lose, you flee in mindless terror as best you can (take all of your actions to do so) and you cannot take action against the subject of your fear — you're too afraid to even risk lashing out at it. You can spend a Willpower Trait to overcome this terror for a single turn.

Jackal's Blood (5 point Flaw)

You're cursed. In fact, you make the average Bone Gnawer look lucky. Once per session, something you attempt will go horribly, horribly wrong. It may be something as minor as spilling

a drink or as major as swinging at a foe in combat and hitting your best friend. The Storyteller sets an object in front of you (as the player) to represent your curse. The moment your Jackal's Blood kicks in, he removes it and alters the story so that the action you just attempt doesn't just fail, but fails dramatically. Rules-minded troupes can interpret this as an automatic botch on any one dice roll. Drama hounds will prefer sudden story complications or a dramatic reversal of the hero's biggest success that evening.

MET: Carry with you a card to indicate your *Jackal's Curse* and make Storytellers aware of it whenever they wind up overseeing a conflict you're in. The Storyteller can take your *Jackal's Curse* card at any time and, in return, cause you to automatically lose whatever challenge you're currently in. Storytellers, take note: Some players will try to sleaze out of this by entering inconsequential challenges or crummy little scuffles early in the game. Be sure to keep an eye out for the overall course of the game and look for a time to really put the screws to the player. The player shouldn't have taken a five-Trait Flaw without knowing in advance that it's going to be a real problem, after all.

Totems and Aspects

As vast and cosmic powers in the world, Totem Incarnae are not always easily defined. In fact, it is entirely possible that two Garou may see the same totem differently. One Incarna may have several different aspects, revealing himself, herself or itself (or all three) to different individuals in different ways. Usually the Garou who interpret a major totem differently are extremists, but in the Final Days of the world, many desperate Garou have been driven to extremes.

One excellent example is Raven. To Red Talons, he is a devious and taunting foe in combat, staying just outside the reach of a wolf's claws while he frustrates and exhausts his opponents. To Get and Shadow Lords, on the other hand, he is more avaricious and secretive, preferring trickery and deceit to confrontation. All three tribes recognize the same totem, but interact with different aspects of Raven's personality. Packs that dedicate themselves to the Raven Incarna may choose either incarnation.

Luna herself has several different aspects, corresponding to the shifting phases of the moon. During the full moon, some see her as Diana, glaring with fury as she readies her bow for war. Yet during the new moon, she is as mysterious and aloof as any Ragabash, revealing herself in riddles and hidden mysteries.

Aspects of the Tribal Totem

The Rat Totem also reveals itself to different shapechangers in different ways. Most Bone Gnawers see it as it is described in the **Werewolf** rulebook, interpreting that aspect as their tribal totem. During the increasing insanity of the End Times, however, two extreme camps of Garou have begun arguing over Rat's true nature. Those who study the ways of war, including Ahroun and the Swarm camp, speak with reverence of the Rat God, exhorting his glorious plans to lead them in battle. Those who favor peace know of Mother Rat, an Incarna esteemed for her compassion to her children, generosity to the tribe, and fierce protection of those who care for Bone Gnawer cubs. All three are different aspects of

the Rat Totem, leading to a schism within the tribe. At the Storyteller's discretion, Bone Gnawer extremists who follow a non-traditional aspect of Rat may be required to uphold some of the following duties as an addition to their totem's Ban.

The Rat God Aspect: Away from the dictates of sept elders, followers of the Rat God revel in violence as they carry out the Rat God's wishes. They may be asked to lead a strike against a building or even a person as part of their service to the totem. This is a spiritual connection to the Incarna; no supernatural ability can fool one of Rat's children into performing false missions for her totem (even with a Mage's Mind Sphere or the vampiric Discipline: Dominate). Elders may be horrified to learn that many disparate followers may contribute to one of the Incarna's cryptic schemes, possibly aided by another of the Incarna's devoted followers, the Ratkin.

The Mother Rat Aspect: In Bone Gnawer stomping grounds devoted to Mother Rat, her children care for those in need. Strangers are offered hospitality, the homeless are sheltered and fed, and the weakest among the tribe are protected. As part of this, she is especially fond of children, the metis who care for them, and Garou mothers. She speaks of her own imperatives, gently whispering in soft chitters of places packs must go and people they must aid.

All Aspects: In any incarnation, the Rat Totem can speak to its followers through any rat. For this reason, Bone Gnawers often treat rodents with reverence, knowing that any one can suddenly become a tiny avatar of their principal Incarna. This has served to intensify the tribe's enmity with the Silent Striders and followers of Owl, many of whom worship their totem by sacrificing these same potential messengers, or at least leaving them helpless before their predators. While Bone Gnawers who follow other totems have no aversion to working with Silent Striders, those who follow the Rat Totem (as it is listed in the rulebook) are sometimes issued commands to sabotage or cripple people and places important to Owl. Failure to answer these commands may result in a loss of temporary Honor. As the Final Days advance, these commands grow more elaborate... and more pressing.

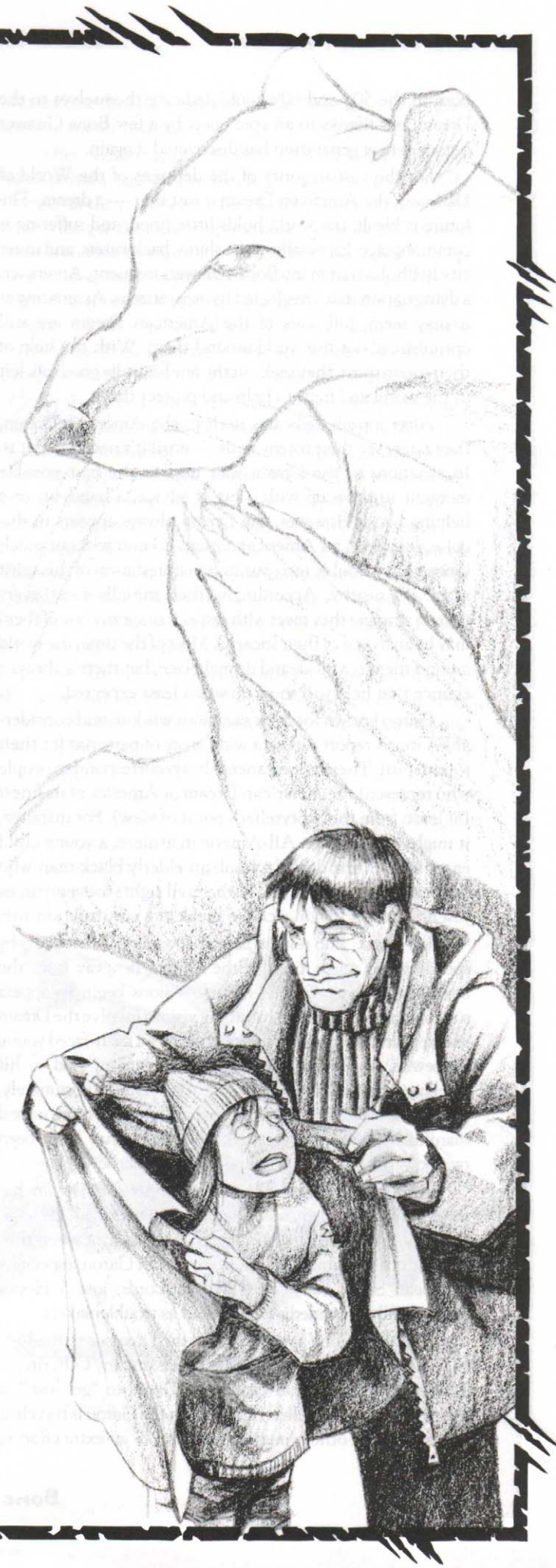
If a character upholds her duty to the Rat Totem by obeying these additional Bans and dictates, Storytellers should make sure these restrictions occasionally has a corresponding Boon. Just as many different followers of Rat contribute bits and pieces of the totem's master plans, unexpected initiates of the totem may suddenly appear to provide the pack with information, assistance, or even opportunities to quest on the totem's behalf. Anywhere rats are present, one of the totem's tiny avatars may whisper advice. As the Apocalypse advances, Rat has not only intensified its war against the Wyrm, but also its struggles against rival totems. As a force of chaos and madness in the world, it passes on these blessings to its followers and children.

Totems of Respect

American Dream

Background Cost: 3

The American Dream isn't dead — it's just been lost. Followers of this totem quest to find it, sometimes by reliving quintessentially American experiences. For a while, only Garou



born in the 50's and 60's could dedicate themselves to the Dream, but thanks to an epic quest by a few Bone Gnawer heroes, a new generation has discovered it again.

For the vast majority of the denizens of the World of Darkness, the American Dream is just that — a dream. The future is bleak, the world holds little hope, and suffering is commonplace. Especially in the slums, backwaters, and inner city hellholes that many Bone Gnawers frequent, America is a dying nation that's neglected its own citizens. As amazing as it may seem, followers of the American Dream are still optimistic about the world around them. With the help of their totem spirit, they seek out the few basically good folk left in the world and fight to help and protect them.

After a pack dedicates itself to the American Dream, they rarely see their totem spirit — until it's needed, that is. Incarnations of the Dream wait until it the best possible moment to show up with a bit of advice, a handout, or a helping hand. However, the Dream always appears in disguise, usually as an American citizen. Garou without much Gnosis have trouble recognizing a manifestation of this spirit when it's nearby. Accordingly, they initially treat every human stranger they meet with respect, since any one of them may be an avatar of their Incarna. Most of the time, the world around them is a bleak and dismal place, but there's always a chance that help will show up when least expected.

Garou known for their sagacious wisdom and considerable Gnosis report seeing a wide array of personas for their totem spirit. These appearances always correspond to people who represent the American Dream or America at its finest (at least, from the Storyteller's point of view). For instance, it might appear as an All-American athlete, a young child eager for her first day of school, an elderly black man who can remember every detail of the civil rights movement, or just an average Joe on a coffee break at a construction site.

For Garou who rely on Gnosis too much — typically by spending too much time in the Umbra or away from the company of other Garou — these visions begin to appear surreal. Some of the most disturbing visions involve the Dream as it appeared in the 1950's, whether that's a fresh-faced young housewife, a gee-whiz teenager, or a suburban Dad in his smoking jacket with a pipe full of tobacco. (Gosh!) Fortunately, only followers of the American Dream can see its more surreal manifestations, and even then, only when they have been overpowered by the maddening influence of the Wyld.

As a controversial totem, the American Dream has staunch allies and dedicated enemies. American Silver Fangs, Glass Walkers, and Bone Gnawers gain 5 Honor when they ally with this totem. Other non-American Garou, especially European Silver Fangs and Shadow Lords, lose 5 Honor instead and are immediately marked as troublemakers.

Traits: As long as a follower of the Dream is in the U.S. of A, he will *never* get lost. (This cancels out any Gift, rite, or supernatural ability that causes the Garou to "get lost," as defined by the Storyteller.) Even when the Garou is traveling abroad, certain other Americans will make an extra effort to help him. Sometimes these are merely manifestations or incarnations of the American Dream; sometimes they're actually humans with a great deal of sympathy for its ideals. Every session, the Storyteller should hide one character in the story that is actually a manifestation of the pack's totem spirit. That one person may offer help at a critical time, but only if he is asked, recognized, or treated with respect. The game stats for this manifestation are the stats for the pack's totem spirit.

The pack can actively look for the totem spirit, but this requires its members to meditate for a few rounds before rolling their temporary Gnosis. Homids need three successes on a Gnosis roll (difficulty 6) to recognize an incarnation of the Dream. As outsiders to human culture, metis and lupus Garou have a tougher time recognizing it (rolling Gnosis against difficulty 8). A character cannot try more than one "recognition" roll per scene to identify his totem spirit. This benefit is purely at the Storyteller's discretion; it should save the pack from difficulties or inconvenience no more than once per game session. Dreamer packs tend to treat all humans they meet with respect, just be sure.

As a major benefit, Dreamer packs get Athletics 2 and Empathy 2. (At the Storyteller's discretion, the Athletics bonus may not apply to sports like hockey and soccer, and the Empathy bonus may not apply to anyone who isn't an American.) As a minor benefit, for any Social-based dice pool for interaction with American "officials," reduce the difficulty by 3. This includes confrontations with police, public servants, bureaucrats, public officials, or government figures. Anyone who has sworn an oath to uphold the U.S. Constitution also qualifies.

Ban: Followers of the Dream must accept the fact that their totem spirit cannot always be with them. The chance of it manifesting depends on how fervently the pack upholds the nation's dreams and ideals, no matter how they may interpret them. As a result, most American Dreamers are patriots, crusaders, and idealists. Even in their native land, many find these traits annoying at best, and foolish at their worst. If the pack does not display them, the totem spirit will not manifest.

In addition, when traveling abroad, followers of the Dream can't help but openly exhibit the worst tendencies of Americans. They speak loudly and coarsely, insist that everything back home is better than what they can find while traveling, and have a tendency to debate the merits of American culture, foreign policy, and military action. When a follower of the Dream deals with people from other countries, increase the difficulty for all of the "ugly American's" Social-based dice pools by 1.

Totems of War

Tasmanian Devil

Background Cost: 7

Despite their affection for American pop culture, Bone Gnawers don't venerate a cartoon character, but the actual scavenger. Tasmanian Devil lends the Gnawers the wisdom and strength he once lent to his Bunyip children, giving them the resolve to fight on in the name of the fallen tribe.

The Bunyip's fate gives Tasmanian Devil's packs all the more reason to survive.

Traits: All Garou in the pack gain the Gift: Hare's Leap (once known to the Bunyip as Leap of the Kangaroo), Enigmas 2, and an increased affinity for the Dreamtime, which lowers the difficulty of all Gnosis rolls to cross the Gauntlet by 2. A pack dedicated to Tasmanian Devil also gains an additional five Willpower points per story.

Ban: Tasmanian Devil hates the Black Spiral Dancers for tricking the other Garou into wiping out the Bunyip, and demands that his children pass up no opportunity to slay a Dancer unless the circumstances would make such an effort nigh suicidal. In addition, the pack must strive to make sure the Bunyip's legacy isn't forgotten; this may entail anything from telling the tale of the Bunyip's fall to as many listeners as possible to undertaking Umbral quests to reclaim some of the Bunyip's forgotten Gifts and rites.

Totems of Wisdom

General Lee

Background Cost: 5

While Civil War heroes are certainly very interesting, this great spirit has nothing to do with the War between the States. The General Lee is actually an automotive totem, deriving its name from one of the most famous white trash vehicles ever: the orange muscle car featured on the *Dukes of Hazzard*. Followers of this totem quest for the car of their dreams, one that they can worship far more than any animal spirit or urban Incarna.

After dedicating themselves to "the General," the pack hunts to find a neglected, rusting hulk of a car. Typically, a Bone Gnawer in the pack begins slaving over this monumental gift to at least get the deathtrap running. Some Bone Gnawers transform these cars into shrines to the totem, often by propping them up on cement blocks in their front yards. With the help of their pack totem, it's gradually transformed into a paragon of automotive excellence. There's a reason for this: the car serves as a temperamental totem-spirit, one that can't enter the spirit world, but can still serve as reliable transportation.

As the pack's Theurge advances in rank, the lemon is gradually transformed. A fostern can actually drive his "totem car" around, although it's still a sputtering heap held together by spit and bailing wire. Adren drive masterworks of automotive engineering with whisper quiet engines; reduce all Driving rolls for the car by 1. An athro's car never runs out of gasoline, while an elder can actually drive her car into the Umbra. If the car is actually destroyed, its spirit "slumbers in the Umbra" for a full cycle of the moon, then returns to a new set of wheels (and the rusting chassis attached to them) chosen by the pack.

Most worshippers of the General can be identified by the wrenches in their back pockets, oil stains on their clothing, or the thunderous sound of their stock cars tearing through the streets. Yee-haw!

Traits: Once accepted by the General, everyone in the pack gets two dots of Drive and two dots of Crafts (if this would grant them a specialty, they automatically get the specialty: Repair). All pack members have the difficulty of any Drive rolls related to tricky or dangerous maneuvers reduced by 2. The pack alpha gains an intuitive knowledge of all of America's highways, along with many back roads in the Deep South.

Ban: Worshippers of the General endlessly tinker with their cars. As part of this, at least one member of the pack must have mechanic's tools ready at all times. There's a good reason for this: the pack's totem spirit lives in the car they care for. Tinkering with the pack's chosen car gives spiritual strength to the totem spirit. For all practical intents and purposes, the totem spirit is bound to the car, and it can only go where the car goes.

Each day, a member of the pack must spend at least an hour making repairs, improvements, and modifications to this shrine. If the pack skips a day, the car begins to degrade, gaining one temporary fault. Each day, someone in the pack can attempt a Wits + Repair roll (difficulty 6) to fix this.

This is a sizeable ban, but it has its benefits as well. After years of reverent worship, these vehicles can reach a peak performance of mythical proportions. With a capable driver behind the wheel, some are capable of performing stunts rarely seen outside of 70's car chases. As part of this, when the driver is Rank Three or higher, any time he fails a driving check, the totem spirit can then attempt a second roll using its Willpower as a Dex + Driving dice pool.

Jackal

Background Cost: 5

A rare breed of Bone Gnawers fervently believes that the tribe can be traced back to a network of "scavenger caerns" in Northern Africa. Some of these tales are grossly exaggerated, and most evidence of their existence is gone, but there was a time when many Garou in that part of the world followed a common totem. Bone Gnawers knew him as Jackal. Silent Striders allegedly communed with another aspect of the Incarna, one they knew as Anubis. When Jackal packs first found out about the Striders' war against Set and Apophis in the Kingdom of Khem, they leapt into the fray. When Khem fell, Jackal's followers suffered almost as much as the Striders did.

Traits: Garou who follow Jackal gain Survival 2, Leadership 1, and the Gift: Blur of the Milky Eye. Each Garou in the pack also gets one dot in the Ancestors Background. Even Bone Gnawers and Silent Striders get this benefit, but this requires them to travel on an Umbral quest once each year (with or without their pack) to relieve a major experience of this ancestor. Over the course of the chronicle, the Storyteller must create a background and backstory for this bygone Jackal pack from the days of Ancient Khem or the nights of Northern Africa before the Concord.

Ban: Jackal rarely strikes the first blow in any fight; he waits for others to kill. If attacked, he will defend himself, but followers of this totem prefer to wait and feast off the victims that remain. That doesn't prevent them from taunting a foe into attacking them or commanding others to attack, but as "true scavengers," they prefer to exploit the martial talents of stronger Garou. After the fall of Khem, followers of Jackal have also been known for their bad luck. Some believe this "losing streak" began when Jackal packs failed to recapture the Kingdom of Khem from the Wyrm's minions.

In a pack of Jackals, if a pack member strikes the first blow in a fight, the Storyteller can place some form of idol or marker in front of the player representing him. While that player has the idol, he is immune to the Ban: he can continue to strike first in combat. However, the player's character is destined to have a streak of bad luck. Within three game sessions, the Storyteller can take the idol back to turn one successful die roll into a botch. After three game sessions, if the player still has the idol, the Storyteller takes it back without invoking this portion of the ban. Regardless of this curse, Jackal packs usually choose one warrior in their pack to strike the first blow — and suffer the consequences — for the good of the pack. Garou in a Jackal pack cannot take the Flaw: Jackal's Blood.

Mouse

Background Cost: 1

Mouse is humble, for she is one of the lowliest of all totems. She is a common totem among the rabble, for she is the only one willing to look after a lone Garou. While she may help an outsider find a temporary pack, she does not expect her ward to remain in it for long. Mouse's survival depends on hiding completely from her predators. She is quiet enough to live in the midst of mankind without attracting attention to herself. Her children are also perfectly willing to travel with others who are stronger and more capable than they are. This totem was once known as the Great White Mouse, but she has become so weak that her status has diminished.

Traits: Mouse bestows Stealth 1 and the Gift: Tagalong. A Garou does not have to belong to a pack to follow this totem. The loner's totem-spirit is, of course, a Gaffling that appears as a tiny mouse.

Ban: If a follower of Mouse has not temporarily joined a pack with Tagalong, he must uphold the High Ban and stay in Homid form until he does. If he does not uphold this ban, he loses his totem spirit until the next full moon; he also loses a point of temporary Honor or Wisdom (Storyteller's choice). If a homid Garou following Mouse is wounded, he may step sideways, shift out of breed form, and heal before returning to the physical world. Regardless of breed, her followers uphold this stricture until they can find other packs that will accept them.

The Great Trash Heap

Background Cost: 4

The Trash heap is an Incarna of garbage. Its consciousness has spread across junkyards and landfills throughout the world. These individual Heaps contain a personality based on psychic impressions of all the people, places, and things that interacted with its garbage. Garou packs dedi-

cate themselves to individual Heaps, which are representatives of the One True Heap. Some believe the Incarna's consciousness exists in an obscure Umbral Near Realm, one that allows Garou to sort through the "psychic dumping ground" of every piece of trash of the world. Other tales relate that this nexus allows werewolves to "dumpster dive" between the world's most powerful Heaps.

Traits: Once each cycle of the moon, the all-seeing, all-knowing Trash Heap will answer one question posed by the pack. The rest of the month, if each pack member carries a chunk of garbage offered by the Heap, they can always communicate with each other. (Tin cans are an obvious choice for this boon.) As an added bonus, the pack receives Enigmas 2 and Investigation 2; the Trash Heap's followers are good at finding information if they dig deep enough.

Ban: At each full moon, the pack must declare one great trash heap as their home. They must then protect it and carry out the requests of the Totem-spirit within it.

Totems of Cunning

Crow

Background Cost: 2

Like most scavengers, Crow trusts the strong to do his killing for him. Survival depends on finding the right opportunity and making the most of it. Once Crow has found a powerful ally, it patiently, loyally and humbly supports him. This does not mean, however, that a Crow pack will tolerate exploitation or betrayal. If betrayed, the pack seeks out an even better opportunity — a new, more powerful ally who can carry out retribution. Failing that, crow-spirits patiently carry out revenge with remarkable subtlety.

Benefit: Crow teaches his children Alertness 2, Subterfuge 2, and Etiquette 1. The totem spirit usually circles around or lands on the shoulder of the Garou he's currently helping.

Ban: Crow's followers accept their station in the hierarchy of Garou, remaining loyal to those they serve. Some extend this to extreme tribal loyalty, while others interpret this as fanatic support of an individual. Either way, if the pack isn't zealous enough in supporting a more powerful Garou, the totem spirit will disappear for a while. If the pack doesn't notice or care, the totem-spirit may orchestrate its own schemes to ensure that Crow's children return to the fold.

Crow asks his children consider an additional Ban: forsaking all wealth and trusting for Gaia to provide. If they accept this challenge, the pack members cannot keep anything of value other than their fetishes and dedicated items; instead, they need to "recycle" trash for what they need. If the pack formally declares they are upholding this additional Ban at a monthly moot, they gain one point of temporary Honor right away; they also receive one temporary Honor each time they renew this pledge. In addition, the pack's totem spirit becomes more powerful, gaining the equivalent of another five temporary points in the Totem Background; this lasts until the next monthly moot. Instead of a lone crow-spirit, the totem spirit then manifests as a murder of crows eager to help the pack scavenge for whatever they need. Packs brave enough to make this pledge learn how well Gaia provides for them.

Hyena

Background Cost: 4

Hyena mocks anyone with power, heedless of the possibility of revenge. She finds fault with everything she sees, and often uses these misperceptions as excuses to victimize the weak as potential prey. When dealing with elders, Hyena packs criticize, mock, and laugh at the mistakes of higher ranking Garou; thus, some insist on having their Ragabash serve as the pack alpha during sept moots. Rabble disgusted with their elders may turn to Hyena for help, for few of them ever expect to gain enough Honor to advance in rank. Instead, they tend to shy away from septs, even though isolation from Garou society can slowly drive them mad.

Traits: All of Hyena's companions — no one can truly "follow" Hyena — gain Primal-Urge 2 and Subterfuge 2. After becoming fostern (rank two Garou), each member of a hyena pack gains the Bone Gnawer Gift: Laugh of the Hyena. They may draw on four extra Willpower points per story.

Ban: Though Hyena is wise and clever, her ways are not the Garou's, and it's dangerous for werewolves to attach themselves too closely to her. Werewolf packs dedicated to Hyena are plagued by a creeping madness, one that intensifies when they drift from the company of other Garou. Each morning, each Garou in a Hyena pack must roll Willpower against a difficulty of 8. If the Garou has spent at least a day within the bawn of a caern during the last month, the difficulty for this roll is reduced to 6. On a failed roll (that is, lacking even one success), the character becomes subject to a delusion or dementia devised by the Storyteller for the rest of the day. These delusions often apply to potential victims or potential oppressors (such as elders) and should include some clever variety of poetic justice.

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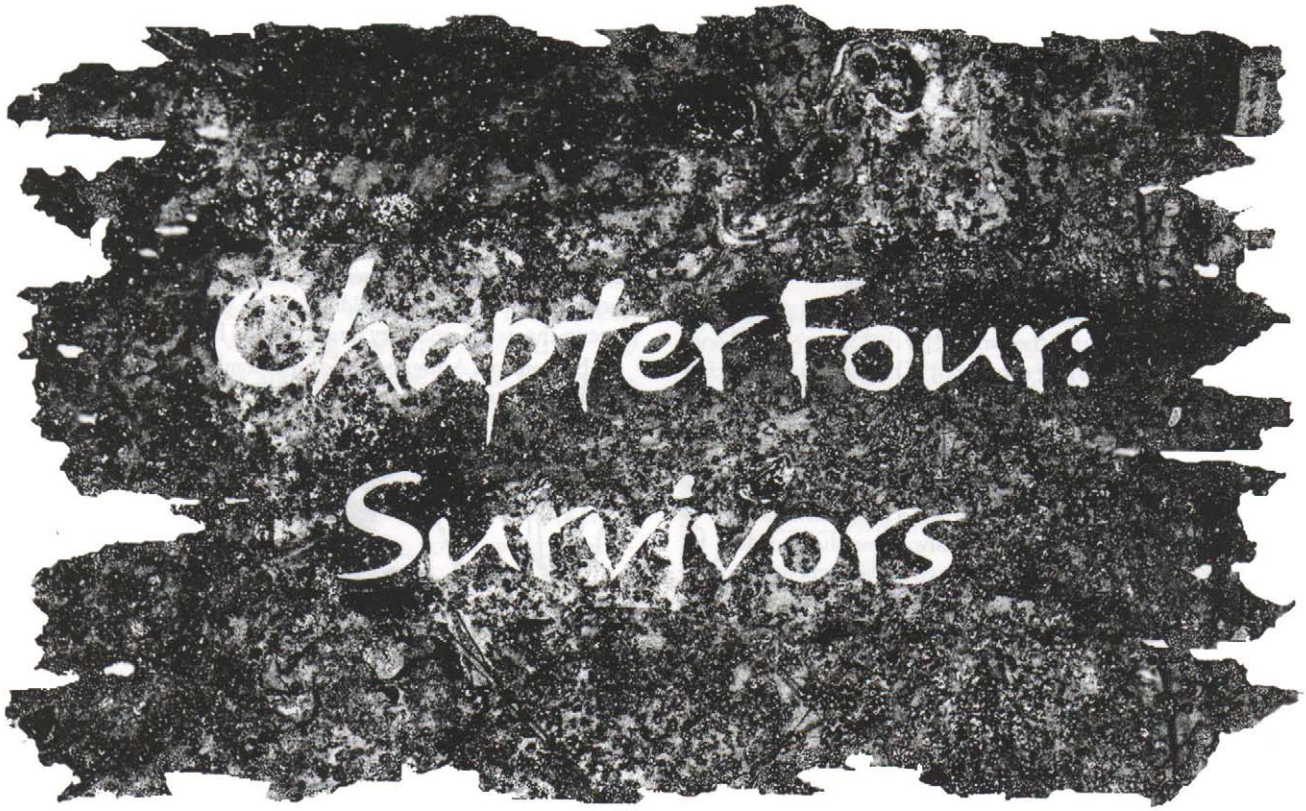

Chapter Four: Survivors

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.
— Emma Lazarus, "The New Colossus"

Each Bone Gnawer has his own tale of suffering and misery, but if you spend enough time with the tribe, you'll hear some of the same stories over and over. Certain figures from the past, and even from modern times, exemplify the "boy/girl makes good against all odds" story that defines the Bone Gnawer struggle. Some of them have yet to face their darkest hour; others have the scars from a lifetime of hard luck and are still able to grin Death in the face.

The templates immediately following are archetypes you can use and reuse when you need Bone Gnawer characters right away, with as much tinkering as necessary to make the character fit a player or Storyteller's concept. The same goes for the heroes; they may be fireside legends, notorious figures from a character's past, contacts, even models for custom characters of the Storyteller's devising. Scavenge what you like and recycle the rest.

Rabble Rouser

Quote: *The time is almost at hand. Spread the word.*

Prelude: Your parents had strong beliefs, and you suffered for them. Your childhood home was squalid, but your parents honestly struggled to get by. Unfortunately, Dad spent a lot of time away from home, running with the same "pack" of friends again and again. Mom spent a lot of time scrounging for food and supplies when he didn't come back at night. There was a time when you were too young to notice. That time is long gone.

When you discovered you were Garou, you realized the real story behind all this. Your father worked for the Garou Nation, and he put the welfare of his sept above that of his own family. Yet for all his hard work, he was still a Bone Gnawer, one of the lowliest Garou in the caern. By contrast, his closest Garou friends — Bone Gnawer rabble — treated you like family and helped you. When you entered the nearest sept, you suffered the same scorn and abuse your father did. The sept leader was a tyrant who used his power for his own ends. The elders always put their needs ahead of yours. Screw them all. You've got dreams about the way the world should be, and you're ready to act on them.

Concept: You're willing to work as a spy for the rabble, because a few things have clearly got to change. Look around. The whole world is changing. The Eye of the Wyrm blazes like a red star in the Umbral heavens. Two metis have given birth to a child that may save or doom the world. You've heard about the victories of the Russian Bone Gnawers. They've got the right idea, but where you live, it's going to take a lot of subterfuge and subtlety to gather the rabble behind you. Your totem is calling to you for a revolution. Once, your tribe swarmed into battle like a force of nature. Now that the End Times are here, it is time for the swarm to gather once again, answering the Rat God's scream for battle.

Roleplaying Hints: Despite your Ragabash status, you're uneasy about expressing your beliefs too openly. Septs make you nervous. Whenever your pack visits one, keep your mouth shut and your eyes open... and watch what goes down very carefully. Watch how the elders react when your Galliard speaks. Play along in the sept, but when you really need something, turn to the rabble. They'll give your pack help in exchange for your information. Don't forget to take them up on it! Keep the needs of your pack above the needs of your sept. Repeat what you see and hear. Tell them of the sept's weaknesses and the elder's flaws. It's only a matter of time until Rat's children rise up to retake their rightful place in the world, and they'll need all the help they can get.

Equipment: Army coat, lead pipe, combat boots, spray paint, anarchistic literature

Bone Gnawers

Name:	Breed: Homid	Pack Name:
Player:	Auspice: Ragabash	Pack Totem:
Chronicle:	Camp:	Concept: Rabble Rouser

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●●●●○	Perception	●●●○○
Dexterity	●●○○○	Manipulation	●●●●○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●○○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●●○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Enigmas	○○○○○
Brawl	●●○○○	Drive	●○○○○	Investigation	●○○○○
Dodge	●●●○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	●●○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	○○○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	●●○○○
Streetwise	●●●○○	Stealth	●●●○○	Rituals	●●●○
Subterfuge	●●●○○	Survival	●○○○○	Science	○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Contacts	●●●●○	Persuasion	
Rites	●●●●○	Blur of the Milky Eye	
Totem	●○○○○	Tagalong	
	○○○○○		
	○○○○○		

Renown

Glory
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank

Rage
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised		□
Hurt	-1	□
Injured	-1	□
Wounded	-2	□
Mauled	-2	□
Crippled	-5	□
Incapacitated		□

Tribal Weakness

+1 DIFFICULTY TO SOCIAL ROLLS WITH OTHER TRIBES

Bird Lady

Quote: *Here, pretty, pretty, pretties! Come and tell me what you've been up to in this big, dirty city. Yes, come and tell me!*

Prelude: Remembering any events past a year or so ago is difficult. Hazy golden memories of childhood include playing in sunlit gardens, endlessly laughing, and of course, listening to the beautiful melodies of birds. Then somewhere along the way, there was a terrible transformation, anger, violence, and a sea of blood. Since then, you've been lost, wandering the streets, aided by the kindness of strangers and surrounded by the same wondrous bird songs.

For over a year, you lived on street corners, hoarding money to buy stale bread and old seed, then selling it as birdfeed for a quarter a bag. You desperately tried to keep up appearances. Even now, you envy the innocence of childhood, and you'd like to be the sort of nice lady children want to visit. To further that goal, you've buried your rage down deep. When pigeons or sparrows land on you, you know you can pass yourself off as one of the humans around you.

Bone Gnawers

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Theurge
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Bird Lady

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●○○○○	Charisma	●●●○○	Perception	●●●●○
Dexterity	●●○○○	Manipulation	●●○○○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●●○○	Wits	●●●●○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●●○○	Animal Ken	●●●○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Enigmas	●●●○○
Brawl	●○○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Investigation	○○○○○
Dodge	●●●○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Empathy	●●○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	●●●○○
Primal-Urge	●●●○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○	Stealth	●●●○○	Rituals	●●●○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○	Survival	●●○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Fetish	●●○○○	Heightened Senses	
Rites	●●●○○	Spirit Speech	
	○○○○○	Hungry Hound	
	○○○○○		
	○○○○○		

Renown
Glory ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Honor ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Wisdom ●●●○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Rank

Rage ●●●○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Gnosis ●●●●●●○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Willpower ●●●●○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Health

Bruised		☐
Hurt	-1	☐
Injured	-1	☐
Wounded	-2	☐
Mauled	-2	☐
Crippled	-5	☐
Incapacitated		☐

Tribal Weakness
+1 DIFFICULTY TO SOCIAL ROLLS WITH OTHER TRIBES

But when the crescent moon is in the sky, you think back to the terrible times of blood and anger.

Concept: At some point, you snapped. If you were ever human once, you're now something more feral instead. Your dreams and visions of the past are so troubling that you just can't cope in the ordinary world anymore. Instead, you pass yourself as a harmless young lady who likes to feed the birds. Bird-spirits are the most beautiful creatures in the world to you — you try to remember all their names and the Gifts they can teach. You feel comfortable surrounded by nature, but you don't know why.

Roleplaying Hints: The Garou Nation and human society are equally alien to you. The only gathering where you really feel at home is an old-fashioned Bone Gnawer tribal moot. Even in a safely protected stomping ground, you get nervous when surrounded by a flock of more than four or five people. Eyeing them all nervously, you clutch your bag of Stuff to your chest and whisper nonsense to block out their evil thoughts. Human homes, public buses, and public toilets all make you paranoid. You prefer sitting in a public park, squatting on the steps of a big building, or resting anywhere surrounded by trees. So do your avian friends. You feel at ease when you're near a flock of children, birds, or bird spirits.

Equipment: Old lady coat, broken glasses (twenty years out of fashion), battered Mary-Poppins-style umbrella, bags of birdseed and breadcrumbs

Metis Mediator

Quote: *I thank the sept leader-rhya for allowing me this chance to speak. I ask this opportunity not merely for my own sake — but for the sakes of those whose voices are never heard.*

Prelude: You were born a monster, and you'll probably die one. As a metis, you were born in Crinos form; the trauma killed your mother during childbirth. Your father was already ashamed enough to have cared for her in secret, but when he had to bury a body as well, his shame turned to scorn. For a while, he actually looked after you, but only until he could find the nearest sept who cared for all of the local bastard cubs. From that time on, you were trained for war.

Growing up, you were taught that they only way to "make up" for your original sin was to live and die for the defense of the caern. As soon as you were old enough to figure out how wrong this seemed, you set out on your own. You didn't want your father's tribe, his reputation, or his twisted Garou values, so you sought out other metis that understood you. Not surprisingly, by the time you hit puberty, most of them happened to be Bone Gnawers. You never tagged along with the same pack of cubs for long, but when you did, you listened carefully to what the metis had to say, as well as what they'd learned.

Life away from a caern was difficult — something in you felt a deep need for ritual, rites, and a pack where you would belong.

Bone Gnawers

Name:	Breed: Metis	Pack Name:
Player:	Auspice: Philodox	Pack Totem:
Chronicle:	Camp:	Concept: Metis Mediator

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●●○	Charisma	●●○○○	Perception	●○○○○
Dexterity	●●○○○	Manipulation	●●●●○	Intelligence	●●●●●
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●○○○○	Wits	●●●●○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Enigmas	○○○○○
Brawl	●●●●○	Drive	○○○○○	Investigation	●○○○○
Dodge	●●●○○	Etiquette	●●●○○	Law	●●●○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	●●●○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	●●●○○	Melee	●●●○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	●●○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	●●●○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Rituals	○○○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science	●●○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Contacts	●●●○○	Primal Anger	
Mentor	●○○○○	Truth of Gaia	
Totem	●○○○○	Resist Toxin	
	○○○○○		
	○○○○○		

Renown

Glory ○○○○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor ●●●○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom ○○○○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

Rage ●●●○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis ●●●○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower ●●●●●●○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

Bruised		☐
Hurt	-1	☐
Injured	-1	☐
Wounded	-2	☐
Mauled	-2	☐
Crippled	-5	☐
Incapacitated		☐

Tribal Weakness

+1 DIFFICULTY TO SOCIAL ROLLS WITH OTHER TRIBES

Moving from one stomping ground to the next was the best that you could do. After all, whenever you showed up at a moot at the local caern, they wanted to put you to work for the elders' latest crusade. When you couldn't take it anymore, you finally started to answer their demands with accusations of your own. Behind the appearance of a monster, you had the mind of a Philodox. With sharp wits and a quick tongue, you were better suited to tribal politics than guard duty. The elders of most tribes rankled, but the local Bone Gnawers were so impressed that they accepted you right away... and enlisted you for a far nobler crusade.

Concept: Too many Garou think of metis as grunts, and Bone Gnawer metis as expendable. While other Philodox might pan over the concerns of the sept's metis for their own political games, you work to represent them at sept moots and tribal moots. Sure, you've pulled enough guard duty in your youth to know how to defend the local sept, but you'd only prefer doing it if everyone really belonged there, including metis. This heretical attitude may not make you very popular, but as a Bone Gnawer, popularity is not really your greatest concern. Truth is.

Roleplaying Hints: You've learned from living in stomping grounds that anyone who has an opinion should be able to speak his mind. If you speak eloquently enough — and stare down anyone that opposes you by shifting to your massive, hideous Crinos form — you might be able to start that tradition in the nearest sept as well. Many metis instinctively accept their role in the hierarchy, but as an outsider, you've learned to see past that. A few traditional elders will always reject you, but like many of your tribe's heroes, you're willing to take on impossible odds. If that doesn't work, then maybe you'll have to live up to your reputation as the monster you really are.

Equipment: Ill-fitting sweatshirt, worn blue jeans, black steel-toed Frankenstein boots, steel chain, copy of Plato's *Republic*

Frankweiler Bootlicker

Quote: *Oh wise and revered elders, if I might be so bold, I have composed a certain ode to the exploits of our most puissant warder, and would love nothing better than honoring him with my humble verse.* <clearing throat> *"Behold! The thews of mighty wolf!/ Far stronger than the forge's steel/..."*

Prelude: You have suffered for your art. In fact, your art used to be so bad that it made others suffer as well. From an early age, you've had a love for classic literature, particularly great epics of chivalry and romance. (Ah! Tennyson! White! Mallory!) As an ugly, scrawny little kid, you knew you would never become a King Arthur, Robin Hood, or Beowulf, but you really wanted to invent your own fabulous stories of great heroes. You pursued your classical education the hard way, but with so much time on your hands, you've always been well read.

As you grew older, you were in awe of anyone who was stronger or bigger than you, and practically worshipped anyone who was handsome or athletic. By the time you were a maudlin and insecure teenager, you secretly began to write poems about them. Unfortunately, you were so insecure that you only did imitations of the Great Poets, humbling yourself by extolling their praises as well. (Ah! Byron! Keats! Shelley!) Then, when you were fourteen, you had a magnificent breakthrough: your First Change. For about a week, you actually had enough self-esteem to realize the power you had. Until, that is, you met other Garou, who

Bone Gnawers

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Galliard
Camp: Frankweilers

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Frankweiler Bootlicker

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●●●○○	Perception	●●●○○
Dexterity	●●○○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●●●○
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●○○○○	Wits	●●●○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Enigmas	○○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Investigation	○○○○○
Dodge	●●●○○	Etiquette	●●●○○	Law	●○○○○
Empathy	●●○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Linguistics	●●○○○
Expression	●●●○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	●●○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	●○○○○	Performance	●●●○○	Politics	●○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Rituals	●○○○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○	Survival	●○○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Contacts	●●○○○	Persuasion	
Kinfolk	●●○○○	Call of the Wyld	
Rites (Rite of Contrition)	●○○○○	Cooking	
Totem	●●●●○	Tagalong	
	○○○○○		

Renown: Glory ●●○○○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○; Honor ○○○○○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○; Wisdom ●○○○○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○

Rank

Rage: ●●●●○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○

Gnosis: ●●●○○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○

Willpower: ●●●●○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○

Health: Bruised ☐; Hurt -1 ☐; Injured -1 ☐; Wounded -2 ☐; Mauled -2 ☐; Crippled -5 ☐; Incapacitated ☐

Tribal Weakness: +1 DIFFICULTY TO SOCIAL ROLLS WITH OTHER TRIBES

were much smarter, stronger, and more heroic than you. Now, at least, you have found heroes worthy of great epics.

Concept: You've completely accepted your position in Garou society, however lowly it may be. With all the simple eloquence you can muster, you praise those who are higher-ranking than you, celebrating their accomplishments. This isn't done out of deceit or guile; you're honestly in awe of them, conveying your feelings in the tales you tell. Like all Galliards, you have an incredible memory for the renown of all the Garou in the sept, but you're particularly effusive when it comes to the sept elders. You honestly hope your septmates live up to the great ideals contained in the literature you've read. Sometimes, you even surprise yourself with your own heroic deeds.

Roleplaying Hints: You are utterly and completely subservient to anyone who is higher rank than you. You whine, grovel, and beg for the privilege of serving with such great heroes. Within your own pack, you support your alpha as fervently as you possibly can... unless he goes against a sept elder, in which case, you'll challenge to become alpha yourself. Obedience is an instinct. You get what you want by begging from those who can give it to you, but more importantly, you honestly respect anyone who has more power than you do.

Equipment: ratty suit (with extra padding on the knees and elbows), notepad and pens (containing endless poems and paeans praising the sept elders), coffee mug (for collecting spare change), collector's sword and dagger (bought at nifty Renaissance Faire), worn and stained paperbacks of poetry

Mountain Man

Quote: *Shee-it, sure don't grow them Spirals that big out here, do they? Why don't y'uns sit back a spell; I'll handle this lil' fella.*

Prelude: In the big city, folks think you're just some yokel who doesn't understand the modern world. They think you're strong, dumb, and naive, just because you come from the country. Hell, you come from *way* out in the country. You were born a red wolf in the hills of the Appalachians. As soon as you could shift into a burly, red-haired Homid — and find some clothes — you wanted to explore the city and see what you could see.

Work was easy to find, since someone was always in need of cheap labor for heavy lifting or unskilled construction. You weren't too good at holding on to the money you made, but you got by. For a while, you worked for some men who gave you a lot of money, mostly for breaking legs and roughing people up. Those boys weren't right. When other Garou found you, they found other ways to reward you for your work. Yeah, they also want to break legs and rough people up, but you suspect they're doing it for better reasons.

Concept: You like a good tussle, and you're good at rasslin'. At 6'4" of solid muscle, you have trouble finding anything that fits you better than a jumbo tee shirt and denim overalls. After years as a wolf, you don't bother combing your hair or trimming your beard, and washing is still something of a novelty for you. But your packmates respect you because you've got a genuine talent.

Roleplaying Hints: You're dumb as a sack of potatoes, but at least you're honest. You may not be educated, but you can sense when someone's not playing right by you. Life is simple to you, and you can't see why everyone else around you has to make it so complicated. Speak in simple sentences, get to the point in any conversation you have, and howl in glee when you get the chance to fight. You make it a point to (literally) leap into any brawl ahead of anyone else.

Equipment: Overalls, rope belt, T-shirt, sack of potatoes, jug of moonshine (made from said potatoes), rock (cleverly hidden in a sack of potatoes), pro rasslin' magazine

Bone Gnawers

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Ahroun
Camp: Hillfolk

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Mountain Man

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●●●	Charisma	●●○○○	Perception	●●●●○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●○○○	Intelligence	●○○○○
Stamina	●●●●○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●●○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	○○○○○	Animal Ken	●●○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	●●○○○	Crafts	●●○○○	Enigmas	●○○○○
Brawl	●●●○○	Drive	○○○○○	Investigation	○○○○○
Dodge	●●○○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Empathy	●○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Medicine	●●○○○
Intimidation	●●●○○	Melee	●●●○○	Occult	●●○○○
Primal-Urge	●●●○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Rituals	○○○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	●●●○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Kinfolk (Hillfolk)	●●●●●	Hare's Leap	
	○○○○○	Falling Touch	
	○○○○○	Resist Toxin	
	○○○○○		
	○○○○○		

Renown

Glory ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

Rage ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

Bruised		☐
Hurt	-1	☐
Injured	-1	☐
Wounded	-2	☐
Mauled	-2	☐
Crippled	-5	☐
Incapacitated		☐

Tribal Weakness

+1 DIFFICULTY TO SOCIAL ROLLS WITH OTHER TRIBES

Legends
Corazon Bitefinder

Born to a Portuguese fisherman in the late 15th century, Corazon Bitefinder loved the sea since his birth. Granted, he was somewhat dismayed when his mother tried to drown him, but his father was even more surprised when he survived. From that moment on, he lived a charmed life, despite capsized boats, rough seas, and even the occasional attack of Wyrm-spawned sea monsters. With each generation that has told the tale of Bitefinder, his life story has grown to epic proportions.

From any early age, Corazon rowed out to sea with his father to catch fish, immediately displaying an uncanny knack for finding them. Although unschooled in the ways of spirits, he amused his father with songs that practically called the day's catch into the boat. His mother, on the other hand, was horrified at such an unnatural talent. Some months, she would insist that the bought had learned the black arts of witchcraft. In other months, she claimed that the boy's real father was an incubus who had seduced her in the night. In truth, the boy's mother did not know she was Kinfolk. She never spoke of the boy's real father, and had always been reticent to tell of the shameful story of *her* own father, a salty old pirate who died shortly after spawning her.

Unable to endure his mother's abuses and insanity, Corazon set out to sea on a fishing vessel at the age of 14. From that moment on, he became a legendary "Jonah" known throughout the Garou Nation. Every vessel he set sail on met with catastrophe, yet somehow, the sea always threw Corazon back. On his fifth and final voyage, Bitefinder underwent his First Change, an event that led to a widespread panic on his ship and the eventual death of all hands on deck.

A Kin-Fetch dispatched two generations earlier revealed this remarkable boy to a local stomping ground of Portuguese Bone Gnawers down by the docks of Lisbon. The elders insisted that the boy never set sail to sea again. Instead, he was enlisted to use his Gifts to catch food for the poor and needy humans and homids the tribe cared for. By the time he was eighteen, Corazon was ready to set sail again anyway, whether the elders liked it or not.

Then, in 1540, one of the greatest events of the tribe's history took place: the Great Piping of Lisbon. Hidden from watchful eyes, and masquerading as a colorful feast of fools, Bone Gnawer elders came across Europe to speak of voyages to the New World. The elders knew that many other supernatural creatures, from Leeches to Black Spirals, also hungered to exploit this new continent. Accordingly, at the early stages of the Piping, there were few volunteers for such a great Exodus.

The tribal elders laughed when Corazon Bitefinder insisted that he scout out the New World himself by sneaking aboard the next ship bound for America. While his courage was admired, his reputation for sinking every ship he had sailed aboard preceded him. Outraged, Corazon set out to prove them all wrong, determined to break whatever curse he had inherited. A pack of Bone Gnawer sailors then volunteered to follow his lead, eager to win glory and reputation, and nervous about not surviving to claim such accolades.

Corazon was miserable throughout the first few months of the journey. The Bone Gnawers had used their spiritual Gifts (like Blur of the Milky Eye) to stow aboard, and used other Gifts (like Cooking) to sustain themselves by eating discarded fish parts, stewed wood from the cargo hold, and oakum. When their morale was at their lowest, Corazon stepped sideways onto the deck to reminded himself what he was fighting for. He witnessed the spiritual reflection of the open seas — a sight that always lifted his spirits — and the monstrous Wyrm creature that was about to devour the ship. In a great and terrible conflict, Corazon's pack fought off the beastie in an epic swashbuckling battle with belay-

ing pins, crates of cargo, thick ropes, and sharpened claws. As the tale is told, Corazon finally leapt into the water in Crinos form to stab the beast through the heart with the ship's anchor. Whether this fish story is true remains a manner of much debate.

Nonetheless, Corazon Bitefinder returned from the New World two years later, with stories of the vast wilderness that awaited the tribe's cubs and cliath. As one Galliard put it, if Bitefinder could survive the journey, he was sure that any Bone Gnawer could. Confident that Bitefinder's ships were no longer sinking, Rat's brood swarmed aboard them. The fisherman's son personally helped over a hundred Garou from his tribe make the journey to the New World, and led the way for an entire generation of American Bone Gnawers.

Henri Eau-de-Fleur

In the late 18th century, Henri Eau-de-Fleur proudly represented the "unwashed masses" of Paris... in more ways than one. When he was first brought to a Garou caern as a cub, he was too young to announce his lineage and ancestry. He had no need to howl to announce his presence, for he had a certain... atmosphere... that always preceded him. Although he had a certain talent for attracting spirits, they had taught the precocious metis two ancient Gifts he was too inexperienced to control: the Scent of Sweet Honey and the Odor of the Skunk. His command of these mystic ways truly bordered on the fantastic, for as his metis deformity, he possessed a fragrance of truly supernatural potency.

Because of his rather unusual deformity and overwhelming stench, Henri was wholly unsuited to serve the Garou Nation as other metis did. His "commanding presence" made it impossible to move quietly, carefully or stealthily around the bawn of a caern. Only the Bone Gnawer tribe would give him refuge, and even then, they still held him at arm's length. Determined to salvage a cub no one would recognize, they enlisted him to patrol the areas surrounding their Parisian stomping grounds, but insisted that he take on a permanent "special assignment" by remaining underground. Henri was trained to patrol the sewers beneath Paris, a hazardous duty no sane Garou would dare volunteer to perform.

Shunned by the Garou of the surface world, he took to the underworld like a fly to feces. Completely deadened to the ways of scent, he was oblivious to the worst funk the sewers provided. To him, urine and perfume smelled the same. Granted, he could not track prey, he could not Sense Prey, and tragically, he was completely unable to Sense Wyrm. With a lifetime to stalk the hidden city beneath Paris, however, he developed other ways of uncovering evidence of other creatures below ground.

His first rivals were a pack of Gamine Ratkin, furtive scurrying creatures that found Henri's dark fate amusing. At first, the women of their pack taunted him, romancing him with flowers and perfume. He answered by spraying urine on these gifts, though few know whether this was intended as a challenge or a complement. Yet once he stood on an equal footing with other supernatural creatures — namely, by trudging through muck and mire — he slowly learned to track them unobserved. Reporting to Bone Gnawer stomping grounds through a series of intermediaries and questionable drop points, he slowly built a story around the Mother Rat leading this pack of Gamine. With whiskers attuned to the surging force of the Wyld, their elderly leader was plotting a campaign of terror and treachery against the inhabitants on the surface. Henri didn't see this as a threat, however, but as a fact ripe with possibilities.

Henri's nose never grew keener, but his eyesight did. Befriending spirits others would find repulsive, he learned to sense unseen things around him. By causing the eyes of more sensitive creatures to water, he also learned what was perhaps one of the more unusual

applications of the Gift: Blur of the Milky Eye. As he became one with the mists and vapors of the tunnels beneath Paris, he soon wafted in and out of the gatherings of another group of supernatural creatures: a Hosting of Nosferatu that infested the city, much to the consternation of Leeches above ground.

The rather fetid metis gradually described to his superiors the growing campaign of espionage between three factions of undead. The Parisian Nosferatu nursed a festering hatred of a few powerful Ventrue, blood-sucking nobility that preyed upon the inner courts of the corrupt aristocracy. He began to hear tales of the Toreador as well, effete artistes who held their noses high. The metis began to picture a grand scheme coming together, like many tunnels flowing into the same estuary, or perhaps like several streams of effluvia ready to surge into the same mighty river.

Only Bone Gnawers had the fortitude to endure underground raids against the denizens of the sewers. Using the information Henri had scouted, several packs flushed their prey out of the underworld... and toward each other. After both the Ratkin and Nosferatu sustained heavy casualties, Henri suggested a cessation of hostilities, along with a brief alliance against a common enemy: two groups of Leeches controlling the nobility of Paris. It was an offer neither side could sniff at. Behind his now scabrous and rugose exterior, Henri had figured out a way to wash away four of the deadliest sects of enemies facing his tribe, even though they were hesitant about facing Henri.

On a warm day in May, the detritus of the supernatural world roiled from the tunnels beneath Paris to drown all opposition. Ventrue and Toreador reeled from the stench as they fled from teeth and claws. Within a month, the Leeches of Paris succumbed to overwhelming force, and temporarily lost their stranglehold on the mortal nobility. It is perhaps a coincidence that a few months after this shift in supernatural power, the weakened mortal nobility fell before their own rivals, but the Parisian metis don't think so. Drifting in the shadows, Henri Eau-de-Fleur helped turned the tide of battle in the French Revolution. Although he is gone, his memory remains, wafting through the sewers and tunnels beneath Paris.

Young Blackie Chuzzlewit

Pity little Chuzzlewit! Tales of his misadventures once resounded through the dismal stomping grounds of Victorian London, thrilling cubs with ripping yarns of his triumphs and perils. Each time a Bone Gnawer child was enthralled by the tale, the saga began the same way: Young Chuzzlewit's mother was once a handsome woman, the darling paramour of a rich and powerful industrialist. Yet when she announced that

she was with child, the father shunned his unborn child. Although the mother desperately turned to others for aid, she found naught but scorn. The callous cad who sired her child left for America to expand a railroad empire, and his former lover was forced to beg for food. Woe and misery! Misery and woe!

The young woman's pathetic little infant was born in the dark of night under a new moon. To deaden the pain of childbirth, she succumbed to the temptation of demon rum by foolishly spending the few meager coins she had left. Staggering through the London Fog with her tiny infant, she fell in the Thames... and nearly drowned Young Chuzzlewit, Our Hero, as well! His mother sank like a stone, and her soul soon drifted up to Heaven. Yet miraculously, the tiny infant washed up on shore beneath the docks of the East End, fated to become a ragamuffin of the streets.

Poor little Chuzzlewit! Left on the doorstep of an orphanage! Raised on rancid vegetables and gruel! Ran away from home at the tender age of six! The little hero swore he'd work hard and succeed in life, but when he trusted an older man who offered him work, he innocently wandered into a textile factory where children slaved for a mere pittance of a wage. Beaten and bruised, he wept himself to sleep each night!

Living in the factory district, his hair and clothes were stained with soot each day!

Yet Chuzzlewit worked hard, saving enough money to move out of London, to a town fresh with promise. The sleepy hamlet had been invigorated by a thriving new business: the opening of a coal mine. Chuzzlewit left the thick pollution of the city to breath the fresh air of the countryside each morning... before climbing underground to stain his face, his hands, and his dingy clothes mining coal. How tragic that a life of hard work should be rewarded with poverty!

And as Blackie grew older, his life took many more tragic turns, each one more tragic than the last! He had not known the true identity of his father, a callous Iron Rider who had made his fortune buying and selling land in the American West. For you see, after enduring the demise of his father, the shame of growing up in an orphanage, the hardship of textile mines and coal mines, the years of sickness from breathing coal dust and fumes, Blackie Chuzzlewit was completely unprepared to discover that his father had been a *werewolf!* Oh, the horror! The shame! The pathos of it all!

By the tender age of 13, Blackie considered the hardworking men of the village of Deadswallow to be his true brothers. Until, that is, the day that ten of them were trapped in the coal mine! Overcome with grief, he screamed at the full moon in his fury! Tears streaming down his blackened cheeks, he practically leapt down the shaft to help save them! Screaming in pain, he could not help his brothers! In his earnestness, he transformed into a raging monster!

And even worse, after falling into one of the deep shafts of the coal mine, he found himself in another world as he fell deeper beneath the surface! For you see, by another miracle of fate, he escaped certain death by accidentally "stepping sideways" into a parallel universe that mirrored our own — a truly heroic feat to enter the Penumbra so young! Impossibly heroic, yet triumphant! What a lucky bastard!

Fleeing the world of sense and sensibility, he soon found himself on a powerful quest through a mystical spirit world. What wonders he found there! What horrors! Strange beasts unfit to even inhabit the land beyond the looking glass! Horrible creatures too impossible for the world of science to comprehend! After a lifetime of witnessing the exploitation of innocents around him, his search for ten men abandoned in a coal mine led him to a horrible realm deeper in the Earth, a deep wound in creation itself: the nightmare world that would later form the foundation for the Near Realm of Scar.

Frightened and alone, he wept in the rubble of the world he saw. Wandering as if in a dream, he saw the souls of countless young men and women laboring in the factories, the mines, and the wage slave prisons of the so-called Industrial Revolution. And so, in this realm, he vowed to no longer wear the shackles of oppression, but to cast them off and sever the ties that bound young men like him! Hooray, Young Chuzzlewit! Hooray!

Throughout the reign of Queen Victoria, the Bone Gnawer cubs of London thrilled to these and other tales of Young Blackie Chuzzlewit's adventures in the magical land of Scar. This summary is but the first of the over three hundred chapters of his life story. The full story of his adventures was once serialized by Galliards in the stomping grounds of the British Empire over a span of many years. They claimed that new Chuzzlewit stories were conveyed to them in messages carried in the tiny paws of rat-spirits that joined Blackie on his merry adventures. Of course, others insisted that that strapping young fellow was naught but the product of the demon liquor such reprobates indulge in when conceiving such fantastic tales. To that, we say a resounding "Pish! Tosh!" Let us never forget the triumphs of Young Blackie Chuzzlewit! Hooray!

Mother Larissa

As the sept leader for the Sept of the Green, in New York's Central Park, Mother Larissa is one of the most prestigious Bone Gnawers in the Garou Nation. Despite numerous attempts by other Garou to depose her, including conspiracies led by traitors in her own sept, the support of dozens of Manhattan Bone Gnawers has kept her in power. Larissa became a Tribal Mother after decades of generosity and compassion to those in need, particularly cubs and cliath of her own tribe.

Her urban sept is based around a caern of fellowship, where different tribes and even different supernatural creatures can set aside their differences and talk out their problems. As sept leader, she is known for taking in and protecting anyone who is danger, in trouble, or on the run. Countless times, other Garou have warned her that this weakness places her sept in jeopardy, but both she and her tribe have been willing to pay the consequences of their compassion.

Mother Larissa is also known for her insight as a powerful Theurge, a reputation she plays up to the hilt. To people she knows and respects, she is a cautious and attentive mentor, but to strangers, she presents herself as a crazy old witch. Hidden away on an island in one of Central Park's lakes, she often receives visitors while stirring a cauldron of brackish and unidentifiable fluids. On occasion, she offers her latest concoc-

tion to people in need — a sure way of testing their willingness to trust her.

After decades of consulting with all manner of listeners, the old witch has collected a vast collection of supernatural stories, which she gleefully shares with any cubs that will listen to them. Most have all the style and grace of Halloween ghost stories. ("Heh, heh, heh! Listen, kiddies! Here's a tale that's sure to chill your bones!") Though few remember it, parts of this persona are based on an obscure Vesuvius comic book, *House of the Dying*, published by in the early '50's.

No one knows how old Mother Larissa really is, or how much longer her Theurgic rites can sustain her in her old age. While the local Bone Gnawers have great respect for the elderly, some of the other tribes question whether she is still fit to rule. In recent years, she has become reluctant to leave the boundaries of Central Park. Sometimes, she is even unable to leave the wards around her hidden island. Despite this, as long as she can maintain the appropriate rites, uphold the ideals of her tribe, and defuse enough local conspiracies, Bone Gnawers are hopeful that the old gal will rule for many years to come.

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Rank: 4 (Athro)

Physical: Strength 1 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Expression 5, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Crafts 2, Leadership 3, Melee 3, Performance 4, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Linguistics (Spanish) 1, Medicine 4, Occult 3, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Contacts 4

Rage: 5; **Gnosis:** 7; **Willpower:** 8

Gifts: (1) Cooking, Mother's Touch, Persuasion, Resist Toxin, Sense Wyrm, Spirit Speech; (2) Blissful Ignorance, Command Spirit, Sight from Beyond, Staredown; (3) Exorcism, Paralyzing Stare, Pulse of the Invisible, Reshape Object; (4) Grasp the Beyond

Rites: Any that the Storyteller deems appropriate (she *is* a high-ranking Theurge)

Fetishes: Grand klaive. Larissa's grand klaive was a "bequest" from a Glass Walker that had fallen from grace before dying during a Black Spiral attack on the Sept of the Green (Larissa doesn't say which side the Walker was on). The blade's name is "Thundering House-cleaver," and the Glass Walkers would be appalled to learn that this mighty heirloom of their tribe is currently stashed in some bushes in Central Park just in case a batty old Bone Gnawer crone needs it someday.

Carlita Gutierrez, "Big Sis"

Background: Not all Garou undergo their First Change during the awkward years of late adolescence — for some it happens unpleasantly earlier. Carlita is one of those young Garou, and she's taken to her Lupine nature in a way that few other youthful werewolves do. While her First Change was certainly traumatic — she had holed up in one of her familiar hiding places in downtown Tampa when the change overtook her and regained her wits to find a family of dead Cuban squatters in tatters around her — she quickly understood that to make up for what she was, she had to do her best in the war of the Apocalypse.

Now, at age 15, Carlita is something of a prodigy. By way of reconciliation with that unfortunate family, Carlita wants to become a Mother or even Grandmother among the Bone Gnawers one day. She's taken the first tentative steps, earning the name "Big Sis" as an acknowledgment of her rank and drive. Carlita's modus operandi isn't the sort of pseudo-liberal policy

of social progressiveness that ignorant Garou often mistakenly ascribe to the downtrodden Bone Gnawers, however. Her methods are much more direct. As a Philodox, she feels eminently qualified to judge her foes' value, but she also takes on the role of punisher, kicking those foes in the balls and then burying her Fang Dagger in the base of their necks as they double over. Other candidates for Mothers and Grandmothers often establish themselves as caretakers, helping others out. Carlita prefers to help by eliminating hindrances. To date, she's bested Banes and Black Spiral Dancers, served as a facilitator between the Sept of the Wounded Bay and the Follow North Sept in west central Florida, and even helped a prophesized pack of Garou challenge a Lore Bane and the Wyrmbeast Jo'cllath'mattric.

Big Sis' current agenda has brought her home once again to Tampa, where she continues to serve as the right-hand 'Gnawer to Mother Eldridge in Tampa and as the "mouth of the South" between the two septs.

Image: Carlita is rangy and lean, which is evident in her Lupus form as well as her human form. As a woman, she stands under five and a half feet tall, dwarfed all the more by her oversized army-surplus jacket and baggy chinos or jeans. Her hair is black and stringy, which she often pulls up under an old-school Tampa Bay Bucs hat. In her wolf-form, Carlita's fur is a patchy black and brown, making her look more like an overgrown mutt than a wolf. Even in Crinos form, Carlita is thin, giving her a deceptively underpowered appearance.

Roleplaying Hints: As a young Garou, you're often given little regard and that really pisses you off. Hey, you didn't reach the second rank by being some snot-nosed kid — you're whip-smart and sometimes other people just need to learn not to judge a book by its secondhand cover. Much to your chagrin, though, those others are right sometimes; you still have much of the impetuosity of youth. And there's the unsubtle matter of your appetite, as well. You're always hungry, and no matter what you eat, it all tastes like burnt dog. Man, that sucks.

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Rank: 2 (Fostern)

Physical: Strength 1 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (2/1/1/1), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Crafts 1, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Knowledges: Computer 2, Law 1, Linguistics (English) 1, Rituals 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Mentor 2

Rage: 3; **Gnosis:** 3; **Willpower:** 4

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Scent of the True Form, Tagalong, Truth of Gaia (2) Blissful Ignorance, Jam Technology

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: Fang dagger

Bone Gnawers™

Name:	Breed:	Pack Name:
Player:	Auspice:	Pack Totem:
Chronicle:	Camp:	Concept:

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●OOOO	Charisma	●OOOO	Perception	●OOOO
Dexterity	●OOOO	Manipulation	●OOOO	Intelligence	●OOOO
Stamina	●OOOO	Appearance	●OOOO	Wits	●OOOO

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	OOOOO	Animal Ken	OOOOO	Computer	OOOOO
Athletics	OOOOO	Crafts	OOOOO	Enigmas	OOOOO
Brawl	OOOOO	Drive	OOOOO	Investigation	OOOOO
Dodge	OOOOO	Etiquette	OOOOO	Law	OOOOO
Empathy	OOOOO	Firearms	OOOOO	Linguistics	OOOOO
Expression	OOOOO	Leadership	OOOOO	Medicine	OOOOO
Intimidation	OOOOO	Melee	OOOOO	Occult	OOOOO
Primal-Urge	OOOOO	Performance	OOOOO	Politics	OOOOO
Streetwise	OOOOO	Stealth	OOOOO	Rituals	OOOOO
Subterfuge	OOOOO	Survival	OOOOO	Science	OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
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Renown

Glory

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Honor

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Wisdom

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Rank

Rage

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Gnosis

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Willpower

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Health

Bruised		❑
Hurt	-1	❑
Injured	-1	❑
Wounded	-2	❑
Mauled	-2	❑
Crippled	-5	❑
Incapacitated		❑

Tribal Weakness

+1 DIFFICULTY TO SOCIAL ROLLS WITH OTHER TRIBES

Bone Gnawers™

Homid	Glabro	Crinos	Hispo	Lupus
No Change	Strength (+2)____	Strength (+4)____	Strength (+3)____	Strength (+1)____
	Stamina (+2)____	Dexterity (+1)____	Dexterity (+2)____	Dexterity (+2)____
	Appearance (-1)____	Stamina (+3)____	Stamina (+3)____	Stamina (+2)____
	Manipulation (-2)____	Appearance 0	Manipulation (-3)____	Manipulation (-3)____
		Manipulation (-3)____	+1 Die to Bite Damage	-2 Perception Diff.
Difficulty: 6	Difficulty: 7	Difficulty: 6	Difficulty: 7	Difficulty: 6

INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS

Other Traits

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Fetishes

Item:_____ Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____

Rites

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Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Chart

Maneuver	Roll	Diff	Damage
Bite	Dex+Brawl	5	Strength+1/A
Body Tackle	Dex+Brawl	7	Special/B
Claw	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength+1/A
Grapple	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength/B
Kick	Dex+Brawl	7	Strength+1/B
Punch	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength/B

A=Aggravated Damage
B=Bashing Damage

Armor:_____

Bone Gnawers™

Nature: **Demeanor:**

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Contacts

Mentor

Kinfolk

Totem

Stuff, Junk and Loot

Gear (Carried):

Equipment (Owned):

Sept

Name:

Caern Location:

Level: Type:

Totem:

Leader:

Current Stomping Grounds:

Tribal Mother or Father:

Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From:

TOTAL SPENT:

Spent On:

Bone Gnawers™

History

Prelude

Description

Age:

Hair:

Eyes:

Race:

Nationality:

Sex:

	Height	Weight
Homid:		
Glabro:		
Crinos:		
Hispo:		
Lupus:		

Battle Scars:

Metis Deformity:

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch

TRIBEBOOK: Bone Gnawers™

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